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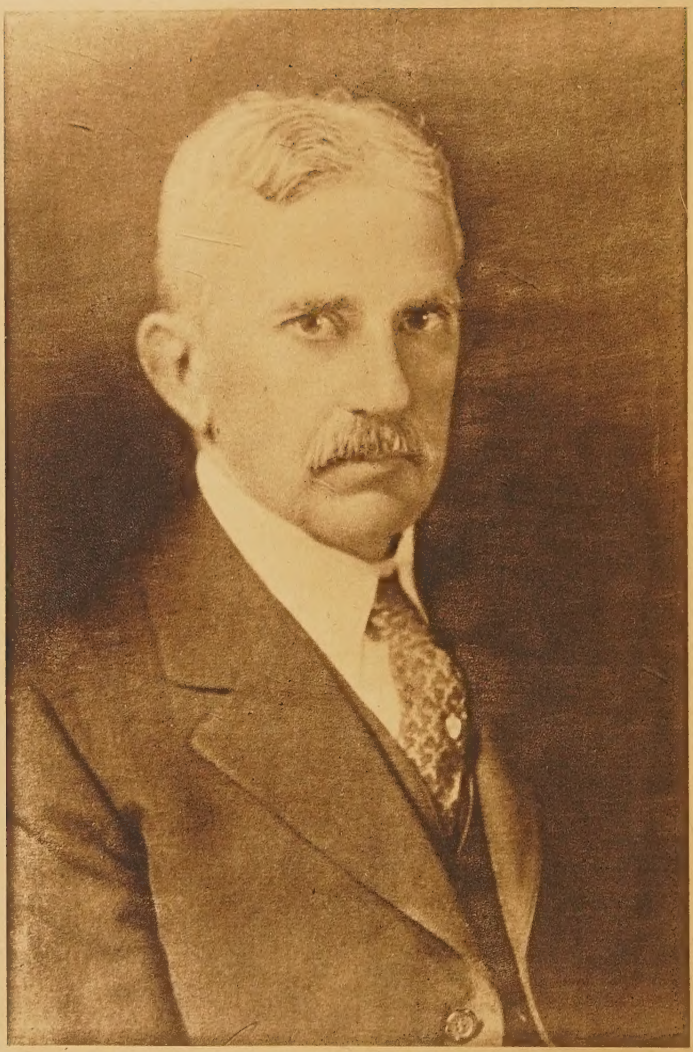

JOHN CALVIN METCALF

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PREFACE

The purpose, scope, and spirit of THE LIBRARY OF SOUTHERN LITERATURE are clearly set forth in the general preface and the introduction to the original work issued some twelve or thirteen years ago. The present volume is, in the main, a record of the achievements of Southern men and women in letters during the last decade or two. Space limitations have prevented the inclusion of a larger number of writers. It is not claimed, of course, that those chosen are the only authors who deserve to be here; doubtless there are others equally meritorious. What is particularly to be desired in a work of this kind is a reasonable assurance that the authors included reflect in a notable degree the spirit of their time and place. In the writers and selections presented there is sufficient variety, we hope, to give the reader a definite idea of the present literary activities and resources of the South and to show how completely the regional has become an integral part of the national without losing the traditional charm of local coloring.

This volume is made up of entirely new material; no author treated in the earlier volumes has been carried over into this. Thirty-three men and women from fourteen states, with illustrative extracts from their writings, have been included. The selection of authors has been made after careful investigation, the advice of persons well-informed on literary conditions in the several states having been freely sought. It is therefore confidently believed that the writers in this volume are thoroughly representative. The arrangement adopted for the preceding volumes has been followed in this, so that the continuity of the work has been preserved; the present volume simply brings THE LIBRARY OF SOUTHERN LITERATURE down to date.

The thanks of the editors are due, first of all, to the contributors—chosen for the most part by the authors themselves—who have written with intelligence and taste the biographical sketches and made the selections to accompany them; next, to the authors herein represented who have generously co-operated with the contributors and the editors in the preparation of the material; and finally, to the various publishers for their kind permission to use selections from copyrighted books, specific acknowledgment of which will be found before each extract. The editors submit this new volume of THE LIBRARY OF SOUTHERN LITERATURE to the public in the hope that it may prove worthy of its predecessors.

Edwin A. Alderman
C. Alphonso Smith
John Calvin Metcalf

LADY ASTOR

[1879—]

KENNETH BROWN.

TO LADY ASTOR the English *Who's Who* gives only eight lines: ASTOR, Viscountess (Nancy Witcher); M. P. (C. U.) Plymouth, Sutton Division since 1919; first woman M. P. to sit in Imperial Parliament; *d.* of late Chiswell Dabney Langhorne, Mirador, Greenwood, Virginia; *m.* 1st, Robert Gould Shaw, from whom she obtained a decree of divorce 1903; 2nd, 1906 Viscount Astor, *q. v.*

But *Who's Who* being essentially autobiographic in source, is rather a measure of one's own modesty than of one's importance.

When as a boy I was at school in Germany, and stood on the banks of the Rhine at Coblenz and looked across at the impregnable fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, had anyone prophesied that some years later that proudest stronghold of the most militaristic nation in the world would be occupied by conquering American doughboys—there would have been no lunatic asylum wild enough to hold the prophesier.

And if, a few years afterwards, anyone had envisaged the possibility that a slight restless girl, who was galloping about the slope of the Blue Ridge in Virginia, would one day take her seat in the House of Commons in England, where never yet a woman had sat, such a dreamer would have been considered a fit companion for the Ehrenbreitstein lunatic. In all the wonders of the last quarter century these two stand out to me as the two, *a priori,* most improbable and impossible. And I don't know which of the two is the more extraordinary, though since this sketch is of Nancy, Viscountess Astor—whom we knew as Nannie Langhorne long before *Who's Who* ever heard of her—I suppose it is only polite to say that hers is.

When President Alderman said the usual kind words of introduction before her address at the University of Virginia, in May, 1922, that part of his characterization which evoked the most applause was the statement that she was the mother of six children—an applause which one could probably credit to the fact that she herself looked as if she might be one of the six.

Slight and girlish in figure, vivacious and quick in her movements, simply dressed, though usually with her famous pearls around her neck—which one feels convinced she wears from pure æsthetic

enjoyment of them—she has a knack of captivating even audiences not predisposed in her favor. And a fair share of her success must be due to the slightly husky, entirely enchanting chest tones of her voice —the absolute opposite to the twang with which English caricature invests all Americans.

She was said to be most embarrassed at her first appearance in New York because "she was not used to nice, well-bred audiences who did not heckle her"; but even this polite though critical gathering succumbed to her as completely as did her old friends and neighbors at Greenwood, Virginia, a few days later.

Some years ago I asked my foreign-born landlady in New York why she was such an enthusiastic Roosevelt admirer. She replied, "Oh! he ain't afraid of noddings!"

Of Nancy Astor it may equally be said, "She ain't afraid of noddings," and in addition she has the peculiar faculty of not antagonizing those she attacks. She is the only speaker I have ever heard address a Virginia audience who did not begin by flattering it. On the contrary when facing one of the largest audiences at the University which ever gathered to listen to a speaker, she attacked two of its pet bug-bears—prohibition and co-education—without gloves; gave a few digs at the tutelary saint, Thomas Jefferson; and "got away with it"—not only got away with it but with the whole audience, horse, foot, and dragoons.

Technically speaking I suppose she must be classed as "strong-minded," but one would never think of that word of odious associations when listening to her; nor have I ever observed even the most pronounced woman-hater to shy at her, as they might at other strong-minded women. But then she has "that damn charm," as Maud Adams says in the play, to a degree possessed by few other women either in public or in private life.

She has more than charm: she has grit and determination. After her triumphal march through America in 1922 one may well have the impression that Lady Astor's life is all beer and skittles. But there were a number of years when she went through trials and sorrows that might easily have broken another woman's spirit. It happened that I saw a good deal of her at this period of her life and I doubt whether anyone ever saw her downcast. She faced the hardest events of her life with as dauntless a spirit and with as good sportsmanship as she displays in her latest successes. She has triumphed because she never gave in, because she always played the game. She is as hard a fighter when things are going against her as when she is riding the wave of success.

Although coming from a family noted no less for its good looks than its gumption, her chances for making a great success did not at the outset appear much better than those of hundreds of other Virginia girls. She was a slight nervous girl, of rather delicate health, and with no special education except that which she got from the companionship and example of her father, a man with great *savoir faire,* in the widest significance of the term—a man who was as successful an architect of his own and his family's fortunes even as his daughter.

Essentially an out-door girl, Nannie Langhorne, as I said, had little book-learning. She is practically self-educated, and that after all is the kind that sticks. The education that is plastered on adds mighty little to the structural strength of a character. As she herself said to the Virginia students, one does not go to college to learn what to think, but how to think.

I remember her once at Mirador, in one hand a slimpsy, half-finished silk necktie, the knitting of which seemed to soothe her restlessness, in the other a volume of Montaigne's essays.

"You know I am perfectly uneducated," she declared frankly, "and I am trying to learn a few things by myself."

What she managed to learn by herself, since that time, she certainly has put to good use.

In Virginia education for women has never been rated so highly as some other attributes; and of those other attributes Nannie Langhorne had her full share. She was a wonderful rider in the days when the art of horsemanship was one of the useful accomplishments of life, and not rated with obsolescent acquirements, like swordsmanship. She was also a good tennis player. Her only un-Virginian trait was that she was not passionately fond of dancing.

She had a vitality of spirit seemingly far beyond her bodily strength; she had a keen social sense, without a trace of snobbishness, and that made her a good neighbor in a country where one is a neighbor up to twenty miles away. Though always vivacious and free-spoken, none of her friends of the early days ever suspected that she would one day develop into an orator, and an orator with a serious purpose behind her words. While taking part in a tennis tournament she could be so amusing in her remarks as really to put one off one's game; and today in her most serious speeches there is a sparkle in her words and manner which is perfectly captivating. As my neighbor in the open-air theatre at the University of Virginia remarked, after both she and her husband had spoken:

"He makes a better speech than she does—but I would rather listen to her!" And no one enjoyed this remark more than Lord

Astor himself when I repeated it to him. If this were a sketch of him instead of her, one could say not a little about the delightful spirit of helpfulness and self-abnegation he displays toward her. She may be stretching the truth a little when she says she owes all her success to him, but certainly no husband ever showed a lovelier spirit toward his wife "in the same line of trade" as Lord Astor.

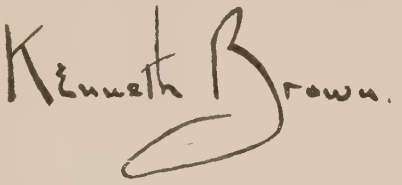
Merely to read Lady Astor's speeches is to obtain but a tithe of the effect produced by the spoken word. Like many other telling orators, her formal speeches lose much when divorced from her personality and the sparkling interjections suggested by the need of the moment.

To what further heights Lady Astor will attain is hard to say. The small boy in Punch whose mother declared she fully expected him some day to become prime minister, modestly protested, "Oh, *mother!* they will think you are exaggerating." It does not seem likely that Nannie Langhorne, of Albemarle County, Virginia, will ever become Prime Minister of England, or that she will become the mother of six more children, or that she will again beat Charley Hurkamp in the high jump at the Culpeper Horse Show. Yet one hesitates to set any limitations, considering the absurdly improbable things she has already accomplished.

Some day we may have pointed out to us the houses wherein she spent a night, like Napoleon in the Dolamites, or the fences over which she leaped Queen Bee in her girlhood—and I have sufficient faith in the gallantry of Virginians to believe that none of these fences will ever be maintained at less than six feet; while, like Homer, a whole array of Virginia cities claim her as their daughter. Danville claims her, because, an innocent babe, she was born there. Lynchburg and Richmond claim her because she lived in both places for a few years while still a helpless young one whose movements were entirely controlled by her parents, while Albemarle County rightfully claims her, because she moved there as soon as her budding intelligence enabled her to make a wise choice.

Most people probably would consider Lady Astor's greatest achievement to be getting into the House of Commons. It seems to me that a far greater achievement is, after being elected, to have avoided setting the whole house against her—a woman, an American, and a prohibitionist, three weighty handicaps. To her old friends perhaps a still greater trait is the fact that Nancy, Viscountess Astor, has never in the slightest degree ceased to be Nannie Langhorne, who used to gallop so fearlessly across the copper broomsedge

fields of Albemarle. And I trust that my having compared her to the American Expeditionary Force in Germany, to Roosevelt, to Napoleon, and to Homer, will not contribute to turn her engagingly level head upon her graceful shoulders.



MAIDEN SPEECH IN PARLIAMENT.

Delivered in the House of Commons on Tuesday, February 24th, 1920, on a motion by Sir J. D. Rees: "That this house, while not desiring to return to the pre-war hours of opening licensed premises, is of opinion that all vexatious and unnecessary restraints and restrictions upon the liberty of the subject in respect of the strength, supply, and consumption of alcoholic liquors should be abolished."

VISCOUNTESS ASTOR: I shall not begin by craving the indulgence of the House. I am only too conscious of the indulgence and the courtesy of the House. I know that it was very difficult for some Honorable Members to receive the first Lady M. P. into the House. It was almost as difficult for some of them as it was for the lady M. P. herself to come in. Honorable Members should not be frightened at what Plymouth sends out into the world. After all, I suppose when Drake and Raleigh wanted to set out on their venturesome careers some cautious person said, "Do not do it; it has never been tried before. Stay at home, cruise in home waters." I have no doubt that the same thing occurred when the Pilgrim Fathers set out. I have no doubt that there were cautious Christian brethren who did not understand their going into the wide seas to worship God in their own way. But, on the whole, the world is all the better for those venturesome and courageous West Country people, and I would like to say that I am quite certain that the women of the whole world will not forget that it was the fighting men of Devon who dared to send the first woman to the Mother of Parliaments. It is only right that she should show some courage, and I am perfectly aware that it needs

courage to address the House on that vexed question, Drink. However, I dare do it.

The issue raised by the Honorable Member is really quite clear, although he did not make it as clear as I would have liked. Do we want the welfare of the community or do we want the prosperity of the Trade? Do we want national efficiency, or do we want national inefficiency? Are we really trying for a better world, or are we going to slip back to the same old world as before 1914? I think that the Honorable Member is not moving with the times. He speaks of vexatious laws and restrictions. I quite agree with him that many laws are vexatious. When we want to go fifty or sixty miles an hour down the Bath Road it is very tiresome, when we come to a village, to have to go ten miles an hour. Why do we have to do it? It is for the good of the community. He talks about the drink restrictions. I maintain that they brought a great deal of good to the community. There were two gains. First, there were the moral gains. I should like to tell you about them. The convictions of drunkenness among women during the war were reduced to one-fifth after these vexatious restrictions were brought in. I take women, because as the Honorable Member has said, most of the men were away fighting. Does the House realize what that means? The convictions of drunkenness among women were reduced to one-fifth at a time when many women, thousands of them, were earning more than they had ever dreamed of earning in their lives, which generally means, so they say in industrial communities, that there is more spent on drink. Also women were going through not only a physical strain but the most awful mental tortures. Then the deaths from delirium tremens were greatly reduced. I do not know whether Honorable Members have seen the tortures of delirium tremens, but it is a national gain if you can reduce them. The deaths of children from overlaying were halved. That was after these vexatious restrictions were brought in. These are some of the gains that you can set out on paper.

Then there are the moral gains which you cannot put on paper: they are enormous. I am perfectly certain, if

Honorable Members would really stop to think, that they would not cavil at these vexatious restrictions. Already, we have lost some of these gains. The convictions among women have doubled in the last year since the restrictions have been slightly modified, and they are four times as many among men. That is something that I should like the House to think of. Think what these increased convictions mean. Just think, twice as many convictions among women! Does the House realize what that means? I have as good a sense of humor as any other Honorable Member, but when I think of the ruin and the desolation and the misery which drink brings into the houses of the working men and women as well as of the well-to-do, I find it a little difficult to be humorous. It was only the other day—I had been down to my constituency—that is, I was coming back from what they call the poorer parts of the town, and I stopped outside a public-house where I saw a child about five years old waiting for its mother. It did not have to wait long. Presently she reeled out. The child went forward to her, but it soon retreated. Oh, the oaths and curses of that poor woman and the shrieks of the child as it fled from her! That is not an easy thing to forget. That is what goes on when you have increased drunkenness among women. I am thinking of the women and children. I am not so tremendously excited about what you call the freedom of the men. The men will get their freedom. I do not want to rob them of anything that is good. I only want to ask them to consider others. The freedom of the subject? We, the women, know and the men know, thousands of us in the country who work amongst the slums, and in prisons and hospitals, we know where John Barleycorn, as you are pleased to call him, leads to. It is not to Paradise. It promises Heaven and too often it leads to Hell. I beg Honorable Members to think of these things and, when they are talking about freedom, to think of the children. After all, the thought of every man for himself is a thoroughly materialistic doctrine. There is a doctrine of going out to look for the lost sheep. I feel somehow that that is a better spirit

to go on with than to be always clamoring about the freedom of the subject.

You talk about liquor control. What was it set up for? It was set up for national efficiency. It was not set up for temperance. It did pretty well. The War Office and the Admiralty both commended the Liquor Control Board for having largely gained that for which it was set up. No one would call the War Office or the Admiralty Pussyfoots. (Honorable Members: "Hear, hear!") You can hardly look upon them as prejudiced Pussyfoots. *In 1916 the Liquor Control Board unanimously reported that they had enormously increased efficiency by the Regulations which the Honorable Gentleman opposite wants swept away.* The Liquor Board said more, and I would like Honorable Members who are always talking about national efficiency and economy to think of this. I want to see whether you are in earnest about this matter or whether it is camouflage. *The Liquor Control Board said that the State could not get the maximum efficiency so long as the drink trade was in private hands.* That is what they said. Why did they say so? It is simple. You cannot reconcile the interests of the State with the interests of the Trade. If you could there never would have been any licensing laws; there would never have been any drink question. Why cannot you reconcile the two? I will tell you. Because, Mr. Deputy-Speaker, the interest of the Trade is to sell as much of its goods as possible. No one can say that this is to the interest of the State. I do not blame the Trade, but one must say that its interest is absolutely opposed to the interest of the State. *The real lesson of the War is that the State Purchase gets the largest amount of progress with the least amount of unrest. That is really what is meant by our War lesson.*

The Honorable Member spoke of Carlisle. What was the result at Carlisle? The areas all around Carlisle, nearly every one of them who were against the Liquor Control Board's acquisition of the Carlisle area, subsequently asked to be taken in. That is the result of the State Purchase at Carlisle. I am glad the Honorable Member mentioned Carlisle. I hope some one who follows will deal with all the facts

and figures of Carlisle because they are something of which to be very proud. There are certain things at Carlisle which we are not able to get anywhere else in England.

I notice that the Honorable Baronet is a little frightened of revolutions. What makes revolutions? Reactionaries make revolutions. Then the Honorable Gentleman talks about the workingman. I suppose when he refers to workingmen he takes the broad interpretation taken by my Labor friends, which interpretation includes anything from a countess to a docker. I know a good deal about the working man. I would not insult him by telling him, so long as you can prove to him that the conditions of women and children have improved under these restrictions, that he was not willing to have them. I have never found him so. I have spent five years amongst working men in hospitals during the war.

I admit that the country is not ripe for, and does not now want, Prohibition. The Honorable Member is perfectly right there. I am not pressing for Prohibition. I am far too intelligent for that. Frankly I say that I believe that men will get nearer the Paradise they seek if they try to get it through a greater inspiration than drink. I hope very much from the bottom of my heart that at some time the people of England will come to Prohibition. I myself believe it will come. I say so frankly. I am not frightened of saying it, I am not afraid at all of working men. I have told it to them for five years, and they know perfectly well what I think. I hope the time will come when men will go dry. But we are not yet ready. Do not let Honorable Members deceive themselves for one minute. The working man is as good a father as any other man. Show him the figures. Show him what the Liquor Control Board has done for women and children. Tell him the truth. Do not always tell him that his liberty is being taken away, and that the rich man wants to get more work out of him. It is not true and you know it. I am all for telling the truth no matter how disagreeable it is. What I find is that if you care enough about people they will listen to the truth. I think the whole world is sick of lies. The Honorable Member has said that

he and his friends were willing during the War to put up with drink control for the purpose of winning the war. It is not true. Ever since the Liquor Control Board started the Honorable Member and his friends have been kicking against it.

Sir J. D. Rees indicated dissent.

Viscountess Astor: Oh, yes! All during the War when the Government and the Admiralty, and the War Office, said that the Liquor Control Board was helping efficiency, and helping to win the war, what did the Honorable Member do in the Great War, he and his friends? No, Sir, the Honorable Member and his friends were always kicking against the Liquor Control Board. (Honorable Members: "No!") Oh, yes; look in the Official Report of Parliamentary Debates and you will see that they were always complaining. At the time of the nation's dire peril they were always trying to hamper the Liquor Control Board. No, they have not got a pretty record, they and their friends. I am not saying that there were not *some perfectly patriotic brewers.* There were, but I do say that there were some brewers who really were all during the War kicking against restrictions of any kind. That is perfectly true and the Honorable Member knows it. It is really not a pretty story. I thought the Honorable Member was going to complain about the hardships of the Trade, but he did not do so. I have, however, heard others do it, and I can tell you that *the drink trade, in spite of its hardships, managed to profiteer during the War to the tune of many millions out of the working men.* That is what they did in the Great War. Brewery companies which were nearly ruined before the War have now got millions. I am not blaming them, but I think if the Honorable Member and his friends are the real friends of the working men they will urge the brewers to disgorge some of their War profits.

What are they doing with their War profits? They are advertising. There are some very offensive posters put up by the brewers, but I will not deal with them, except to dwell on those which are most likely to mislead the country. There is the poster of a fine English workingman pointing

to a reformed public-house, where it is suggested that he can get tea, coffee, and buns. Do you think the brewing trade are going to push the sale of tea, coffee, and buns? The brewers are spending thousands of pounds to induce Parliament to let them make their public houses more attractive and more profitable in order to sell us more alcohol, and this in spite of the record of convictions amongst women being double and amongst men four times what they were. I do not believe that the Government or the House is going to play their game. I do not think the country is ripe for Prohibition, but I am certain it is ripe for drastic drink reforms. (Honorable Members: "No!") I know what I am talking about and you must *remember that women have got votes now* and we mean to use them and use them wisely not for the benefit of any section, but for the benefit of the whole of society. I want to see what the Government is going to do. As the House knows, I am a great admirer of the Prime Minister, and one of the reasons I have always admired him was the way he faced this vexed question of drink during the War. I know that politicians are a little frightened of the Trade. But the Prime Minister was not. During the War he said that *"the State could not afford to let go its hold on the Trade which had beaten them so often in the past."*

I want the Prime Minister to remember those words when he introduces his Drink Bill. He also said that "drink was a greater enemy than the German submarine." *I want to see that the drink submarine does not torpedo the Prime Minister. I want to see whether the Prime Minister is master in his own house.* I do not believe that the Prime Minister is in the stranglehold of the Trade and the Profiteers. It is not the Trade and the profiteers who put the Prime Minister where he is. There are thousands of people who really believe in him over this drink question and they trust him. I do not know whether there are many Honorable Members who feel that way. But I do. And I can tell the House that my name is legion in the country. There is a real awakening throughout the country. There are people in England, thousands of them, who want to see the coun-

try better. They are willing to give up their selfish and indulgent appetites. If you want national efficiency you will have to control drink. You know that.

I do ask Honorable Members not to misread the spirit of the times. Do not go round saying that you want England a country fit for heroes to live in, do not talk about it unless you mean to do it. I do not want to take the joy out of the world, or happiness, or anything that really makes for the betterment of the world. But you know and I know that drink really promises everything and gives you nothing. You know it, and the House knows it, and the world is beginning to recognize it. We have no right to think of this question in terms of our appetite. We have to think of it as a bigger question than that. I want you to think of the effect of these restrictions in terms of women and babies. Think of the thousands of children whose fathers had to put up with even more than these vexatious restrictions—who laid down their lives for you. Think of their fatherless children. Supposing they were your children or my children, would you want them to grow up with the Trade flourishing? I do not believe the House would. I do not want you to look on your lady Member as a fanatic or a lunatic. I am simply trying to speak for hundreds of women and children throughout the country who cannot speak for themselves. I want to tell you that I do know the workingman and I know that, if you do not try to fool him, if you tell him the truth about drink, he as a good father would be as willing as anybody else to put up with so-called vexatious restrictions.

THE NEED FOR WOMEN IN POLITICS.

Address by the Viscountess Astor, M. P. at the Eighth Congress of the International Woman's Suffrage Alliance.
(Official Representative of H. M. Government),
Geneva, June 7th, 1920.

It is a very great responsibility, as well as a very great pleasure, to represent Great Britain in this congress of women. It is a responsibility because it is rather a revolutionary thing that there should be a woman member of the

oldest Parliament in the world, and that she should be entrusted with a mission of this kind.

It is sometimes said by critics that international congresses are ineffective. If that is ever true it is, I believe, because each nation fails to contribute its own special standpoint. Internationalism sometimes ignores differences and difficulties, and that produces a kind of unreality. Now, I think that the war has made us very impatient of unreality. Certainly those of us who have been in the thick of it since 1914 are tired of pious opinions; so I am sure you will forgive me if I am outspoken and if I speak as I feel.

Many of us who are here to-day have been divided by profound differences during the last few years. We may each of us have felt passionately that our own country was fighting for the right. Speaking for myself, I do not think we shall ever entirely lose those convictions. But it is the past; let us try not to keep alive the bitterness of the past, but let us remember the lessons of discipline, and service, and pity for humanity, and, above all, let us face the present and the future with a firm grasp of facts and a courageous desire for reality.

Now, speaking as an official representative of one of the countries that has been at war, it is impossible for me not to speak frankly about the present situation. I don't want to discuss the rights and wrongs of the war; to do that would be to defeat the objects of this congress; but with our minds full of the horrors and tragedies of the last few years, we are in danger of accepting as true many unreal statements about war. War is a terrible wrong, and we all want to see an end of it. But I do not know that it is necessarily the greatest wrong. I am not sure that slavery, and oppression, and intolerance are not even greater evils. In condemning war, we must not forget that there may be circumstances in which freedom may be worth fighting and dying for. If people believe passionately in a great ideal they will not count the cost of sacrifice. Some of the great things in history have been won at the awful cost of war, and until human nature changes they may still have to be won so. Selfishness and jealousy and greed are the real causes of war,

and they are not the monopolies of any class or any country; they are found in all of us, and you will never build a perfect world, however perfect a machinery you create, until there is a right spirit in men's hearts.

One of the outstanding questions in the world to-day is the League of Nations. Now, whatever some of us may think about the existing form of the covenant, I think all women will agree that the idea underlying the League is a step in the right direction—that disputes between nations should, as far as possible, be settled by reason and good will, and honest discussion, instead of by armaments and old-fashioned roundabout diplomacy, in which women have taken no small part. Something has indeed already been done in health and labor matters through the machinery of the League. But let us be very careful to avoid talking *cant* about the League of Nations. The ideal is a fine one —it means giving fair play and reason a chance—but do not let us for one moment imagine that the League by itself can do anything. It will be utterly useless unless and until individual citizens in individual countries behave justly to each other, and insist on their governments behaving justly to other countries. If they stop being aggressive, and try to be just; if they stop being suspicious, and try to be fair, then the League provides the machinery that can help to stop wars.

The League of Nations is no new idea. It has been conceived after every great war and it has failed in the past for exactly the same reason which may make it fail in the future unless we can put some reality behind the machinery. If we women here were to go back to our own countries, and protest against aggression, if we were to urge our own countries to take their full share in working out a substitute for war, and if we were to put the whole weight of our influence on the side of fair play and justice, then there might be some hope of the League becoming a real power. It is a great opportunity; women have never had such an opportunity before. Let us resolve, here in this congress, to use it, each one of us, to its fullest extent.

This brings me to what I am really supposed to be talking about—the need for women in politics.

First of all, there is the fact that we find ourselves in a rather lopsided world, considerably overbalanced on the man's side. We have therefore to work for the political, economic, and social equality of men and women, for equal opportunities and equal pay, for equal rights as parents, for equal status before the law, and so on. Many women have given devoted service to those objects, and I feel that all of us owe a great debt of gratitude to them. It is up-hill work, but I hope we shall get much help from the discussions on these subjects in this congress.

Discussion is vitally necessary, now that women have the vote, and especially because the vote is leading inevitably to further development—the presence of women in Parliaments. My experience of Parliamentary work, though still a short one, is that there is no legislation in which a woman's point of view is not needed, especially at this moment of all others in the world's history. We wish to take our share directly in reconstruction, and not only through the vote. We believe that we can speak for ourselves in legislative assemblies, and help the minds and imaginations of men (who *are* generous when once they understand) to realize that the New City we are all longing to build must be planned by the co-operation, the devotion, and the highest ideals of both sexes in all countries.

There are, of course, some spheres which concern women more than men, and men more than women. Women are perhaps specially sensitive to the whole question of human suffering; they tend to think of legislation in terms of men, and women, and children, rather than in terms of theories; that lays on us a special responsibility for securing better protection for children, better care for mothers, better factory conditions, better treatment for the old and blind.

There is still a great deal of prejudice, which is handicapping us heavily and which we have to try and dispel.

Prejudice in either man or woman is one of the most blinding things in the world—almost as blinding as hate.

I find there is a great temptation to meet it by becoming prejudiced oneself—of course that is a hopeless way to try to get over it; we cannot expect men to drop all at once the traditions they have inherited from all the ages. We must avoid being aggressive; if they bluster, it is no good blustering back. It is worse than useless if we begin looking on them as our natural enemies; they should be our natural helpers. We shall need a great deal of patience, and understanding, and self-control, but I believe we shall in time achieve that equal comradeship which the world needs so badly.

Women, I think, realize in a peculiar way that progress is something more than bread, and houses, and comfort. I believe most thinking women are born social reformers, and to me one of the chief tests of whether a politician is progressive or reactionary is his attitude to women in politics. If he really wants social and moral progress he welcomes the women's vote, because he knows it will help him to get his reform through. If he is afraid of it, you may depend upon it he is afraid that the moral standard is going to be screwed up uncomfortably high. That at least is the result of my own experience in fighting for temperance. I shall always be glad that I was able to make my first speech in Parliament on "Drink," because every woman knows how much sorrow and suffering drink brings into homes.

A high morality is the real test of any civilization. It is not easy to attain, but nothing that is worth while is easy. I do not want to underestimate the responsibility of men for our low standards; it is a heavy one. But I sometimes think women do not take their fair share of the blame. We must clean out our own backyard if we want to help to clean out man's as well. Women cannot altogether escape blame for the continuance of a double moral standard. There are still too many mothers who do not demand the high standard from their sons which they expect from their daughters. They acquiesce in the accepted order of things. Until women as a whole accept a single morality we cannot blame the men alone.

Finally, there is the question of education. One of the most depressing facts in the world is the indifference of the vast majority of people to the things that really matter. So many people seem to believe in taking the world as it is, when most of us are longing for the world as it isn't. People grow "old, and weary, and wise," until they become a mere drag on progress. The hope of the world lies in the next generation, and we women have a very large responsibility for their education. Do not let us teach our children, or let anyone else teach them to be worldly wise, and to be on the look out for material wealth; let us help them instead to care for the things of the mind, and of the spirit. Of all laws education laws have the greatest influence on the next generation. What children are taught to think, that they will be. Now that women can, they should demand a direct influence in the details of all educational measures. They should stand for all Local Authorities, School Boards, County Councils, and every body which has to do with education. They should not only let their voices be heard through men, but directly through their own words. I quite realize that every woman cannot work in this way, but I do believe that everyone can care, and should care, about education, and see that all children get the very best.

And I'll tell you one very important bit of practical work you can do. You can go back home and insist that teachers, men and women, should be paid a living wage which will attract the very best material in brains and character into the profession.

Women, then, are face to face with great problems and great opportunities, and I think they have certain qualities which will help them to respond. My experience is that women have a good deal of moral courage and are not afraid to face facts.

If a few women go into politics for the sake of service, despising personal careers and positions, they will do a great deal to lift the standard of national and international politics. Women have ideals and they are bound, by the nature of things to have a practical knowledge of everyday affairs;

a combination, too, of those two qualities is a pretty good contribution to make to public life.

But we must not flatter ourselves. The world will never be put right by woman as she is now, only by woman as she is going to be. No doubt we are suffering partly from failings which are common to all who have been kept in a state of submission, but we have still a great deal to learn. A good many of us have to learn to investigate facts more patiently, and to weigh them more impartially before jumping to conclusions. Some of us have to learn to discipline ourselves, to learn to do "team work" as we say in England, which means playing for the side, not for ourselves.

Most of all, we have got to put our professions of brotherhood into practice. Let us be perfectly certain, when we speak about this spirit, that we mean to live by it. Some of the people who talk most about brotherhood can't get on with their next door neighbor. It is much harder to love somebody at home who seems to stand for things you despise and dislike than to love a distant comrade in a far country, but it is really more important.

Let us go away from this congress determined that if we, as women, go into the full glare of public life it shall be with an endeavor to live up to our professions in the small things of our daily lives, as well as in the larger issues of the world.

But don't let us go away with only an ideal. An ideal is of no more use than a headache unless you strive to translate it into action. Now is our chance. Let us pray to God that we may be worthy to take it.

SPEECH BEFORE THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING UNION.

New York City, April 20, 1922.

Gentlemen:

I am not really afraid to speak here to-night. I was a little afraid last night—I didn't know quite whether New York audiences would be as kind as Plymouth audiences. I see that they are much the same. They forgive my short-

comings in the way of scholarly attainments or oratorical orations when they see that you are speaking from your heart. I usually do speak from my heart. It has been a safer guide to me than my head and here to-night it's easy, for surely no people on earth have understood a woman's heart better than the English-speaking nations.

Last night I told the women voters that I was not a person but a symbol—a sort of connecting link between the English-speaking people, a frail link perhaps, but a link that is stronger than it looks. It is a strange thing that England's first woman member of Parliament should have come from England's first colony. I doubt if the first English woman to land in Virginia was less expected on these shores than the first Virginian woman to land in the House of Commons was expected on that floor. However, in spite of having neither beads nor fire-water, the natives were amazingly kind to the Virginian settler. It is all very picturesque when one thinks of it historically but very ordinary when it is done. History, I think, is more romantic to read than to make, and I apologize now to future little school girls for having added another question to the endless questions which still haunt me when my mind turns back to the long list of historical personages, varying from Lucretia Borgia down to Susan B. Anthony.

I have been asked what was my visit here for. Cannot a person come home without being suspected of deep and ulterior motives? I may tell you at once I am not on a mission to promote better understanding between England and America. No person, however keen about it, can do much in that line. Things which are worth while are made by something better than missions or treaties. They are made only by great ideals in the hearts of the common people. I don't even believe that trade agreements will succeed in promoting a better understanding. But I do say that if the greatest Commonwealth of Nations the world has ever seen and the greatest Federation of States the world has ever known, cannot be brought together by some common cause, of human hope and purpose, then I personally should feel like the Queen of Sheba—the spirit would go

out of me. I do believe that these two nations are bound together by a common cause and that a common cause of human hope and purpose, and this purpose is peace on earth and good will towards all men.

The Washington Conference* was not a surprise to me. I knew that England was not a militarist nation any more than America was, and I knew too, that once they talked things over they would see the utter futility of building battleships against one another. America and England should have the largest fleets because they will certainly use them more as policemen than as fighting forces. After all, when England had the greatest navy in the world she never used it except to keep the freedom of the seas. I often wonder whether Imperialist Germany might not have treated the Monroe Doctrine like a scrap of paper had her fleet been the strongest in the world. However, I don't want to go back to an ancient grudge. It's hopeless trying to go forward when you are looking backward. It is a great mistake to keep such things alive; it only means more trouble and surely there is enough trouble in the world now without looking backward.

America, I am told, draws back with horror when she looks at Europe. I don't blame her. Certainly it is a sad enough sight to make one draw back from. I cannot believe, though, that standing back is the right way to help, and I don't believe, that any part of the world can go forward in the truest sense while another part is suffering desperately. The war has shown us that the world was really round and inter-dependent. I am struck more and more by the way in which the stock of moral good-will on both sides is still thwarted by the extent of mental misunderstanding. This not only hinders the recovery of hundreds of millions of people from all the mischiefs of the war but works new mischief of its own. I am thinking now not so much of America and Britain, who have had their heart-to-heart explanations at the Washington Conference, with an effort which ought to make their relations fool-proof,

*The International Conference on The Limitation of Armaments, held in Washington, beginning November 11, 1921.—Editor.

in spite of the small people who are so blinded by their fear or envy and hate, that they would do all in their power to pull them apart. But I am not afraid of them—I am only sorry for them. There is nothing more pitiful than people who are moved by envy or hate and there is nothing weaker than people who fear. Envy and hate are the most blinding things on earth and it is only people with vision who never perish. When I talk of misunderstanding I am thinking of Europe.

I believe that in parts of America there is an impression that Europe is not getting on with the peace, that she still has large armies, still fights and at the same time cries out for help. Russia and France still have great armies and this naturally makes the smaller States arm too. Of course it is all desperately disappointing to some of us. We had hoped that this was a war to end wars—I think it has ended the biggest war, yet there seem to be a few private wars going on and still a great deal of fear and hatred left. Perhaps conferences will succeed where wars have failed. We all hoped great things of Genoa and I only wish that America had been there to lend her moral support. As things are going it might have made a great difference. I am sure her reasons for not being there must be very good and that her heart is on the side of those who want lasting peace. That misrepresented and much despised League of Nations has already prevented three small wars, it has registered over one hundred treaties, has repatriated nearly four hundred thousand prisoners — not a bad record for only half a League. I think it is enough to make every woman in America want to join it in some form or other, certainly any of those who have had sons in the war. It is the memory of the anguish of the mothers and fathers who watched for four years which gives me the courage to speak plainly here to-night. You see, the anguish in a mother's heart is felt in all other mothers' hearts over the world, even though they be enemy aliens. I was told to be careful, which gives me the courage to speak plainly. Why careful? I have not anything to say that would hurt anyone in America and I only want to say what may help thousands of people in less

fortunate countries than America. Anyhow I do believe America likes people to say what they mean and care about. No one could say that America does not care about Europe. Look at the way the American Relief Committee is helping Russia. It is the admiration of the whole of England and often I have heard it referred to in the House of Commons. Yet I don't believe that the greatest philanthropy in the world can add much to the permanent reconstruction of the world and that is what the world needs more now than anything—reconstruction. It is all very well to hear people talk of European entanglements but the world is already tangled, and we have to think of a plan to disentangle ourselves. No one could think that English fathers and mothers—with nearly eight hundred thousand sons who will never return—would want to join in a League which would entangle them or anyone else in the war. The English know enough about wars never to want to fight or to see anyone else have to fight. These mothers and fathers think as I feel sure the fathers and mothers of America do, that the safest and sanest way to get out of wars is to join some sort of Association of Nations for peace. The Washington Conference shows us what can happen when great countries with great ideals get together. The difference between people with ideals is simply the difference between Pagans and Christians—a Pagan is a man whose standard of right does not extend beyond his own interest. A pagan state is a state whose standard of right does not extend beyond its own interest. Now we Anglo-Saxons rather pride ourselves that our civilization was built of Christianity. If that is the case, there is no doubt that a lot of pagans have slipped in among us—perhaps they have often been proselytizing. Don't let us be proselytizing too far, don't let us forget the faith of our forefathers. It must have taken tremendous faith mixed with a double dose of courage to have crossed the Atlantic in a shell of a boat—yet they did. They were not pagans. Civilization was never made by pagans, yet civilization was nearly destroyed by them. We cannot give them a second chance. It is wonderfully helpful to look

back and see the kind of men in all countries who have made the civilization. They were not men who carried a grudge, they were not men who hated, but men with an inner consciousness of what man really is capable of, men who realized that life is only redeemed by a purpose bigger than themselves and a love which passeth all understanding.

BERNIE BABCOCK

[1868—]

JOSIE FRAZEE CAPPLEMAN

WE are living in an age of mass-effort, mass-ambition, and mass-achievement, and in the development of the social fabric as a whole. There is danger of losing sight of the individual. Yet the vital activity of this mass of social life inheres in personality.

The feminist movement has brought into being a veritable army of women of brains, originality, and ability, who have entered fields of endeavor never before opened to womankind. Among the women of the Southland who have taken foremost rank is Mrs. Bernie Babcock, of Arkansas.

Mrs. Babcock's father, Hiram Norton Smades, was a Canadian, born of English and Dutch ancestry. Her mother was Charlotte Elizabeth Burnelle whose mother was Elizabeth Ferguson of Scotch descent. Her maternal grandfather was of Huguenot descent, the ancestral line running back unbroken for nearly four hundred years. Mr. Smades and Miss Burnelle were married in Ohio in 1867, where the subject of this sketch was born the following year. John Calvin Burnelle, Mrs. Babcock's grandfather, was a clergyman and her early religious training was of the most approved and orthodox kind.

While she was still a child her father (after a tour of several of the southwestern states) decided to locate in Arkansas. His first stop was in Little Rock but after a brief period he selected Russellville for a permanent home. In the public school of Russellville, and later at the Little Rock University, Mrs. Babcock received her preliminary education. At the age of eighteen years she left school and married William Franklin Babcock. At the age of twenty-nine, finding herself a widow with five small children to rear and educate, Mrs. Babcock turned to the overcrowded and usually unremunerative field of literature. Her first experience was in verse and short stories and she is her own authority for the following: "During seven long, near-tragic months, every line written and sent out was returned to the 'Babcock fold' with the habitual regularity of its outgoing".

However, with characteristic perseverance the writer continued to mail out her "brain-bairns" on their respective missions. The turn came. A New York magazine accepted two of Mrs. Babcock's poems and shortly after the publishers purchased her first story

entitled "Teaching a Counrty School in Arkansas," an experience of the author's while in her early teens.

Within a few months other short stories and verses were contributed to well known publications and her position as a representative writer of the South was secure. Mrs. Babcock's most important work of these earlier years was her vast contribution to prohibition literature, her books having the greatest circulation of any author on this subject. Her first story (on prohibition) sold one hundred thousand copies in six months and others followed until, with other propaganda writing, about three million pages were in circulation. None of this work, however, received the remuneration that the same grade of writing would have brought in other lines. That this pioneer work went far in creating the influence which culminated in the prohibition amendment, is conclusively shown in two incidents. One day a man, holding under each arm as many small bundles as he could well carry, came into an office where Mrs. Babcock chanced to be. The gentleman said he was looking for one "Mrs. Babcock" and was there to tell her that one of the Southern States had been "sowed down" with a little poem of hers entitled "The Man With the Rubber Conscience," that thousands of votes for prohibition had been won through the broadcasting of tens of thousands of copies of this one poem. The other case was brought to Mrs. Babcock's attention through a newspaper clipping. After the fight had been won in a Western state, the decisive vote was found to have centered in a single county. In this county thousands of copies of the story "At the Mercy of the State" had been circulated and, to the reading of this pathetic and powerful life picture, was attributed the vote which gave the state prohibition.

Many volumes of novel, story, and verse have come from the busy pen of Mrs. Babcock but no production holds such a place in the hearts of her people as that adorable drama of the Old South—"Mammy." Much has been said (yet never too much) of the loyalty and courage of the Southern gentleman, and of the devotion to duty of the Old South womanhood. But scarcely enough do we hear of the heroism and sacrifice of the old-time darkey whose faithfulness to "Mars and Mistress" is without parallel in human history. Such is the story of "Mammy," which, when read (by Mrs. John McRaven), was accorded on the Chautauqua, New York, platform, one of the most generous and enthusiastic receptions ever given any literary or dramatic work at this resort of learning. Such is the gripping pathos of the little volume "Mammy."

Among Mrs. Babcock's latest books are 'The Soul of Ann Rutledge'—that exquisite story of the great love of Abraham Lin-

coln for the beautiful Southern girl whose untimely death was the tragedy of his after years, and 'The Coming of the King,' a Biblical story of wonderful vividness, ranking, according to foremost critics, with 'Ben Hur' and 'Quo Vadis.'

Thus far 'The Soul of Ann Rutledge' has proven the most popular of Mrs. Babcock's books, being one of the best sellers of two seasons in America, translated into several foreign tongues, and read in many English-speaking and European countries.

In 'The Coming of the King,' Mrs. Babcock has departed from the conventional to the extent of presenting the human side of the Christ and, while the home life at Bethany, the luxurious life at Pilate's court, and the turbulence and intolerance of the rabble are presented with fine art, the heart story of Mary and the Christ is the vital thread. Mary is portrayed as a beautiful, sensitive, and consecrated young woman, and Jesus as the Man among men. The purpose of the story seems to be to prove the greatness of love, how nearly related are the finite and infinite, how closely akin are the loves of the divinely-human and the humanly-divine. One is brought into a personal, pulsating contact with all who take part in this great drama. One meets them; one feels an interest in them; one knows them; and in the end, one takes leave of them as of familiar and valued friends.

The style of 'The Coming of the King' is simple, tense, and dignified according to the manner of the times. Yet with all its simplicity it vibrates with the vital forces of the innate rights of man, of justice unto all, and, with its tone of intense religious fervor, the final impression is that truth must triumph. If one casts aside the long, blue, wind-worn mantle of Puritanism and prejudice, there can be found in this novel, aside from its great historical value, an uplifting life story, a story that penetrates with its marvelous insight into the heart of things. All history, Biblical and other, agrees that the man Jesus Christ lived thirty-three years as a human being. Love, it is agreed by both science and religion, is "the greatest thing in the world." Why should the Master Teacher be robbed of the highest and holiest attribute within the conception of mind? This question comes with the reading of the book which from prologue to finish has been handled with a deft and delicate touch. Only a supreme nature with supreme spiritual insight and the supremest sense of sacrificial love, could have fathomed the exalted attachment of Mary and the Christ. This work is a large canvas, painted with daring strokes yet never losing the color of reverence.

A part of Mrs. Babcock's literary training was gained during a number of years of service on the editorial staff of a daily paper. Added to the store of practical working knowledge of human nature gained at this time, the "mountains" of book reviewing she did have resulted in a mental training (when the contents of a book are at issue) akin to intuition.

In the estimation of Mrs. Babcock her greatest achievement was the establishment and the development of the *Sketch Book,* a magazine listed as the handsomest publication ever put forth in the South and ranking with the best of its kind in the United States. Each issue was printed in two or more colors. The covers were gold, embossed with pastel art designs. All photography, paintings, drawings, stories, poetry, and music used in this publication were original Arkansas contributions. This periodical was designed, edited, and managed solely by Mrs. Babcock.

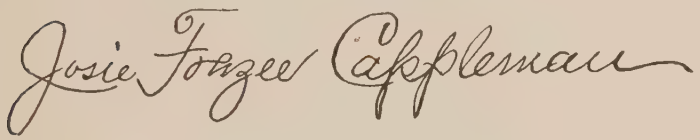
In addition to her literary work Mrs. Babcock has found time for some psychological research, nature study, and sociological investigation. She is a member of the Psychical Research Society of London and president of the Psychical Research (Friend's Memorial) of Arkansas. She is also State Representative of the League of American Penwomen, member of the Drama League of America, the Authors' League of America, and the Authors' and Composers' Society of Arkansas.

Mrs. Babcock is gifted with an even temperament, a nature of supreme patience and unselfishness, an unfaltering devotion to duty, an unfailing optimism, and withal an exquisite sense of humor. According to her creed, "Nothing is so bad that it might not be worse." She is kind to all, unjust to none. Unlike many literary geniuses, Mrs. Babcock is as brilliant and unique in her conversation as in her writing and possesses a rare magnetic personality. Active from morning until far into the night, energetic to the limit of her strength, with work enough planned for years to come, Mrs. Babcock has been heard to express the wish for "one more pair of hands, one more pair of eyes, and twice as much time to work in."

Asked recently what books she kept within hand's reach on her work table she said "A Bible, a Webster's Dictionary, an Egyptian Tarot, and The Master Key, and if you would like a hint of my belief, read that." She pointed to a little card almost over her typewriter. The words are these:

One ship sails East and another sails West
With the self same winds that blow:
'Tis the set of the sail and not the gale
That determines the way they go.

As the ways of the sea are the ways of fate,
As we voyage along through Life,
'Tis the *act of the soul* that determines the goal
And not the calm or the strife.



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THE LIVING ROOM.

From 'Pictures and Poems of Arkansas.' By permission.

Dear living room, quiet and simple,
With almanac swung on the door,
With chintz-covered shelves in the corner,
And rag carpet strip on the floor;
With white-toweled stand and worn Bible,
With low, sunny window-sills wide,
With old-fashioned clock and green curtains,
And cherry boughs swaying outside,—

I saw not your charm in my childhood,
I sighed for soft rugs and stuffed chairs;
I hated our strips of rag carpet,
I longed for a hall and "upstairs."

Since then I have crossed life's great threshold,
Have toiled up life's stairs, steep and wide,
Have stood all alone in life's even
And gazed on earth's dust-clinging tide.

I have looked into life's gilded parlor,
I have tasted its false, heartless pride;
Have slept in life's great family bedroom
Where hopes have been born and have died;
Have heard the gay laugh of excitement,
Have walked in the banqueting hall,
Have learned the grave might of the writing
That glows on the reveler's wall.
I have peeped in the skeleton closet
All hid behind purple and glass;
Have seen life's best perfume and glitter
Grow reeking and hollow as brass.
I have rummaged in life's dusty attic
For something that others forgot,
And there 'mong its ashes and actors
Discovered earth's cankering rot.

Dear living room, calm and old-fashioned,
With almanac swung on the door,
With rag carpet strip and worn Bible—
I yearn for your quiet once more.
I would that your green-curtained windows
Knit over with cherry-boughs wild,
Might shut out the cares of my learning
And bring back the peace of a child.

THESE BLIND.

From 'The Folio' (Unpublished).

He who sees not the beauty in a common stone
Will think a canyon-castle naught but grey;
He who beholds no beauty in the vine
Will see no grandeur in the cedar's sway;
He who heeds not the blossoms smiling round his feet
Will find life's bitter, but will miss life's sweet:
And if perchance, he get to heaven some day,
He'll go on hunting heaven in the old, blind way.

PROFANITY.

He did not vainly use in scorn or wrath
  The name of the Almighty One above:
He mocked the whole Creative and Unfoldment Plan
  Declaring there is no such thing as LOVE.

A SONG.

(Widely printed.)

There's a better day a-coming by and by,
When the clouds will lift and show the sunny sky;
  When your heart will feel like Spring
  And a thousand birds will sing
And the hand of Time will grant what days deny.

There's a better time a-coming. Don't repine:
Life has much of bitter water in its wine.
  Play its most unnoticed part
  With a white, unflinching heart
And of Duty make its most exalted shrine.

There's a better day a-coming. Help it on!
And you'll never do it with a sigh or frown:
  Strip your heart of gloomy things,
  Build yourself a pair of wings
And RISE UP if heaven's slow a-coming down.

GOD AND I.

From 'The Folio' (Unpublished).

I do not like the kind of God
That hides in cloistered naves and cells;
That speaks through men long turned to dust
Whose wisdom reeks of moth-ball smells—
A god of dogma and vain show—
And I have frankly told Him so.

But when I get out in the woods
Where I can hear God laugh and sing,
Where I can feel Him breathing through
My soul and every living thing,
I know this God—and know full why—
We love each other, God and I.

EXILED IN THE NORTH.

From 'The Folio.'

Lift up your face, my heart,
The South wind blows!
The place and the way you love,
The South wind knows.

O wind of the South
Blow on me, blow!
You come from the land where the roses grow;
Where the wild dove calls, the mocking bird sings,
And the honeysuckle its fragrance flings,
Where the sun is gold and the sky is blue
And Nature's call makes the heart beat true.
O wind of the South
Blow on me—blow!
Blow in the face of my heart—
Blow long!

Blow back the springtime
And Love's dear song!

TWO COURIERS.

From 'The Sketch Book' (By permission).

In days long gone, with hope aglow,
I stood beside a plain one day:
Where it began I did not know
Nor where its farthest borders lay;
And yet I knew both pain and strife
Were on this plain—for this was Life.

Two paths led out from which to choose;
The end of neither could I see:
And while I thought which path to use
Two couriers saluted me,
And each begged leave to take my hand
And guide me through the unknown land.

The one was graceful, gay, and fair,
His words dropped from a silvr'y tongue,
The sunshine glistened in his hair,
A broidered robe was round him flung.
He said "If thou would'st happy be,
"Take my hand, child, and come with me.
"My path is free from pain and care,
"Bright roses 'long its border grow,
"Rare perfume hangs upon the air
"And many birds sing sweet and low:
"Mine is the way of wealth and fame
"For Pleasure is thy servant's name."

The second courier was grave:
His shapely limbs were lithe and long,
His step was firm, his eye was brave
And lit with purpose deep and strong.
He said "If thou would'st happy be,
"Take my hand, child, and come with me.
"Mine may not be the smoothest way
"But I will make you strong and true.
"Love walks along my path all day
"And Conscience smiles the whole way through.
"No man yet ever grieved he came,
"For Duty is thy servant's name."

A bit I paused to choose a hand.
Two unknown paths before me lay.
But after looking o'er the land
I turned to sturdy Duty's way.
Then—strange though it may seem to be,
Right swiftly Pleasure followed me.

GOD FORBID.

Some ages agone when my bones were pulp
And my frame was jelly thin,
With my kind I lived in a murky place
Where created things begin.

I might have felt, in a dim, far way,
The drowsy impulse of things to be
When God and the ages should someway make
Some sort of thing like a man of me.
But God forbid that I ever said,
With the brains I lacked in my tail-like head—
That I ever set forth as wise and true
That I *was* the best the Maker could do.

And God forbid the jelly-brain view
That though I be measures of eons improved,
I *yet* am the best His Art can do.

THE CLEANSING OF SARA.

From 'The Coming of the King.' Used by special permission of the Publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

With but one desire in his heart Jael hurried forward toward the plain, sore of foot, yet glad of heart, for he had no doubt the wonder worker was Jesus. As he journeyed the twilight gave way to the dark, and innumerable stars came forth. But it was not a light in the heavens the eye of the fisherman watched for, rather a red glow near the earth line. When he finally saw this it was as strength to his tired feet. Soon the outlines of a tent became visible and the bodies of two men lying by the fire. The approach of Jael was announced by the barking of a dog which kept him at a distance until repeated shouting brought a sleepy man to the tent door.

"Doth there rest here a Galilean, by name Jesus?" the fisherman called.

Before the tent dweller had answered, one of the men by the fire called "Jael! Jael—come hither!"

Forgetting the blisters on his feet, the stiff muscles of his legs, and the savage barking of the dog, Jael ran to the man by the fire shouting, "Yea, Lord! I come! I come!"

With his head lying against his hand which was in turn supported by an elbow resting on the ground, Jesus lay in his undergarment, his traveling coat thrown over a tent stake near by. "Sit thee down and rest, Jael," he said. "The friend at my side is a Hindoo of great wisdom and knowledge of the stars. When I traveled in far lands he was to me as a brother. Thou would'st know of Sara? Let him have thy treasure, the tallith." Drawing himself into a sitting posture the Hindoo took the *tallith* Jael held forth, pressed it into the palm of his hand, and sat for a short time without speaking.

"Her hair was abundant and dark," he presently said, speaking more to himself than to Jael. "Her face was ruddy and her eyes were bright like sunlight dancing on quick waters. She was supple of body and worked among fish nets. Overcome in a great struggle she was

borne away and made unclean of body and hopeless at heart. She wandered about an outcast, in the land of her fathers until at last she crept away to die."

A curse broke from the lips of Jael and his hand moved quickly toward his belt as he exclaimed "When I find him—! But first I must find *her*. Where is Sara now?"

"Even now doth she lie in a bed of rushes which the waves of Jordan have washed against a bleaching sycamore. Here, while she waiteth death, the serpent that hath wrought her downfall doth circle her though she knoweth it not."

"God of my fathers!" Jael groaned.

"What is thy request, Jael?" Jesus asked.

"That Sara be made clean and given again to Jael."

"Dost thou know what thou askest? From thee the woman hath been taken by the serpent. If thou would'st possess her, to the place of the serpent must thou go and conquer him. Then shall the woman be free and with the freedom of the woman shall come thy victory. Wouldst thou go?"

"Yea, yea! Direct my pathway and tell by what means I shall gain victory over this serpent that hath Sara encircled."

"This be the victory—even thy *faith,* Jael," Jesus answered. *"What things soever thou desirest when thou prayest, believe that thou hast them and they shall be thine.* To the woman, which I bid thee bring again to me, carry thou this gospel of salvation—'As a man thinketh in his heart, *so is he*'. There is no bondage to uncleanness or to darkness when the mind of man thinks purity and light. He who thinks *Strength* is at last a *Conqueror*. Take now thy little *tallith,* and if thy faith shall fail thee, from the touch of it may new strength come. Go, Jael."

According to directions given by the Hindoo, Jael made his way. He was aroused by the sweep of wings passing toward the east. He heard the children singing underneath the palms, and beyond Bethsaida he overtook the herdsman.

"Are there those unclean beyond the city?" he asked him.

"Nay, for with dogs and staves drive we the unclean away. Sad was the plight of the last who came this way. A woman she had once been. Now came she like a creeping thing, lean of flesh, eaten of sores, and when the dogs and staves of the city rabble had driven her far, then did my goat with the broken horn butt her into a sharp ravine."

"Was her right leg swollen at the knee?"

"Yea, and the goat did break it with his head."

"And her right arm—had it sores?"

"Yea, sores until the blow flies chased her even down there among the rocks, and as she did lie, with a stone I broke her foul arm open! A curse upon the scar-ridden bones of the unclean!"

* * * * * * *

With a sad heart Jael turned from her [the fish woman], yet not without hope. He hastened on keeping to the Hindoo's directions. He saw the willows by the watercourse and heard the murmur of the river. He cleared the marsh. He came to the still pool. He saw the bed of rushes piled by the spring flood against the bleached sycamore. All was as pictured by the Wise Man of the East. Softly he made his way toward the bed of rushes with eyes keenly watching for the serpent. When he had come near he stopped. A sore and loathsome hand lay over the top of the bed of rushes. Underneath it two bright sparks suddenly appeared. Looking close, Jael saw the head of a serpent and that its body lay concealed under the leaves, yet so like to its surroundings was it that it seemed to be but a part of them.

The eye of the serpent was both cunning and evil. Under its first glitter Jael took a backward step. Emboldened by this move the serpent thrust out a barbed and rapidly scintillating tongue. Instinctively the fisherman thrust his fingers against the little *tallith,* the touch of which aroused in him a mighty passion, for in the face of the serpent he now saw the lust of the Roman who had taken Sara. A swift and terrible wrath swept over him. He drew his knife and with an oath sprang forward. As he did so there was a soft rustling of dead rushes—and the sparks of light

and the twinkling tongue were gone, and though he did not notice it, the hand resting just above where the venomous head had lain, was trembling violently.

"Lord, I believe!" shouted Jael in trumpet tones. "Help thou mine unbelief!"

The ringing voice broke the stillness sharply. It was an echoing wail that called from behind the rushes, "Unclean! Unclean!"

"Knowest thou not who standeth near thee? Sara, lift up thy head!"

Slowly a head appeared above the bed of rushes. Dark eyes were sunken deep in an emaciated and ashy face. "Jael!" The name was called with great effort in a thin and rasping voice. "Unclean, Jael!"

"Nay, nay, my Sara!" he shouted with a glad voice. "Thou are not unclean! Jesus of Nazareth *hath cleansed thee already* if in thy heart thou believest thou art clean. He hath bidden me to bring thee to him clean, *clean.*"

"Thou hast come too late" the wailing voice called back. "Thou canst do nothing for me."

"Nay. Nothing can I do. But he—Jesus of Nazareth—can do all things. He hath all power on sea and land, in air and sky, in heaven and hell! There is nothing this wonder worker can not do. Lift up thine arms as thou wilt lift them before His face when thou comest into his presence. Clap thy hands! Open thy mouth and *shout! Shout* Sara!"

For a moment there was silence broken only by the running water of the Jordan. Then the stillness was again broken by a scream and the one word "Jael!" The cry came from the bed of rushes and was in strong contrast to the rasping effort of the moment before. "Jael! Jael!" Again the sharp scream.

"What is it, my Sara?"

"My flesh is coming clean! What meaneth it?"

"Jesus of Nazareth is here. My eyes be holden that I can not see, yet I *feel* him."

"Jael! Jael!" Again it was a scream—a wild, glad, unearthly scream. "My strength is returning. It is pouring

into me like sunshine. Jael! My knee! My legs! They are coming clean under my very eyes. Run to me! Hurry! Hurry, else the miracle thou mayest not see! The flesh cometh clean fast! *Fast!* And the breath of healing bloweth over the running sores! See! They are drying! Look, like scales they are dropping away!"

Before Jael reached the bed Sara had risen on her knees

"My Jesus!" he shouted in a voice that made the valley ring as he met her face to face. "Sara! Thou art made *whole!*"

Even as he spoke she lifted herself with a great shout and lett the nest of rushes for the arms of Jael. For a moment he held her as if between the woman and destruction there remained nothing but his arms. Yet the lips of them both were dumb in the first moments of the miracle. Then he held her at arm's length and looked into her face.

"Thou art Jael—surely Jael," she said, "but am I Sara?"

"Yea, yea. And every whit made whole. Feel thou thy hair. Feel thou thy ruddy cheeks. Feel thou thy supple arms and strong young hands as when they tossed the fish nets," and he drew his fingers over her hair and face and arms.

Again she stood unable to speak. She looked back to the empty bed of rushes and into the face of Jael.

"Feel for thyself," and taking her hand he made it stroke her long hair.

"Let mine eyes bear me witness," and turning toward the still pool she ran fleet footed and dropped on her hands and knees beside it. So long and carefully she bent above the water, Jael came beside her and looked in to see there her mirrored face. "Look, Jael" she whispered. "Seest thou a face?"

"Yea, thy face, clean and whole."

"Nay—not mine. There is one altogether fair and more beautiful than tongue can tell. It seemeth to look out from mine as though it had always been there, yet it is not

mine, but another. My soul telleth me this mighty Jesus hath taken possession of thy Sara."

A moment they tarried by the pool of the Jordan. Then Sara sprang up exclaiming, "Jael—I love thee! I love thee! But there is another I love with a strong love that tongue cannot speak. Come! Let us hasten with winged feet to Jesus of Nazareth. Before his face would I shout the joy of my salvation!"

COVERING THE COALS

From the Story of Abraham Lincoln's Romance, 'The Soul of Ann Rutledge.' Used by permission of the publishers, The J. B. Lippincott Co.

It was after the election excitement had subsided that Abe Lincoln found an evening for Ann. Early after supper the family sat about the fire, and Davy and Sis and Sonny were loath to go to bed, for they had not seen their good friend much of late. But they moved out when John Rutledge bade them, and after half an hour of conversation Mr. and Mrs. Rutledge gave the room to Ann and Abe.

"Don't forget to cover the coals, Ann," her mother had said as she left the room.

"Where's the book? I haven't read my poem for a long time," Abe Lincoln said when they were alone.

Ann took the book from her table-drawer and found the poem entitled "Immortality." Lincoln read a few verses.

"It doesn't say much about immortality, does it?" Ann asked.

"Not much, but it means it, because of course the souls of men and women do not wither and die like the leaves of the willow and the oak. But I should never have known the meanin'—the full, sure meanin' of the word, nor have entered into the better spirit of the poem if it had not been for you, Ann Rutledge."

"I am glad if I have helped you, but put the book away. Let's tell our fortunes in the fire."

Lincoln put the book on the table and stirred up a bed of glowing coals. Then, side by side, they looked into the future.

"Look," she said, "at the lines just there. I have a long life line—so long I must be going to live a hundred years."

He laughed.

"And yours is long. And right in there is a wedding—and over there are one, two, three—at least a dozen children for me." She laughed and stirred the coals again. "This now is your fortune. I see journeys and lots of people. I believe I see the capitol building at Vandalia. Maybe you are going to be a great judge or some state official." She stirred again, but this time she turned and said, "I've always wished, Abraham, that you knew some love stories."

"I do," he answered promptly.

"You?" and she opened her blue eyes wide.

"Yes—the best in the world."

"Where did you get them? You never read story books."

"The best books and the greatest books in the world are full of love stories. In fact, Ann, if love and love-stories were taken out there wouldn't be anything left for the other fellow to write a book about."

"How about Blackstone—couldn't he write a book?"

"No. In a world without love there would be no mating in the springtime and no people to write about."

"I didn't mean that. I was talking about just plain love stories."

"So am I. I've read Shakespeare. Did you ever hear his love story about Antony and Cleopatra? It's one of the greatest love-stories in the world. She went to him in a wonderful golden barge with purple silk sails and flower decked maidens dancin' under its Tyrian purple canopies. Little boats swarmed all about it, burnin' incense so that it was wafted on the water in perfumed breezes. This was the ship the fairy Egyptian went to Antony in. Theirs was the love stronger than death. We will read it sometime."

"I like it—tell me more."

"You know the love stories of the Bible: the one about Ruth and Boaz, a little out of place these times, but good

for its day. You know the unruly passion that caused poor old Samson's downfall, a love affair in which he loved fiercely but not wisely. But the story that to my mind means more than them all is the story of Jesus and Mary."

"Oh, Abraham!" she said with a start. "You don't mean that Jesus loved Mary."

"Of course, He did. Didn't He love everybody? What else can you make of the incident where Mary, so anxious to show her love in some unusual way, went to the dinner where she emptied her vase of costly perfumes on His hair and feet? Do you remember that her act immediately called forth unkind comment and the sort of criticism that hurts a gentle woman beyond the power of words to tell? What did Jesus do? Did He sit by like a dumb coward and let her feelin's be wounded when, whether wisely or unwisely, she had sought to prove her love? Was He afraid of those sharp-tongued men? I tell you, Ann, every time I read the story, this Jesus the world loves looms up bigger and grander and more heroic and sublime! Such tender consideration as He showed marks a man, a man. Do you remember what He said as she sat with her eyes full of tears before those men? 'Let her alone,' He said; then He spoke the few words which were forever to link the name of Mary with that of Jesus, even as He promised."

While Ann was considering this somewhat new view of an old story her mother's voice was heard calling, "Don't forget to cover the coals, Ann."

Ann reached for the shovel.

"Not yet," he said, taking her hand and moving his chair closer to hers. She did not try to withdraw her hand from the large one that held it.

For a moment he sat looking into the fire. Then he turned to her. "Ann," he said in a low voice, and unsteady, "Ann Rutledge, look at me. I have something to say to you."

Ann turned her face to his. For a moment he seemed to search it with a gaze as tender as it was masterful, and as pleading as it was secure. "We are going to cover the

coals," he said. "Do you know, Ann, that hearts are hearthstones where women keep the live fire burnin'? My hearthstone has been ash-strewn and cold—with nobody to cover the coals?"

She felt the large hand around hers tighten its grasp.

When he spoke again it was with a different tone. The pleading was gone. There was a tone of masterful security in it.

"Ann," he said, "we have been waitin' for a letter. It has not come. The time is now past when one or ten thousand letters refusin' to release you would avail anything. When a man loves a woman as I love you, it is his God-ordained privilege to get her. Do you understand? I *love* you. I have loved you since before I ever saw your face. It came to me the night I heard you singin' on the heights. I love you more than anything on earth or in Heaven and I feel some way that love like this can come but once. I *love* you and I would give my life to have you mine—to cover the coals on the hearthstone of my heart."

There was such an intensity in his voice, in his face, as Ann had never seen. There was a pleading hunger, there was a suppressed mastery that she was conscious of. She did not take her eyes from his face. "Ann," and without letting go her hand he arose and drew her up before him, "together we stand at the most momentous time of all our lives—do you love me?"

"Do I love you?" Ann half whispered with a smile that turned her face radiant; meantime her eyes grew shining with tears. The next instant she felt those long arms around her that Ole Bar had hinted would be useful in mating season, felt them binding her slender body so close she could hear the rapid thumping of his heart, and he kissed her with the savage joy of sweet possession, and cradling her face in his strong hand, he held her cheek against his and breathed the fierce and tender joy words could not tell.

"Oh—Abraham," she whispered, "do you love me so much—so *very* much?"

"Love you?" he answered half defiantly. "You cannot know, for you have not starved for it as I have. I love you, Ann Rutledge—not for a week, or a month, or a year, but until this mortal shall have put on immortality; for if souls are immortal as you taught me, *love is eternal.*"

A moment longer they stood in each other's arms. Then he held her away from him, looked at her, and in serious voice said, "Sing for me, Ann; just one stanza of that good old hymn 'This is the way I long have sought.' "

"Hear Ann," Mrs. Rutledge said to her husband as the old-time music of happy laughter sounded on the stillness of the night.

"Good for Abe," he answered drowsily. "Let them alone."

KARLE WILSON BAKER

[1878—]

DOROTHY SCARBOROUGH

KARLE WILSON BAKER is an author of whom the South may well be proud. Not only has she done enviable work in prose—in the short story, the essay, the brief, informal sketch, and in an enchanting volume of fairy-tales—but she is an authentic poet as well, worthy to stand beside Sara Teasdale and Edna St. Vincent Millay in the "essential fire" of her poetic thought and the tooled beauty of its form. And she has lived richly, the full, satisfying life of the home-maker, the wife and mother, whose multitudinous duties have stolen of her leisure for writing but have given a depth and sympathy to her work that emptier hearts often lack, however skilled be the craft of their verse-making. She has had opportunity for study and cultural training which have imparted grace and ease to her style. What greater advantage could a poet of this new century have than to have been a favored pupil of William Vaughn Moody, for example? She has been fortunate likewise in that she has never been forced to write primarily for money, but has made of her art a thing for love's sake, not thinking first of quick publicity or financial gain. She has waited in wise patience to polish and improve her work.

In answer to a letter requesting biographical facts, Mrs. Baker wrote:

"I am the possessor of a biography without facts. I was born, of course (I have, in fact, been born several times, I think; and hope I'm not through). But you know all that. Little Rock (Arkansas), 1878; Little Rock Academy and University of Chicago; taught at Bristol, Virginia, and Little Rock—four years altogether; came to Texas in 1901; married Thomas E. Baker in 1907. When one has given the facts a few times, one wishes violently that they would turn a little bit picturesque! But all the embroidery is on the lining of my life, where it doesn't show."

That there is embroidery enough in her spirit and thought all who know the tapestried beauty of her writing can attest. The influences of those years of study and dreaming in Chicago University, for instance, are reflected in such prose as the lovely appreciation, which appeared anonymously in *Scribner's Magazine,* February, 1920, "The One City," where she reveals her sensitive affection for the big town which less discerning ones sometimes call crude and material; and in "Decorated Margins," in the Contributor's

Club of the *Atlantic Monthly,* July, 1907. In this latter sketch we may find her response to varied influences of life and literature. We see her an eager young dreamer thrilling to beauty and vitality, whether it be in the actual world about her or in the imagined world which the great writers have created imperishably between the covers of books. We see her vivid spirit seize upon the significant and make it memorable, bringing the realm of fancy to be one with that of reality.

During her course in Chicago University she was, if I mistake not, assistant or theme-reader for both William Vaughn Moody and Robert Herrick. Her sonnet on the death of Moody shows something of what the association with him had meant to her.

W. V. M.

(1910)

Dead—even he. They told me, and that day
  Somehow my dream went wailing—lost in space,
  Finding the beggared earth a homeless place.
Then, as Death's violence to that vital clay
Slipped from my heart (as, Heaven be thanked, it may),
  I saw his passing had but served to trace
  A subtler line in life's mysterious face;
He is more friendly since he went away.

Grief is the treasure of his own; but I
  Who only touched his garment's hem, draw near
And find in him increasingly my part,
Fall into step, bespeak his company!
  Living, the nearest claim them; but the dear
Great dead belong to any humble heart.

Mrs. Baker's work (her earlier writings were published under the name of Charlotte Wilson, but since her marriage she has signed herself Karle Wilson Baker) falls into several classifications—short stories, essays and prose sketches, a series of fairy tales, and poetry—in each of which she has done praiseworthy work.

Her fiction is varied and interesting. She can combine homely humor with pathos, as in her story of jealousy and revenge, "A Good Shot," in *Everybody's,* August, 1907. She manifests admirable knowledge of human nature in general and public school personalities in particular, in such a narrative as "The Rubber-Tired Boy," in the *Century* for September, 1907. There is chuckleful social satire here, showing up the weakness of parents and teachers alike, that educa-

tors would do well to study. Such a story as "A Point of Honor," in *Century,* December, 1908, reveals psychology of a different type, subtler, more poignant, in its depicting of a man's struggles with conscience over a debatable point of ethics and expediency. "The Porch Swing," in *Century* for April, 1921, makes a reader long for a whole series of such pictures of life from Mrs. Baker's pen. Her stories possess dramatic power and a fine sense of the values of character.

In her volume, 'The Garden of Plynck,' Mrs. Baker has given us a series of fairy tales compounded of poetry and delightful nonsense—with adorable absurdities to match those in some of Dunsany's wonder tales. They are full of enchanting concepts that any child of imagination would love, and are written in a style that any adult might admire. They are just the thing for parents of intelligence to read aloud to children. Stupid persons might find them ethereal, but children are never stupid.

The adventures of the little girl who went inside her own head to play are here, with descriptions of most attractive things, such as streets paved with ice cream bricks, marshmallows as big as sofa pillows, of half-relations divided materially, of the step-husband who must carry his step always about with him, of the Sunset Sheep, of butterfly eggs and the like. There are queer beings such as the Koopf with his apron of finest mouse-skin, and his bellows of puff-ball; Yassuh, the small chocolate servant; the Snoodle with the little window in the middle of his back.

Adults may find entertaining satire in many passages, as the invasion of the garden by horrid fractions which can be routed only by poetry-dust; Avrilia's habit of casting poems over the Verge, though they left no trace· the philosophy of the Plynck, who said that rules were made to be broken. This is a book that will live in the limited group of children's books that have literary value as well as interest. The illustrations by Florence Minard are almost as fascinating as the story.

In addition to her fiction, Mrs. Baker's prose studies, whether of the brief, informal type—intimate essays in truth—or the longer, more elaborate papers, are of unusual beauty and clarity. They are such prose as only a poet could write, with each word lovingly chosen for its fitness, fatal words, as they might be called, since they go straight to the mark, and each phrase delicately rounded and polished with that careful art which has the semblance of happy artlessness. Her style is rhythmic, flexible, with an easy grace, far removed from the slip-shod prose too frequent among us today. It shares the beauty of James Branch Cabell's prose, and is more poetic than the verse that many write.

What reader could be unresponsive to the beauty of such writing as "Charmed Days," in *The Texas Review,* for October, 1921, or of "Colors" in the same periodical for April, 1920? Who could resist the whimsical quips and fancy, the veiled allusions, the colorful words that spread alluring pictures before the gaze? The eye as well as the ear has pleasure in such work as this.

Mrs. Baker has an uncanny knowledge of the child heart and mind, one reason being that she possesses two lively youngsters of her own, and another that she has refused to grow up herself, but retains a gay spontaneity and wisdom which most folk lose at about twenty. One cannot fancy her ever losing it. She manifests this spirit in such sketches as "Gran'ma's" in *Everybody's,* July, 1907, a study of things that lie close to the heart. It is full of country sights and sounds, of the fond indulgencies of grandparents, of delectable things to eat, of joys that make a reader homesick to go back to them.

She shows an adult's penetration in such passages as in "Verbal Adventures," an article which appeared anonymously in *Scribner's* for December, 1914:

"We grown-ups can realize but dimly in occasional flashes of insight, what an unconquered, experimental thing language is to a child. A child of four uses his own small vocabulary for daily purposes, with such ease and assurance that we forget that he is not, like ourselves, using the small change he carries in his pocket, so to speak, but is operating upon his entire capital."

Love and nature and knowledge of bird ways, as well as charm of style, are found in such of Mrs. Baker's work as the long article, "The Birds of Tanglewood," in *The Yale Review,* October, 1921. Here we may see her home, Tanglewood, a bird sanctuary in the quaint old town of Nacogdoches, Texas, and through her field-glass we may study the wild birds that make it their home also, or the visitors stopping on their migrations. We see the wood-thrush, not looking the poet he really is, but sleek, plump, intent on worms, "during business hours the Average American"; the bluebird, "so spirit-like and strange"; the mocking bird whom she perhaps unfairly calls a sophisticated worldling; his odd cousin, the cat-bird; the cardinal with his "living flame," the little striped profiles of the wrens, the chickadees, the titmouse family, the rascal blue-jays, the cedar-waxwings, the crested fly-catchers, the robins and other tantalizing transients. Tanglewood must indeed be a delightfully haunted place!

It is as a poet that Karle Wilson Baker is best known. She is perhaps more essentially herself in her poems than in her prose—

though if I am to persist in this statement, I must turn my mind firmly from certain of her prose passages. Poetry liberates one more effectually, I think, than any other form of writing. In Mrs. Baker's verse we see her fancies flit about like the bright vagrants of Tanglewood, we hear her lyric lines like bird songs echoing through the heart.

She has to a marked degree the gift of power to say much in few words. With poetic economy she can crowd a philosophy into a quatrain, as in "Wisdom":

> Line upon line, a little here and there,
> We scrape together wisdom with slow care.
> Wherefore? To blossom in a church-yard rose,
> Or to go with the spirit—if it goes?

A four-line stanza in *The Bookman* for May, 1921, illustrates this gnomic brevity of expression:

PRISONS

> Masters have wrought in prisons,
> At peace in cells of stone;
> From their thick walls I fashion
> Windows to light my own.

We get her ideals of her art in such lines as the stanza called, "After Writing 'Occasional Verses'":

> The stars, my comrades, stand aloof from me;
> They say I wrought today with smiles for hire.
> The firefly winking past the maple tree,
> He shames me with his small, essential fire.

Mrs. Baker chanced to be in New York when the first advance copy of her volume, 'Blue Smoke,' reached her, and a little group of us had the privilege of hearing her read some of the poems in it aloud. It was a pleasure I shall never forget. What a delight to hear her quiet, musical voice read such a poem as "Days":

Some days my thoughts are just cocoons, all cold and dull and blind;
They hang from dripping branches in the grey woods of my mind;
And other days they drift and shine—such free and flying things!
I find the gold-dust in my hair, left by their brushing wings.

Karle Wilson Baker is young, and so we may expect much from her in the future, but if she added no other line to what she has already written, she would be deserving of America's honor.

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APPLE AND ROSE.

The following poems are from 'Blue Smoke,' published by the Yale University Press, and reprinted by the kind permission of the publishers.

My little daughter is a tea-rose,
Satin to the touch,
Wine to the lips,
And a faint, delirious perfume.

But my little son
Is a June apple,
Firm and cool,
And scornful of too much sweetness,
But full of tang and flavor
And better than bread to the hungry.

O wild winds and clumsy, pilfering bees,
With the whole world to be wanton in,
Will you not spare my little tea-rose?
And O ruthless blind creatures
Who lay eggs of evil at the core of life,
Pass by my one red apple,
That is so firm and sound!

A LITTLE BOY'S BATH.

You would have thought he never would come clean,
Yet here he is, shining like a sea-shell.

O Life, thou secret-hearted, ancient mother,
Teach him the hidden paths to thy rock-fountains,
Make them plain to his feet,
And for the insult of thy deep pollutions,
The dust and sweaty grime, and clinging foulness,
Give him to know thy laughing water-courses,
And the clean brown pools among the rocks.

I, his mother, have jealously kept his firm, small body:
Keep thou his soul, O Life!

POET SONGS.

I.

I shall not get my poem done,
  Or hardly started, even;
But God will understand, I think,
  And let me work in Heaven.

Or, if His plan is different
  For love and toil and art,
He'll let some red, appeasing flower
  Burst from my buried heart.

II.

I cast my nets in many streams
  To catch the silver fish of dreams;
In vain I pant, pursue, and dip—
  They through the straining meshes slip.

And still I go my bootless ways
  Through starry nights and striving days,
With naught to show for all my greed
  But bits of shell and water-weed.

III.

Dropped feathers from the wings of God
  My little songs and snatches are,
So light He does not hear them fall
  As He goes by from star to star.

Dropped feathers from the wings of God
  I find and braid them in my hair;
Men heed them not—they only make
  My soul unto herself more fair.

THE DIMPLESMITHY.

From 'The Garden of the Plynck.' Published by the Yale University Press, and reprinted through the kind permission of the publishers.

GROWN people have such an exasperating way of saying, "Now when I was a little girl—"

Then, just as you prick up the little white ears of your mind for a story, they finish loftily, "I did—or didn't do—so-and-so."

It is certainly an underhand way of suggesting that you stop doing something pleasant or begin doing something unpleasant; and you would not have thought that Sara's dear mother would have had so unworthy a habit. But a stern regard for the truth compels me to admit that she had.

You see, Sara's dear mother was, indeed, most dear; but very self-willed and contrary. Her great fault was that she was always busy at something. She would darn, and she would write, and she would read dark-colored books without pictures. When Sara compared her with other mothers of her acquaintance, or when this very contrary mother went away for a day, she seemed indeed to Sara quite desperately perfect. But on ordinary days, Sara was darkly aware, in the clearest part of her mind—the upper right-hand corner near the window—that her mother, with all her charm, really did need to be remoulded nearer to her heart's desire.

She was especially clear about this on the frequent occasions when she would come into the room where her mother was sitting, and plump down upon a chair with a heart-rending sigh, and say, "I wish I had somebody to play with!"

For then her dear but most contrary mother would glance up from her book or her darning, and remark, with a calm smile,

"When I was a little girl—"

"Ah!"

"I used to go inside my head and play."

And Sara would answer, with a poor, vindictive satisfaction, "There's nothing inside my head to play with!"

And her kind-hearted mother would snip off her thread and say gently, in a tone of polite regret, "Poor little girl!"

Then Sara would gnash the little white milk-teeth of her mind and have awful thoughts. The worst she ever had came one day when Mother who had already filled about fourteen pages of paper with nothing in the world but words, acted that way again. And just as she said, "Poor little girl!" Sara thought, "I'd like to take that sharp green pencil and stick it into Mother's forehead and watch a story run out of her head through the hole!"

But that was such an awful thought that she sent it scurrying away as fast as she could. Just the same, she said to herself, if Mother ever acted that way again—

And after all, Mother did. And that was the fatal time—the four-thousand-and-fourth. For, after Mother had suggested it four thousand and four times, it suddenly occurred to Sara that she might try it.

So she shut the doors and went in.

Yes, I said she shut the doors and went in; for that is what you do when you go into your head. The doors were of ivory, draped with tinted damask curtains which were trimmed with black silk fringe. The curtains fell noiselessly behind Sara as she entered.

And there in the Gugollaph-tree by the pool sat the Plynck, gazing happily at her Echo in the water.

She was larger than most Pluncks; about the size of a small peacock. Of course you would know without being told that her plumage was of a delicate rose-color, except for the lyre-shaped tuft on the top of her head, which was of the exact color and texture of Bavarian cream. Her beak and feet were golden, and her eyes were golden, too, and very bright and wild. The wildness and brightness of her eyes would have been rather frightening, if her voice when she spoke had not been so soft and sweet.

"I think a little girl has forgotten something," she said gently, looking down into her Teacup.

Sara examined herself anxiously. She knew it was something about herself, because the Plynck's tone was exactly like Mother's when she wished to remind Sara, with-

out seeming officious, that she had not wiped her feet on the mat, or spread out her napkin, or remembered to say "Thank you" at the exact psychological moment.

Sara was extremely anxious to please the Plynck, because she thought her so pensive and pretty; but try as she would, she couldn't think what she had forgotten to do.

"Does a little girl wear her dimples in the house?" asked the Plynck still more gently.

"Oh, of course not!" said Sara, taking them off hastily. But she could not help adding, as she looked around appreciatively at the silver bushes and the blue plush grass and the alabaster moon-dial by the fountain, "But this isn't The House, is it?"

"Isn't it?" asked the Plynck, glancing uneasily about her. What she saw startled her so much that she dropped her Teacup. Of course it flew up to a higher branch and balanced itself there instead of falling; but the poor little thing was so round and fat that—especially as it hadn't any feet —it had some difficulty at first in perching. As for the Plynck, she seemed so embarrassed over her mistake that Sara felt uncomfortable for her. Recovering herself, however, in a moment, she said in her sweet, gentle way,

"Well, dear, you wouldn't want the Zizzes to fall into them, even if this isn't The House—would you?"

Sara hadn't noticed until then that the air was full of Zizzes; but the minute she saw their darling little vibrating wings she knew that she wouldn't for anything have one of them come to grief in her dimples. They were more like humming-birds than anything she had ever seen outside of her head, but of course they were not so large; most of them were about a millionth-part as large as a small mosquito. She noticed, too, that their tails were bitter. If it had not been for the bitterness of their tails, she would not have felt uneasy about them. As it was, she held the dimples tight in her hand, with the concave part side next her palm.

"Avrilia's at home," said the Plynck gently, with her eyes on her Teacup, which she was gradually charming back into her hand. (Her hands were feet, you know, like a

nightingale's, only golden; but she called them hands in the afternoon, to match her Teacup). The timid little thing was fluttering back, coming nearer, twig by twig, and it trembled up to the Plynck just as she said, softly and absent-mindedly, "Avrilia's at home."

"Oh, is she?" exclaimed Sara, clapping her hands with joy. She did not know who Avrilia was; nevertheless it seemed somehow delightful to hear that she was at home. But alas and alas! when she clapped her hands she forgot all about the dimples she was holding so carefully. To tell the truth, she had never taken them off before, but she was ashamed to let the Plynck know about that, especially as she had lived in The House all her former life. Her first thought indeed when she realized what had happened, was to conceal the catastrophe from the Plynck; but before she could get her breath that gentle bird startled her almost out of her wits by shrieking,

"Watch out! the Snimmy will get it!"

And there at Sara's feet, where a bit of the dimple lay on the taffy (looking very much like a fragile bit of a Christmas tree ornament) was a real Snimmy, vest-pocket and all. His tail was longer than that of most Snimmies, and his nose was sharper and more debilitating, but you would have known him at once, as Sara did, for a Snimmy. She thought, too, that he trembled more than most of them, and that he was whiter and more slippery. Ordinarily, she had never been afraid of Snimmies; but the startling shriek of the Plynck, and the exposed portion of her dimple, set her to jumping wildly up and down. And, indeed, the worst would have happened had not the Echo of the Plynck with great presence of mind, cried out, "Cover it! Cover it!" And at that cry the Teacup fluttered hastily down and turned itself upside down over the piece of dimple. And there it sat, panting a little but looking as plump and pleased as possible, though the Snimmy was still dancing and sniffing ferociously around its rim.

"There!" said the Plynck in her gentle voice, though it still shook with excitement. "It's a mercy you settled without breaking." Then turning to Sara, "And goodness

knows how we'll ever get it out, Sara. It will take at least three onions to anaesthetize the Snimmy."

Now this was indeed dreadful. Sara had been conscious enough before this announcement of the havoc she had wrought by her carelessness, and now to have brought down upon herself a word like that! She was almost ready to cry, and to keep from being quite ready she suggested, tremulously, "Do you suppose I could go after the onions?"

The Plynck looked at her in surprise. "Why, didn't you bring them with you?" she said. Then suddenly she noticed how threateningly the Snimmy was dancing and squeaking around Sara's feet, and how Sara was shrinking away from him.

"He won't hurt you," she began. "He's perfectly kind and harmless, aside from his mania for dimples. He still smells the piece under the Teacup." Then all at once she grew rigid, and her golden eyes began to leap up and down like frightened flames.

"It's the ones in your hand!" she shrieked. "In your hand! Sit down for your life!"

Sara at first thought she said, "Run for your life," and had indeed taken two-elevenths of a step, but when she realized that the Plynck had said, "Sit down for your life," she sat down precisely where she was, as if Jimmy had pulled a chair out from under her, on the very ice-cream brick her feet stood on. She realized that in a crisis like this obedience was the only safe thing. And the instant she touched the pavement, the Snimmy gave a great, gulping sob and hid his face in his hands; and small, grainy tears the size of gum-drops began to trickle through them and fall into his vest-pocket.

The Echo of the Plynck in the water gave a rippling laugh of relief. "Well," she said, "it's a mercy you remembered that. Perhaps you don't know, my dear," turning to Sara, "that no Snimmy can endure to see a mortal sit down. It simply breaks their hearts. See, he's even forgotten about the dimples."

And indeed the Snimmy was standing before her, overcome by remorse. He was holding his shoe in his hand in

the most gentlemanly manner, and Sara forgave him at once when she saw how sorry and ashamed he was.

"I—hope you'll try to—to—excuse me, Miss," he sobbed, humbly, offering her a handful of gum-drops. "Them dimples—" here, for a moment, his nose began to work, and his feet pranced a little, but he looked closely to see that she was still sitting down, and controlled himself. "Them dimples—" he began again, but he could say no more. The gum-drops began falling around like hail-stones so fast that Sara felt she ought to help him all she could—without getting up—to get them into his vest-pocket.

The clatter of the gum-drops again attracted the attention of the Plynck's Echo, who said kindly, "Go and take a nap now, Snimmy, and you'll feel better."

The Snimmy lifted his shoe and tried to reply, but he only gave a respectful sob. So he turned away and crept back to his home in the prose-bush,—where all this time his wife had been sitting in plain sight on her own toadstool grimly hemming the doorknob. At her feet lay her faithful Snoodle.

Up to this time Sara had not ventured to address the Teacup. But as she looked around and saw her still sitting there, so pleasant and bland and fragile, and with such a consanguineous handle, she felt a sudden certainty that the Teacup would always be kind and helpful; so she suggested timidly,

"Then we shan't need the onions?"

"Oh, dear, yes," answered the Teacup in a soft, wrinkled voice. "We'd never in Zeelup be able to get the pieces of the dimple to Schlorge without first anaesthetizing the Snimmy."

Sara jumped; that awful word again! Her head reeled (exactly as heads do in grown-up stories) as she realized how many things there were in this strange world that she didn't know. Who was Schlorge, for example? And how was she to get anything to anybody without getting up? And to "anaesthetize?"

She hated to disturb the Teacup; she was sitting so placidly and murmuring over and over to herself, "Never

in Zeelup". She looked up into the tree; the Plynck, too, had fallen asleep, worn out by the unwonted excitement of the morning; and her lovely Echo also slept in the amber pool. Sara noticed that, though the Plynck was rose-colored, her Echo was cerulean.

The great, soft curled plumes of the Plynck and her Echo rippled as they breathed and slept, rather like water or fire in a little wind, and with every ripple they seemed to shake out a faint perfume that drifted across Sara's face in waves. And they both looked so lovely that she could not think of disturbing either. So she looked about to see if there might be any one else who could enlighten her.

And there at her elbow, as luck would have it, stood a Koopf. Up to this time Sara had not been able to tell a Koopf from a Gunkus. To be sure, there isn't any difference, really; but you would think that any fairly imaginative child ought to be able to tell one. However, Sara now saw that the ground was swarming with Gunki.

"Do you know who Schlorge is?" asked Sara rather timidly.

At first the Koopf only grinned. "Guess I do," he managed to say at last. Then he surprised and rather startled her by winking his left ear at her. "He's the best dimplesmith ever," he said at last. "He's—he's—" he began looking about him, vaguely and a little wildly. But just as Sara was growing a little afraid of him, his attention came suddenly back to her with a kind, business-like interest. "Need some repairs?" he asked. "Some fractured dimples, maybe?"

"Yes, sir," said Sara earnestly. "I have most of them here in my hand." She opened her hand and showed him the pretty little pieces.

"Where's the rest?" he inquired with another grin. "Your plump friend, here, sitting on 'em?"

Sara nodded.

The Koopf stooped and picked up one of the gum-drops that had rolled out of Snimmy's pocket. "Thought so," he said. "Happens every now and then. Only lately there ain't been anybody here that was dimpliferous, to speak of."

Then suddenly, as if somebody had told him his house was on fire, he turned and set off down the path as fast as he could run. "Bring 'em to the shop!" he shouted over his shoulder, excitedly. "Bring 'em to the shop!"

While Sara was looking after him and wondering where the shop might be, and whether she dared try to get up without waking the Snimmy, the Koopf suddenly stopped running and started thoughtfully back up the path toward her. "Don't know how I happened to forget it," he said, "but I—well, fact is—I'm—where's a stump? Where's a stump?" He looked hastily about him, and this time, seeing a stump near by, he climbed upon it, thrust one hand into his bosom and the other behind his back, like the pictures of Napoleon, and repeated solemnly,

"I am Schlorge, the Koopf, King of the Dimplesmiths.

"Under the gright Gugollaph-tree
The Dimplesmithy stands;
The smith is harder than the sea
And softer than the lands;
He mends cheek-dimples frank and free,
But will not work on hands."

And as soon as he had finished he started wildly down the path again, shouting back, "Bring 'em to the shop!"

Sara sat looking down the path, then at the dimples in her hand, "Well," she said aloud, "I'm glad they're cheek-dimples, anyhow. But what in the world shall I do about the onions?"

"What in Zeelup," corrected the Teacup gently, counting her stitches. "Milder than swearing, my dear, more becoming and quite as effective."

Sara wanted to tell her she wasn't swearing, but just at that moment, the wife of the Snimmy remarked with some disgust in her voice,

"Well, if you'd asked me sooner, I could of told you. I have them in the sugar-bowl, of course. Do you suppose I'd be without, and him subject to such fits?"

And so saying she replaced the doorknob, which was now neatly hemmed, on the front door of the prose-bush, and came down the steps to Sara, carrying three large onions. She was not a bad-looking person, though an amnicolist.

She then proceeded to slice the onions very deftly with a tuning-fork, after which she rubbed the ice-cream of the pavements with the slices, making a circle all round the Teacup, and another all around Sara, somewhat like the ring they used to burn about a fire in grass, to keep it from spreading. All the time she was talking to them grumblingly, though she never once looked up.

"I should think anybody'd know better than to bring dimples around where he is," she said, "and I have my opinion of such. A poor, hard-working man like him, that tries to act moral. I should think—"

She kept on saying things like that that made Sara feel very uncomfortable. But at last she finished her work, and looked watchfully back over her shoulder at the sleeping Snimmy. She said grudgingly to them both, "Now get up careful."

Sara rose to her feet, and the Teacup lifted her dainty little skirt ever so slightly. The minute the perfume from the dimples reached the Snimmy (he couldn't smell those in Sara's hand, of course, so long as she was sitting down,) he sprang to his feet, quivering; but almost immediately he caught a whiff of the onions and sank down again, entirely overcome, into a deep sleep.

The Teacup arose and shook out her skirts. She picked up the tiny, sparkling piece of dimple she had been protecting so long, and handed it prettily to Sara. "Now, my dear," she said, "I think I shall return to my mistress. I would suggest that you take your dimples to the shop immediately." So saying, she hopped up into the tree and settled quietly down beside the dreaming Plynck, taking great care not to disturb her. And Sara started down the path toward the Dimplesmithy.

The path turned pleasantly into a wide road, very pleasant and peaceful-looking, and so deep with pollen-dust that Sara's shoes soon looked as if they were powdered with

gold. Sunset sheep came wandering down the road now and then, and lines of white geese, and once she passed a little pond where green ducks were quacking and paddling; the road was so pretty, indeed, that it was hard for her to keep her mind on finding the Dimplesmithy. There were tall Gugollaph-trees all along the road, here and there, but Sara felt that she would know the right one when she saw it. And sure enough, there it was, with the smithy in the shade of it, and Koopf blowing up the fire in his forge with a pair of puff-ball bellows. She knew now why he had hurried home so fast—; it was to put on his apron. It was of the finest mouse-hide, and he was plainly very proud of it.

He took the dimples from Sara at once, and showed a keen professional interest in them. He assured her that he had never seen a finer pair. "But you must take better care of them," he said. He seemed so kind and interested that Sara thought perhaps he would help her with a problem she had been revolving in her mind ever since the accident. (She had fastened the problem on a little stick with a pin, like the paper wind-mills that Jimmy made, so that she could turn it round very easily, and so see all sides of it). So she asked the Koopf, quite respectfully,

"What ought I to do with them, when I shut the doors and come in?"

"Well," said the Koopf judiciously, "the Plynck's Echo should have seen to that, first thing. Ought to have had a dimple-holder at the gate. Ought to know the Snimmy by this time. A good fellow can't help his failing. We used to keep a dimple-holder there all the time, but it's been so long, as I told you, since we've had anybody who was dimpliferous, to speak of. We've got sort of careless, I guess. I've got a very nice stock here. I'll put one up before you go, so you'll know where to find it next time." As he spoke he took down from a shelf behind him a sort of receptacle which looked rather like a soap-bubble, rather like a gazing-globe, except that it had a tiny opening at the top, and a cushion of whipped cream in the bottom. Then he picked up from his bench the dimples, which he had been mending as he talked.

"It's a good thing the Snimmy can't' see 'em now," he said, holding them off at arm's length and looking at them with frank admiration. "They're as good as new. Now let me show you what to do with 'em next time you come."

So saying, he dropped them into the holder, where they looked very pretty sparkling on the whipped cream cushion.

"Now," he said, "you carry them and I'll bring the pedestal."

He tucked the pedestal under his arm, and they started back down the road together. It was very lovely to be trudging along under the late clear sky, through the sweet-smelling pollen dust, and now and then meeting the sunset sheep, who by this time had found their little lambs. When they got back to the garden and stood in front of the gate through which Sara had entered, Schlorge had Sara sit down at once. It was really an unnecessary precaution, he said, since the holder was a non-conductor of dimple-waves, and not even the Snimmy could detect their presence when they were inside of it. "Still," said Schlorge, "I'll feel safer about 'em when they're on the pedestal out of his reach." And with that he took the globe from Sara's hands and fastened it deftly on the pedestal. Sara had never enjoyed herself more than she did as she sat by the amber waters in the fading light, watching the kind, clumsy Koopf (who was yet so skillful at his own work) place the pretty globe with so much pride and pleasure. She kept sniffing, meanwhile, at the tantalizing perfume that seemed to sift downward from the feathers of the Plynck, as she stirred ever so softly in her dreams.

At last the Koopf took a large slice of onion, which the Snimmy's wife had left convenient, and rubbed it all round the base of the pedestal.

"Now," he said, "if you'll always remember to stand inside of that circle when you take 'em off and put 'em on, there won't be any more trouble. And take 'em off as soon as you shut the doors. If you dilly-dally a minute—"

At that the Plynck awoke and saw Sara. She stretched her warm, shimmering feathers and smiled.

"Avrilia's at home," she said, gently.

KATE LANGLEY BOSHER

[1865—]

JULIA TYLER WILSON

KATE LANGLEY BOSHER was born in Norfolk, Va., February 1, 1865. She is the daughter of Charles H. and Portia Deming Langley. She was one of a large family, and her childhood was passed happily in a congenial atmosphere of refinement, study, and affection. Her ancestors, all of Scotch and English descent, with the exception of one who was a French Huguenot, were among the earliest settlers in America, where they soon became wealthy and honored members of their communities.

The first Langley patented land in lower Norfolk County, Virginia, in 1625. His grandson, William Langley, was a member of the House of Burgesses in 1715. John Livingston of Stratton Major Parish, King and Queen County, another ancestor, was said to be the brother of Robert Livingston, who settled in New York in 1672. "He was a proud and haughty personage, of great wealth and little energy, whose grandson, Muscoe Livingston, because his daughter Mary married a perfectly plain person named Cox, disinherited her." Later, we are pleased to learn that he forgave her, and left her a beautiful old estate in Essex county.

The northern side of Mrs. Bosher's family is as deep-rooted. First, John Carnes, English Post-Captain, in charge of an English fleet, cruising near Halifax, met, married, and soon departed from Elizabeth Mortimer of Boston. He was Commander of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery of Boston in 1649. A descendant of his, John Carnes, whose portrait hangs on the library walls of his great-great-granddaughter, started life as a clergyman, became a politician, and was active in the political life of Massachusetts for many years. He graduated from Harvard in 1745, was a chaplain in the Revolutionary army, a member of the Convention which ratified the Constitution of the United States, after the Revolutionary War, and marrying Mary Lewis of Lynn, became the father of fourteen children. The portrait of Mary Lewis is also hanging on the library wall. Mrs. Bosher says of her: "She is a proud, precise old Puritan, but I see a likeness to myself in her prim old face, and I rather like her calm complacency. I believe she had a good many servants, and no financial worries, and doubtless thought the Lord showed judgment in selecting her as an object of special partiality." I write all this because, as Miss Gibbie Gault says, "So long as peo-

ple are weighed and measured, according to what they come from, rather than what they are, it is at times necessary to state a few facts of family history." Mrs. Bosher's own belief is that people should be taken at their true worth, according to what they accomplish as they go through life, a principle which she would wish adhered to in the measuring of her own work.

Her quest for knowledge, begun at Norfolk College, from which she graduated with the degree of Bachelor of Arts, in her eighteenth year, has never ceased to be an aching hunger, a restless desire to understand and to see, a quenchless love for all things beautiful. She has a charming, half-serious, half-jesting habit of self-analysis that shows itself in her writings and that is equally delightful when it sparkles through her conversation. "Like most women, I am a compromise," she says, but no one who knows her can escape a satisfaction in the compromise. Were she all the author, as she sometimes rather wistfully wishes; if the little room at the top of the big house were used more regularly, we should miss the woman who gives so generously of her time and purse, so greatly of her heart and strength.

On October 12th, 1887, Kate Langley became the wife of Charles Gideon Bosher of Richmond. No marriage could have been happier or more congenial. During the first years, in spite of the responsibilities of a large business for the one, and of new household and social duties for the other, every hour that could be found was spent in reading and study together. Their home on Sixth Street was a delightful one, sunshine streaming in through the many windows, blazing coal fires, chintzes, an atmosphere of light and cheer and welcome. Here Mrs. Bosher began to write. Her first book, 'Bobby,' published by the B. F. Johnson Company, in 1899, is a pleasingly romantic tale of the South during the Civil War. It was republished by another firm in 1905, just after the Neale Publishing Company had brought out her second book, 'When Love is Love,' a title that never pleased her taste.

After this, though she continued to write, spending several hours every day at her desk, it was not until 1910, when Harper's accepted 'Mary Cary' that she won any real literary recognition. The success of this book and of 'Miss Gibbie Gault,' which followed it in 1911, was immediate. 'Mary Cary' is a book that wrote itself, its author declares. The story deals with a lonely child, whose eager, responsive individuality is in danger of being crushed by the drab monotony and pattern-like life of an orphan asylum. The whimsical personality of Mary Cary, who in the story finds a home herself, and helps make the asylum a normal and wholesome

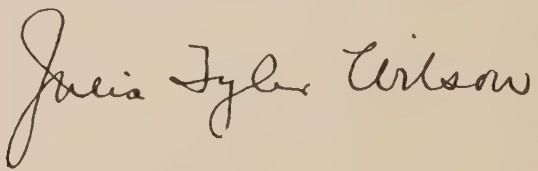
place, is sympathetically and beautifully drawn. There is a gossipy sprightliness about the style, and the situations sparkle with natural and spontaneous humor. In 'Miss Gibbie Gault,' Mary Cary is carried on to a happy marriage, but its chief interest centers in the idiosyncrasies of the remarkable old aristocrat whose name it bears. All of Mrs. Bosher's novels have Virginia for their background, and 'Mary Cary' and its sequel are cast in an especially delightful atmosphere of Southern life. The quaint old town of Yorkburg forms a pleasant setting for groups of minor characters, through which the social manners of Eastern Virginia, as it is to-day, are convincingly and affectionately portrayed. Few books have pleased more widely the popular taste. Their sales were phenomenal. They leaped at once to the top of the list of the "best sellers"; edition after edition was published and sold 'Mary Cary' especially won for its author a national name and popularity. It became a familiar source for the public reader, and extracts from it were widely copied and quoted. It was a sign of its continued popularity after eleven years that in 1921 'Mary Cary' was dramatized and successfully shown as a motion picture under the title of 'Nobody's Kid' with one of the best-known film actresses of the day in the leading part.

Mrs. Bosher's later books show that she has gained a firmer grasp on craftsmanship, and a clearer sense of narrative organization. They have all shared the popularity that helped to make an unqualified success of the two by which her reputation was first established. 'The Man in Lonely Land,' well constructed in plot, contains excellent characters, not the least of which is Mammy Malaprop. 'How It Happened,' a beautiful Christmas story of love and service, was put into Braille for the institutions of the blind by the state of Pennsylvania. 'Kitty Canary,' reminding one of 'Mary Cary' in the character of Katharine Bird and in the lively gossip of Twickenham Town, was brought out in London by Hodder and Stoughton during the war, a tribute to its cheerful sanity in a desperate time. 'The House of Happiness' and 'People Like That' follow Mary Cary's lead in setting forth a definite humanitarian aim. Both books have brought their author scores of approving letters from settlement workers in all parts of the country. In none of these later books, however, is there any character so lovable, or whose individuality lingers so vividly in the mind, as the title characters of Mary Cary and Miss Gibbie Gault. Tommy Tucker, who appears in 'His Friend Miss McFarlane,' comes nearest to being the exception. In his sauciness and generosity he is the masculine counterpart of Mary Cary.

The prominence of Mrs. Bosher's name as a writer broad-

ened her opportunities for the educational and public activities in which she has always been interested. Gifted with a warm, generous personality, and by nature a fluent, witty conversationalist, she had always been in demand as a hostess and a guest. After the publication of 'Mary Cary,' the sympathy manifested in that book brought to her calls for every sort of social service and public duty. She was appointed upon the boards of various institutions and upon state boards, influential in the field of her special interests. She was also elected to various clubs and associations that increased her already extensive activities. Mrs. Bosher soon became recognized as a speaker of ready wit and clear logic, and perhaps her most noteworthy public achievement was as a leader in the League for Woman Suffrage in Virginia. For years as its vice-president and as an eloquent debater in its interests, she gave her time and influence, seeking to bring its cause to triumphant success. Since then, she has as readily lent her sympathies and aid to all movements that tend to better living, higher morality, and education.

As a practical worker and leader, Mrs. Bosher has shown the sincerity and the faith out of which her books, with their human characters, especially the appealing children, were born; but it is at last as the author that her name is most widely known outside of the state of her birth. As a writer, it is her fresh humor and the warmth of her human heart-appeal that give her stories much of their charm. Characters like Mary Cary and Miss Gibbie Gault captivate the reader's fancy as much by their eccentric whims as by their essential lovableness. All of her books have the "happy ending" and are flooded with sunshine through the very nature of their conception, but the sentiment of the stories is saved from the taint of sentimentality by a refreshing salt of wholesome common sense and good-natured satire. Beneath the whimsicalities and cheerful humor of Mrs. Bosher's stories, there is always some theme of ethical purpose, by which she makes a keen comment on life. She scorns the shams of convention, prejudice, and superstition. She has a graceful and fluent style, she writes rapidly, easily, and very merrily withal. "List me," she says, "as merely a teller of tales, who doesn't pretend to have any other creed than to write with simplicity and sincerity, to use the English language, and to stop when I am through."



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HERE COMES THE BRIDE.

From 'Mary Cary,' Chapter V. Copyright, Harper & Brothers, 1910, and used by permission of the author and the publishers.

I KNEW when Miss Katherine left I'd be nothing but Martha. That's what I've been—Martha.

She hadn't been gone two days when Mary gave up, and as prompt as possible Martha invented trouble.

It was this way. In the summer we have much more time than in the winter, and the children kept coming to me asking me to make up something, and all of a sudden a play came to my mind. I just love acting. The play was to be the marriage of Dr. Rudd and Miss Bray.

You see, Miss Bray is dead in love with Dr. Rudd—really addled about him. And whenever he comes to see any of the children who are sick she is so solicitous and sweet and smiley that we call her, to ourselves, Ipecac Mollie. Other days, plain Mollie Cottontail. It seemed to me if we could just think him into marrying her, it would be the best work we'd ever done, and I thought it was worth trying.

They say if you just think and think and think about a thing you can make somebody else think about it, too. And not liking Dr. Rudd, we did not mind thinking her on him, and so we began. Every day we'd meet for an hour and

think together, and each one promised to think single, and in between times we got ready.

Becky Drake says love goes hard late in life, and sometimes touches the brain. Maybe that accounts for Miss Bray.

She is fifty-three years old, and all frazzled out and done up with adjuncts. But Dr. Rudd, being a man with not even usual sense, and awful conceited, don't see what we see, and swallows easy. Men are funny—funny as some women.

I don't think he's ever thought of courting Miss Bray. But she's thought of it, and for once we truly tried to help her.

Well, we got ready, beginning two days after Miss Katherine left, and the play came off Friday night, the third of July. In consequence of that play I have been in a retreat, and on the Fourth of July I made a New-Year resolution.

I resolved I would do those things I should not do and leave undone the things I should. I would not disappoint Miss Bray. She looked for things in me to worry her. She should find them.

Well, I was in that top-story summer-resort for ten days. Put there for reflection, I reflected. And on the difference between Miss Katherine and Miss Bray.

But the play was a corker; it certainly was. We chose Friday night because Miss Jones always takes tea with her aunt that night, and Miss Bray goes to choir practicing. I wish everybody could hear her sing! Gabriel ought to engage her to wake the dead, only they'd want to die again.

Dr. Rudd is in the choir, and she just lives on having Friday nights to look forward to.

The ceremony took place in the basement room where we play in bad weather. It's across from the dining-room, the kitchen being between, and it's a right nice place to march in, being long and narrow.

I was the preacher, and Prudence Arch and Nita Polley, Emma Clark and Margaret Witherspoon were the bridesmaids.

Lizzie Wyatt was the bride and Katie Freeman, who is the tallest girl in the house, though only fourteen, was the groom.

Katie is so thin she would do as well for one thing in life as another, so we made her Dr. Rudd.

We didn't have but two men. Miss Webb says they're really not necessary at weddings, except the groom and the minister. Nobody notices them, and, besides, we couldn't get the pants.

I was an Episcopal minister, so I wouldn't need any. Mrs. Blamire's raincoat was the gown, and I cut up an old petticoat into strips, and made bands to go down the front and around my neck. Loulie Prentiss painted some crosses and marks on them with gilt, so as to make me look like a Bishop. I did. A little cent one.

There wasn't any trouble about my costume, because I could soap my hair and make it lie flat, and put on the robe, and there I was. But how to get a pair of pants for Katie Freeman was a puzzle. Nothing male lives in the Humane. Not even a billy-goat. We couldn't borrow pants, knowing it wouldn't be safe; and what to do I couldn't guess.

Well, the day came, and, still wondering where those pants were to come from, I went out in the yard where a man was painting a window-shutter that had blown off a back window. Right there before my eyes was the woodhouse door wide open, and something said to me:

"Walk in."

I walked in; and there in a corner on a woodpile was a real nice pair of pants, and a collar and cravat, and a coat and a tin lunch bucket, which had been eaten—the lunch had. And when I saw those pants I knew Katie Freeman was fixed.

They belonged to the man who was painting the shutter.

It was an awful hot day, and he had taken them off in in the woodhouse and put on his overalls, and when he wasn't looking I slipped out with them, and went up to Miss Bray's room. She was downstairs talking to Miss Jones, and I hid them under the mattress of her bed.

I knew when she found they were missing she'd turn to me to know where they were. No matter what went wrong, from the cat having kittens or the chimney smoking, she looked to me as the cause. And if there was to be any searching, No. 4,—I sleep in No. 4 when Miss Katherine is away—would be the first thing searched.

I wish Miss Katherine could have seen that man about six o'clock when the time came for him to go home. She would have laughed too. She couldn't have helped it.

He is young, and Bermuda Ray says he is in love with Callie Payne, who lives just down the street. He has to pass her house going home, and I guess that's the reason he wore his good clothes and took them off so carefully. But whether that was it or not, he was the rippenest, maddest man I ever saw in my life when he went to put on his pants and there were none to put.

I almost rolled off the porch up-stairs, where I was watching. I never did know before how much a man thinks of his pants.

He soon had Miss Bray and Miss Jones and a lot of the girls out in the yard, and everybody was talking at once; and then I heard him say:

"But I tell you, Miss Bray, I put 'em here, right on this woodpile. And where are they? You run this place and you are responsible for—"

"Not for pants." And Miss Bray's voice was so shrill it sounded like a broken whistle. "I am responsible for no man's pants. When a man can't take care of his pants, he shouldn't have them. Besides, you shouldn't have left yours in the woodhouse when working in a Female Orphan Asylum." And she glared so at him that the poor male thing withered, and blushed real beautiful.

He's a pretty young man, and I felt sorry for him when Miss Bray snapped so. I certainly did.

"My overalls are my working-pants," he said, real meek-like, and his voice was trembling so I thought he was going to cry. "It's very strange that in a place like this a man's clothes are not safe. I thought—"

"Well, you had no business thinking. Next time keep your pants on." And Miss Bray, who's good on a bluff, pretended like she had been truly injured, and the poor little painter sat down.

Presently his face changed, as if a thought had come into his mind from a long way off, and he said in another kind of voice:

"I beg your pardon, Miss Bray. I believe I know who done it. It's a friend of mine who tries to be funny every now and then, and calls it joking. I'll choke his liver out of him!" And he settled himself on the woodpile to wait until dark before he went home.

If anybody thinks that wedding was slumpy, they think wrong. It was thrilly. When the bride and groom and the bridesmaids came in, all the girls were standing in rows on either side of the walls, making an aisle in between, and they sang a wedding-song I had invented from my heart.

It was to the Lohengrin tune, which is a little wobbly for words, but they got them in all right, keeping time with their hands. These are the words:

1.

Here comes the Bride,
God save the Groom!
And please don't let any chil-i-il-dren come,
For they don't know
How Children feel,
Nor do they know how with children to deal.

2.

She's still an old maid,
Though she would not have been
Could she have mar-ri-ed any kind of man.
But she could not.
So to the Humane
She came, and caused a good deal of pain.

3.

But now she's here
To be married, and go
Away with her red-headed, red-bearded beau.
Have mercy, Lord,
And help him to bear
What we've been doing this many a year!

And such singing! We'd been practicing in the back part of the yard, and humming in bed, so as to get the words into the tune; but we hadn't let out until that night. That night we let go.

There's nothing like singing from your heart, and though I was the minister and stood on a box which was shaky, I sang, too. I led.

The bride didn't think it was modest to hold up her head and she was the only silent one. But the bridegroom and bridesmaids sang, and it sounded like the revivals at the Methodist church. It was grand.

And that bride! She was Miss Bray. A graven image of her couldn't have been more like her.

She was stuffed in the right places, and her hair was frizzled just like Miss Bray's. Frizzled in front, and slick and tight in the back; and her face was a purple pink, and powdered all over, with a piece of dough just above her mouth on the left side to correspond with Miss Bray's mole.

And she held herself so like her, shoulders back, and making that little nervous sniffle with her nose, like Miss Bray makes when she's excited, that once I had to wink at her to stop.

The groom didn't look like Dr. Rudd. But she wore men's clothes and that's the only way you'd know some men were men, and almost anything will do for a groom. Nobody noticed him.

We were getting on just grand, and I was marrying away, telling them what they must do and what they mustn't. Particularly that they mustn't get mad and leave each other, for Yorkburg was very old-fashioned and didn't

like changes and would rather stick to its mistakes than go back on its word. And then I turned to the bride.

"Miss Bray," I said, "have you told this man you are marrying that you are two-faced and underhand, and can't be trusted to tell the truth? Have you told him that nobody loves you, and that for years you have tried to pass for a lamb, when you are an old sheep? And does he know that though you're a good manager on little and are not lazy, that your temper's been ruined by economizing, and that at times, if you were dead, there'd be no place for you? Peter wouldn't pass you and the devil wouldn't stand you. And does he know he's buying a pig in a bag, and that the best wedding present he could give you would be a set of new teeth? And will you promise to stop pink powder and clean your finger-nails every day? And—"

But I got no further, for something made me look up, and there, standing in the door, was the real Miss Bray.

All I said was—"Let us pray!"

A DAY OF ENTERTAINMENT.

From 'Miss Gibbie Gault,' Chapter XI. Copyright, Harper & Brothers, 1911, and used by permission of the author and the publishers.

Miss GIBBIE pressed the bell on her writing-table four times. Four rings were for the cook. They were rarely sounded, and therefore caused not only sudden cessation of work in the kitchen, but instant speculation as to what was wanted, and what was wrong. Hearing them now, Tildy reached hastily for her clean apron and hurried up-stairs.

Ordinarily orders for the kitchen came through Miss Jane, the housekeeper, whose mother before her had kept the keys of the Gault house from the day of Mrs. Gault's death to her own. When a direct order was given, or direct questions were asked, by Miss Gibbie, there were reasons for it which usually served for conversational material in the servants' quarters later on.

Tildy stood before her mistress, hands clasped in front under her full blue-and-white check gingham apron, and feet wide apart.

"How you do this mornin', Miss Gibbie?" she asked, courtesying in a manner known only to herself. "I ain't seen how you was for mos' a month, and I certainly is glad to look on you for myself; I certainly is. That lazy nigger Ceely is gittin' so airy and set up, 'count of bein' the parlor-maid, that she thinks it's belowerin' of herself to talk to the kitchen about how things upstairs is, less'n we have company, and I don't ax her nothin', that I don't. I hope you's feelin' as peart as a young duck after a good rain, this mornin'. You look like it. Ain't never seen anybody wear better than you do, that I ain't'!" And Tildy looked admiringly at the lady before her.

"And there never was anybody who could waste words like you do. If you don't stop eating all that sweet stuff they tell me you live on you'll be dead before you're ready for judgment, and too fat to get through gates of any kind. I want to know about the things for lunch. Is your part all right?"

"Yes, ma'am! And the only things fittin' to eat, cordin' to my thinkin', is what's been made right here. All that truck what's come from Washington is just slops, and, if you mark me, you'll be dead if it's et. I got too much respect for my insides to put things in me what looks like them things Miss Jane's been unwrappin' all the mornin'. And I tell you right now, Miss Gibbie, you better not be puttin' of 'em in you. They's flauntin' plum in the face of Providence. My stomach—"

"Is not to have a taste. And mine can take care of itself. I sent for you to tell you I want vegetable soup for dinner to-night, thick and greasy. The fish must be cold and no sauce, and the goose half done, ham raw, vegetables unseasoned, rice pudding with no sugar, bread burnt, and coffee weak as water. If you see that this is done I will give you five dollars to-morrow. If anything is fit to eat you don't get a cent."

"Jehosaphat hisself!" Tildy's hands went up under the apron and the latter fell backward over her head. For a moment she rocked, then threw the apron off her face and

dropped in a chair opposite Miss Gibbie, head protruding terrapin-wise, and eyes bulging.

"Now what in the name of—"

Miss Gibbie nodded toward her. "Did you understand what I said?"

"Yes, ma'am, I understood. That is, I heard it." Tildy's head was shaken from side to side. "But 'tain't Gault doin's to put high-fallutin', Frenchified, crocheted-rosette food before some folks what ain't used to it, and field-hand grub before them what's the airiest in town. Ain't nothin' like that ever been done in this house, what's been known for its feed for fifty years, and I don't believe your pa would like it, that I don't. But—"

"A man was once hung for not minding his business, Tildy. Ever hear of him? Now you go right back to the kitchen and see that what I want is done. For the lunch you must do your best. Things are to be as good at that as they are bad for dinner to-night. Are you sure you understand?"

"Yes'm. I hear you. And that five dollars—"

Miss Gibbie waved her out. "Depends entirely on yourself. Not a penny unless I am satisfied. You understand that, too, don't you?"

"I does that." Tildy's chuckle was heard down the hall and again Miss Gibbie pressed the bell on the table. Three rings were sounded this time and Jackson, hearing his signal, hurried to her sitting-room, and at the open door stood waiting until she was ready to speak.

"At lunch to-day," she said, not looking up from the desk at which she was writing, "you had better have both dry and sweet wine. Sherry, too, if any one wishes it. I don't think the ladies take wine for lunch, and I don't know the kind they care for. But have it out and begin with Sauterne."

Jackson bowed. "Yes'm," he said, and waited. Miss Gibbie's writing continued, and after a moment Jackson put his hand to his mouth and coughed.

"To-night," he said, "just champagne or—"

"Just nothing. Not a drop of anything. If anybody wants water they can have it, but not even water out of a bottle." "Nothin' in the gent'men's room up-stairs?" Jackson stopped and stepped backward into the hall. Miss Gibbie was looking at him.

"You can go, Jackson. Nothing to drink anywhere, and no cigars. Wait a moment! For every mistake you make to-night there is fifty cents, but there mustn't be more than ten. No discourtesy of course—just blunders. Am I understood?"

Jackson bowed again. "Yes'm, you is understood." And as he went softly down the steps he wiped his forehead and twisted his handkerchief into double and single knots in an effort to unravel a puzzle whose purpose was beyond guessing.

Out on the lawn as he cut and trimmed bush after bush of old-fashioned flowers, wheeling his barrow from place to place and gathering up the clipped twigs and branches, he talked slowly to himself, and presently his brow cleared and the weight of responsibility lifted.

" 'Tain't my doin's," he said presently. "And 'tain't my business to tell other people how cranky some of their doin's look to onlookers. But it beat me that this heah kind o' dinner is a goin' to be give white folks in Mars Judge Gault's house. Ain't never seen such eatin's anywhere as ladies and gent'men have sot down to in his day, and to think what Miss Gibbie is agoin' to do to-night is enough to make him grunt in glory. That 'tis. I often wonder how he gits along, anyhow, without his julep.

"But there's a reason for what she's a doin' ". He looked critically at the branch of pomegranates in his hand, then let it fly back to its place near the top of the bush. "You can bet your best shoe-strings there's a reason, but in all God's world there ain't nobody but her would act on it. I wonder if Miss Mary Cary knows about it? She ain't agoin' to be here, and I bet Miss Gibbie ain't told her what's in her mind. She sho' do love her, though, Miss Gibbie do. But Miss Gibbie's bound to let out every now

and then and be Miss Gibbie-ish, and you mark me if this heah doin's to-day ain't a-lettin' out."

Through the open window he heard two rings of a bell—the housekeeper's signal—and with a glance upward and a soft chuckle, he carted his wheelbarrow behind the stables, then went into the house to make ready for lunch.

In her room Miss Gibbie pushed pen and paper aside. "Well, Jane," she said, "is everything ready?"

"Everything. You are coming down to see the table before the ladies come, aren't you? I never saw anything so beau-ti-ful in all my life!"

"Oh, yes, you have. What did I send you to New York for, make you go to the best hotels and have you look into table arrangements and menus and things of that kind if you are to come back here and think a Yorkburg table is the most *beau-ti-ful* you ever saw?" She mimicked Jane's emphasis of the beautiful, then got up and stretched out her arms. "I am getting as stiff as a stick. Well, come on. Let's go down and see this French feast. Yorkburg hasn't had anything new to talk about since the council meeting. Some unknown dishes will help them out for a day or two. If anybody stays later than three o'clock, set the house on fire—do anything to make them go home. There must be time to rest before the next invasion. You see that I get it!"

She walked slowly down the steps into the dining-room and as she entered it she stopped in surprise, then went closer to the table. For a moment she stood with her hands upon it, then walked around, viewing it from one side and then the other, and as she finished her survey she looked up.

"Mary Cary did this, I suppose?"

"Yes'm, she did. She wouldn't let me tell you she was down here. Said she knew I had so much to do, she just ran in to help fix the table. Did you ever see anything as lovely as that basket of lilies of the valley and mignonette? They look like they're nodding and peeping at you, and these little vases of them in between the candlesticks are just to fill in, she says. She brought her candle-shades because she didn't think you had any to go with lilies of the

valley and mignonette. These came from Paris and were very cheap she says; but ain't they the prettiest things! These mats are the finest Cluny she's ever seen, she told me. I don't see how she can remember so many different kinds of lace. I hope I won't forget to close the shutters and light the candles. She didn't want to put the candlesticks on the table; said they were for to-night, and she thought it was nicer to have daylight and air than lighted candles and dimness. But I read in a fashion magazine that candles were always used in high society these days, though not of course when people do natural things, and I begged her to let them stay on. She did, but she said you must decide."

"Shut up, Jane! You're such a fool! Your tongue and Miss McDougal's, as she says, are two of a pair, and, once started, never stop. I'll do some things for some people, but I perspire for nobody. This is the latest spring and the hottest May I've ever known, and if those shutters were closed there'd be trouble. The second generation uses candles in the daytime at a sitting-down lunch. This house is over a hundred years old. Take them off!"

She waved her hand toward the table, then looked around the large high-ceilinged room, with its wainscoting of mahogany, its massive old-fashioned furniture, its portraits of her great and great-great grandparents on the walls, the mirror over the mantel, the heavy red velvet hangings over the curtains at the long windows, the old-patterned silver on the sideboard, the glass and china in the presses, and again she waved her hand. This time with a wide, inclusive sweep.

"Next week this room must be put in its summer clothes. Red in warm weather has an enraging quality that is unendurable." She turned toward the door. "You've done very well, Jane. I want lunch promptly, and remember, things to-night must be as plain as they are pretty this morning. Did everything come all right?"

"Everything. Mickleton always sends beautiful things. I know the ladies never ate anything like them."

But Miss Gibbie did not hear. Again in her room she rang once more. This time but once the bell was pressed, and almost instantly her maid was at her side.

At her dressing-table Miss Gibbie turned. "Get out that light-gray satin gown with the rose-pointlace in the sleeves," she said, "and the stockings and slippers to match it. To-night I want that old black silk, the oldest one. When the ladies come tell Celia to show them up-stairs in the front room if they wish to come up. You will be up there. And keep my door closed. To-night do the same thing, only see that my door is locked to-night. If it isn't, Puss Jenkins will lose her way in there trying to find it. What time is it?"

"Quarter to twelve."

"I'll be down-stairs at one-twenty. Lunch is at one-thirty. Some will get here by one o'clock. Show them into the drawing-room if there are signs of wandering round the house. You can go."

Emmeline closed the door noiselessly, and Miss Gibbie, left alone, put down the pearl breast-pin she had been holding and took her seat in the chintz-covered chair, with its gay peacocks and poppies, and put her feet on the footstool in front. In the mirror over the mantel she nodded at herself.

"I wonder what makes you such a contrarious person, Gibbie Gault? Wonder why you will do things that make people say mean things about you? But that's giving people pleasure. Some people would rather hear something mean about other people, especially if they're prosperous, than to listen to the greatest opera ever sung. Not all people, but even good people, slow at everything else, are quick to believe ugly things of others. Isn't it a pity there can't be a little more love and charity in this world, a little more confidence and trust?"

She unfastened the belt at her waist and threw it on the table. "Mary says there's more of it than I know, and maybe there is—maybe there is! But won't Benny Brickhouse be raging when he leaves here to-night? He's been smacking his lips and patting his stomach all day over the

thought of a Gault dinner. I know he has. Terrapin and canvasbacks, champagne, and Nesselrode pudding are all a jumble in his mind this minute. And to give him vegetable soup and ham and cabbage and half-cooked goose!" She beat the arm of her chair and screwed her eyes tight in anticipation of his disappointment, then again nodded to the face in the mirror.

"Next time, Mr. Benjamin Brickhouse, you will probably be more careful how you talk of ladies. Miss Gibbie Gault is a stingy old cat, is she? She's too free in her speech for you, talks too plainly, is a dangerous old woman with advanced views, is she? And she oughtn't to have let a young girl like Mary Cary go before a lot of men and talk as she talked last Monday night in the council chamber, ought she? But she knows how to give a good dinner all right. You'll give her credit for that. The trouble with people who make remarks about cats is they forget cats have claws, and the trouble with Mr. Benjamin Brickhouse is he made his remarks to Puss Jenkins. Percolator Puss can't keep from telling her own age, and a woman who does that who's still hoping isn't responsible for the words of her mouth.

"And Snobby Deford will be here, too. She has heard I entertained lords and ladies in London and is anxious to see how I do it. I'll show her how I don't. I'm an old crank who tries to ride rough-shod over everybody, she says, and I spend too much money on my table; but if I do it she don't mind eating my good things. Don't she? Well, she'll get a chance to-night. In Miss Patty Moore's millinery store she threw these posies at me, and Annie Steele caught them. Assenting Annie didn't throw any back, as Annie is merely an assenter, but neither of the honorable ladies who were coming to break my bread knew that Susie McDougal's ears were hearing ears. Susie says pompous-class people often act as if plainer-class ones waren't made of flesh and blood.

"And Mrs. Deford thinks, with Mr. Brickhouse, that there is to be champagne to-night. She is fond of cocktails and champagne, things I prefer women not to care for,

but she will get neither here. A mistake never escapes her eagle eye, and the use of the wrong knife or fork is a shuddering crime. If Jackson would drop one or the other down the back of that very low-neck dress she wears so much I'd give him an extra dollar. I don't suppose I ought to mention it but"—she took up a piece of paper on the table at her side and examined it carefully—"if it could be arranged—" She waved the paper in the air. "Now that is as good and wholesome a bunch of women as are on earth! And they aren't stupid, either. Pity so many good people are dull!"

Again she examined the paper, reading the names aloud: "Mrs. Corbin, Mrs. Moon, Mrs. Tate—Buzzie isn't the brainiest person in the world, but one of the funniest—Mrs. Tazewell, Mrs. Burnham—I like that young woman, she's got sense—Mrs. Matoaca Brockenborough, Miss Minnie Muncaster, and Miss Amelia Taylor. I'm the fourth spinster. For a place the size of Yorkburg that's an excellent group of women, though they don't speak French or wear Parisian clothes. Minnie Muncaster says she makes all of hers without a pattern, and they look it, but, as women go, they're above the average."

She took up another slip of paper and glanced over it: "Mr. and Mrs. Porter, Mr. and Mrs. Steele, Mr. James and Miss Puss Jenkins, Mr. Brickhouse and Mrs. Deford, Judge Lynn and myself. As light a lot of timber as ever sat down to soup. They haven't left a leg for Mary Cary to stand on since her talk before the council, and yet, on the whole, I haven't heard as much about it as I expected. That little piece of information about her English grandfather was efficacious. That her father was an unknown actor has long been a source of satisfaction to certain Yorkburgers, and to learn that his blood was not only Bohemian but blue, and worse still, distinguished, was hard on them.

"Yes"—she tapped the table with the tips of her fingers —"I was sorry it was best to mention Mary's English relations, but it was. As long as people are weighed and measured according to what they come from rather than what they are it is at times necessary to state a few facts of

family history. Stock rises or falls according to reports. Some mouths have to be treated and the sort of salve one uses depends upon the sores. Not yet can a person be taken at face value. Ancestor worship isn't all Chinese. An ill-bred gentleman-born is still welcomed where an ill-born well-bred man is not invited. Queer place, this little planet in which we swing through space, Gibbie Gault, and nothing in it queerer than you. A million or two years from now we may see clearly, approach sense and civilization, and in the meantime you get up and dress yourself so as to be ready for your guests."

THE MAN WHO DID NOT KNOW.

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"ONCE upon a time there was a man who had to make a journey. He did not want very much to make it; and, not knowing whether it was to be a long journey or a short one, he did not feel a great deal of interest in it. Still it had to be made, and at its end he was to find out whether he had been a good traveler or a bad one.

"For a long time he did not notice very closely the road he was on. He had been so busy getting ready, first at school, where he studied a great many books that he might be better prepared for traveling, and then in business, where money must be made to give him comfort and pleasure on the way, that he did not have time to look around very much; but after a while he saw that the road was getting very dull and dusty, that most of the flowers were faded and the fruits were not sweet and the birds did not sing as they had sung when first he started out.

"A great many people had been traveling the same way he had. Though they seemed to be having a good time, he had soon seen that most of it was make-believe, and that much of their energy was spent in trying to find something to play with, that they might forget what kind of journey they were on. He did not like these people very specially. He did not know any others, however, and he had kept up

with them because they had started out together; but, little by little he had slipped away from them, and after a while he found that he was walking most of the time by himself. At first he did not mind. The things his friends cared for and talked about did not greatly interest him, and then it was he began to remember that a good many things he had been passing were ugly and cruel, and bitter and unjust. He could not understand why some should travel in luxurious ease while others could hardly get along, their burdens were so great; why some rode in carriages, and others, sick and hungry and tired and cold, could never stop lest they die upon the road; and why some sang and others wept.

"In groups and pairs, and sometimes one by one they passed him, and as they went by he would look into their faces to see why they were traveling; but, like him, they did not know, they only knew they must keep on. And then one day he saw that he had come back to where his journey had begun. He had been on the road to Nowhere—the road that wound round and round."

"Just like travelers in the desert." Dorothea's eyes made effort to open, but sleepily they closed again. "Why did not he ask somebody the way?"

"He didn't think any one knew. He was much wiser than most of the people who passed him. To many who seemed to be in need he had given money; he was very generous, very kind, and he gave freely; but he always turned his head away when he gave. He did not like to see suffering and sorrow; and with sin of certain sorts he had no sympathy, and so he would not look. But after a while he had to look.

"He was standing at the place from which he had started and, to his surprise, he saw what he had never seen before. Out from its center led all sorts of roads that stretched beyond sight, and on each of them people were traveling, all kinds of people, and he knew he could no longer stand still. He must take one of these roads, but which one he did not know. As he stood uncertain what to do, he felt some one

touch him; and, looking down, he saw a child; and into his strong hand the child slipped his little one.

" 'I have been waiting for you,' he said. 'I have been waiting a long, long time.'

" 'For me?' The man drew back. 'You can't have been waiting for me. I do not know you, child!'

"He heard a little sigh, as soft as the stir of wings, and again the boy smiled.

" 'But I know you. There is much for you to do.'

"Again the man held back. 'There is nothing for me to do. I pay my taxes and give my tithes, and let the world alone.'

" 'You cannot let the world alone. It is your world.' The boy looked up. 'Come, they are waiting.'

" 'Who is waiting?'

" 'Your people.'

" 'I have no people. There is no one waiting for me.'

"The child shook his head. 'You do not know your people, and they are waiting. We must hurry, the time is short. We will go on this road first, and then on that, and then on that, and that and that. On each one they are waiting.'

"All through the night they traveled, uphill and down, and in and out of narrow paths and hidden places, and everywhere he saw them, the people he had never known. Into the darkness of pits and mines, into the fires of foundries and furnaces, into the factories where wheels turned night and day, and into the holds of the ships of the sea, the child led him to show him the people who were his. In cellars and garrets, in jails and prisons, in shops and stores, in hunger and cold, in the silence of sickness, the noise of sin, they were waiting for his coming; and in their faces was that which made him cover his, and he begged the child to take him where breath could come again.

"But the child held his hand still tighter. 'You have traveled long and you have not known,' he said. 'You helped to make things as they are, and now you must see.'

" 'I helped to make things as they are? I have not even dreamed that such things could be!'

" 'I know. And that is why I came. They are your people; and you did not know.'

"And then the child took him on another road, one that was smooth and soft, and the air that blew over it was warm and fragrant. On it the women wore jewels and laces and gorgeous gowns; and men threw gold away to see it shine in the sunlight, threw it that others might see them throw.

" 'Why do we come here?' the man asked. 'They are not waiting. They do not need.'

"The child looked up in his face. 'They, too, are waiting—for some one to let them know. And they, too, need, for hearts hurt everywhere. Sometimes the loneliest ones are here!'

"Before answer could be made, the main road was left, and in a tiny by-path they heard the laughter of children's voices; and, looking ahead, they saw a little house with wreaths in the windows through which the glow of firelight sent threads of dancing light upon the snow, and the door was open.

" 'We will go in,' said the child, 'for there is welcome.'

"Inside, the mother and the father and all the children were hanging holly on the walls and bringing bundles and boxes and queer-shaped packages from the other rooms and hiding them under chairs and tables and in out-of-the-way places; and presently a row of stockings was hung from the chimney-piece and the children clapped their hands and danced round and round the room. And then they threw their arms around their father and mother and kissed them good-night and left them that Kris Kringle might come in.

" 'They have no money, but are very rich,' said the child. 'They love much.'

"Over long roads and short ones, over some that were dark and some that were bright they went their way, and presently they came to a shabby, snow-covered street where children were pressing their faces against shop-windows, and men and women were hurrying in and out of crowded stores; and the child loosened his hold upon the man's hand. 'I must go now,' he said.

" 'Oh no, you must not go!' Quickly the man reached for him. 'You must not go. I do not even know your name!'

"The child shook his head. 'I cannot stay. And some day you will know my name.'

" 'But why did you come? If you must leave me, why did you come?'

" 'Why did I come?' In the crowd he was slipping away, but the light in his face streamed through it. 'I came to bring Good-Will to men. I came that Men might Know.' "

PHILIP ALEXANDER BRUCE

[1856—]

JOHN CALVIN METCALF

THE ancestry of Philip Alexander Bruce, historian, essayist, and poet, is Scotch, as the name implies. Christian Bruce, of Kinloss, Scotland, married an English gentleman named Cavendish, a member of the London Company that settled Virginia in the early seventeenth century. Through this connection it happened that a relative of Christian Bruce, George Bruce, also from Kinloss, joined the Virginia colonists and settled in Nansemond County. Some twenty years later, about 1650, the Bruces, along with the Uptons, Carters, Lawsons, and others, emigrated to the attractive frontier known as the "Northern Neck." A grandson of George Bruce made his home in Orange County, fought in the French and Indian War and later as a captain in the Revolutionary War. James Bruce, his son, lived in Halifax County, Virginia, becoming so prosperous in business that by 1812 he was rated as the third wealthiest citizen in the United States. Philip Alexander Bruce is the grandson of this James Bruce and his second wife, Elvira Cabell, of Nelson County. The second son of this marriage, Charles Bruce, Virginia planter and captain in the Confederate Army, was the father of the subject of this sketch.

Philip Alexander Bruce, son of Charles and Sarah Seddon Bruce, sister of the Confederate Secretary of War, was born March 7, 1856, at Staunton Hill, Charlotte County, Virginia. The old home, one of the finest architectural examples of its kind in America, is still in possession of the direct descendants of its first master, who was one of the largest landowners and slaveholders of Virginia. It is interesting to note that the old home of James Bruce, Charles's brother, in Halifax County, is also still in the Bruce family and equally famous for its architectural distinction; seldom does one find such a perpetuation of ancestral ownership in historic Southern manor houses. On the old plantation in Charlotte County, with its traditional spaciousness and social charm, the youth of Philip Alexander Bruce was spent. Impressions of those early years he has delightfully recorded in two articles, "Plantation Memories of the Civil War" and "Recollections of My Plantation Teachers," written for *The South Atlantic Quarterly*. In the first of these Dr. Bruce has vividly sketched the domestic life on the plantation in troubled war-

days, when the mistress of the mansion was its master, too, and with beneficent hand ministered to her household and no less effectually served the cause which her husband and her kinsmen were defending on the battle-line. At her knee the future historian and essayist learned his first lesson in books, among which McGuffey's 'Readers' formed the main treasure-house of knowledge. Then came the old-field school and the clergyman schoolmaster, an institution and a personage that gave character and solidity to our earlier education, when personality was more than mechanism and when mind triumphed over method. Private tutors next guided the boy's feet in the paths of learning; then he spent two years at Norwood Academy in Nelson County, of which a cousin, William D. Cabell, was headmaster.

Of all the educational influences in those formative years, the primacy must no doubt be given to the library at Staunton Hill, the Bruce home in Charlotte County. Indeed, this library, according to Dr. Bruce, has had more of cultural value for him than college or university. "This library," says he, "like most of those of the slavery era, was of a thoroughly classical character; the collection embraced all the English and American classics. I cannot recall the time when I was too young to browse in this library. When I was not going to school, riding, or fishing, I was lying on my back or stomach reading those books, which ranged all the way from Chaucer and Shakespeare down to Dickens, Thackeray, Hawthorne, and Poe. My debt to that library is greater than to any educational influence in my whole life."

Two years, 1873-'75, were passed at the University of Virginia, where history and literature most appealed to the young student. Here he won the prize offered for the most meritorious essay. After two years at the Law School of Harvard University, Philip Alexander Bruce was awarded the degree of Bachelor of Law in 1879. The stay in Boston was, aside from legal study, culturally profitable, for theatres, literary lectures, and concert halls found in the Virginian an intelligent and enthusiastic attendant. Returning from Harvard, he again matriculated at the University of Virginia, this time as a law student under the celebrated John B. Minor. But his interest was still mainly literary, and he consequently gave much time to writing for the University magazine, of which he was an editor, and to debating and other exercises in the Jefferson Literary Society, in which he won the debaters' medal.

While practicing law in Baltimore, where he had entered the office of two prominent attorneys, Mr. Bruce wrote his first book, 'The Plantation Negro as a Freeman.' The lure of the literary

life proved stronger than the call of the law; and, besides, the political and social history of the old Southern régime, then an unworked field, offered an unusual opportunity for research and for interpretation to a new generation. Impressed by the volume just mentioned, Joseph Bryan of Richmond, Virginia, induced Mr. Bruce to become editorial writer on his newspaper, *The Richmond Times*. After two years of successful editorial activity on this journal, he became corresponding secretary of the Virginia Historical Society, an organization which was at that time in need of energetic and constructive leadership. During his incumbency of this office, the Society had a remarkable growth in membership and funds, one result of which was the establishment of a quarterly historical magazine, with Mr. Bruce as its first editor.

Meanwhile this accomplished publicist had been diligently collecting material for an economic history of Virginia in the seventeenth century. The work appeared in 1896 and was warmly praised by historical scholars in America and England for its accuracy, fullness, and clearness of style. The author had at last fully entered upon that notable career of social and economic writing which he has since followed with fidelity of spirit and rare distinction of manner. His investigations soon led him to England, where alone access could be had to certain original documents of the Colonial governors and legislative committees. Two years were accordingly spent in England on this first visit, devoted to historical research and, during leisure intervals, to writing for the leading English magazines.

The outcome of this and a longer subsequent sojourn in the mother country was the publication, some years later, of two significant works, 'The Social Life of Virginia in the Seventeenth Century' and 'The Institutional History of Virginia.' During these six or more years abroad, Dr. Bruce had lived in England, France, Italy, Switzerland, Austria, Holland, and Belgium, continuing his researches, and writing, besides articles for periodicals, a life of General Lee and a volume entitled 'The Rise of the New South.' In the meantime he had been honored by the College of William and Mary and by Washington and Lee University with the degree of LL.D.

For several years after his second return from Europe, Dr. Bruce made his home in Norfolk, Virginia, the native city of Mrs. Bruce. In 1913 he went with his family to England in order to continue his investigations in Colonial Virginia records. During the first year of the World War he was an interested eye-witness of conditions in England—the mobilization of the armies which first went to the

front in that mighty conflict, the labors and sacrifices of the English people, and the heroic spirit that animated and sustained the British soldier. These impressions are graphically set forth in an article contributed to *The Sewanee Review* of April, 1915.

In the autumn of that year, soon after his return to the United States, Dr. Bruce was asked by the alumni committee of the University of Virginia, whose centennial was to be celebrated in a few years, to write the history of his alma mater. He accordingly moved with his family to the University, his present home, and set to work at his new task, a labor of love for that historic institution. The monumental 'History of the University of Virginia' in five volumes is marked by that fine sense of proportion, accuracy of detail, wealth of illustration and allusion, and charm of style, which have characterized all of Dr. Bruce's productions, the rich fruitage of his vast and varied culture. The publication of this great work, coincident with the centennial celebration of the University in June, 1921 (delayed two years because of disturbed world conditions), was an event of noteworthy significance in the life of his own State as well as in the life of American universities. It is no exaggeration to say that it is the greatest history of its kind ever written.

Descended from a long line of Virginia planters prominent in the social and economic history of the State, familiar from childhood with the best traditions of Southern life, trained at two great American universities, and intellectually enriched by European residence and study, Philip Alexander Bruce brought to his literary labors an unusual heritage of culture and a large fund of information acquired through years of reading and research. Through his books on early Virginia social, economic, and institutional history, he has made an invaluable contribution to knowledge; through his articles on Poe and his life of Lee he has helped to clear up certain persistent misconceptions; through his essays on a variety of themes he has made near and luminous the remote and the hazy, investing far-off things and places and people with the grace of common sense seasoned with the salt of gentle humor, so that their essential humanness is rescued from oblivion. He has, to a notable degree, that elusive and pervasive quality called style, partly a gift of the gods in the undefinable thing we call personality and partly the mellowed spiritual residuum from assimilating many books from many masters along the journey of the years.

Whether he is writing history or essays or sonnets, Dr. Bruce is always writing literature. He says he had the best part of his cultural education in his father's library. That is doubtless where he drank most joyously of the wells of English undefiled, before peda-

gogical prescription medicated them. Throughout his own pages, at all events, the water from these old wells of prose and verse bubbles up to give them freshness and sparkle. It has been his lot to restore for the present generation the vanished life of the people who gave Virginia those manners and institutions which have distinguished her among American commonwealths. This he has done with signal ability and consummate grace.

He has not only humanized the men and women of the long ago and justly woven them and their times into the complex web of history, but he has told the story so convincingly and withal so charmingly that it is also literature. When the past is revealed to the present by a scholar intimately familiar with it, who lights up his knowledge with imagination and vitalizes it with sane emotion, he is more than a mere historian; he is something of a creative artist as well. That is what Philip Alexander Bruce has done with the stuff out of which his books are made. The materials of history, seen through an artistic temperament steadied by scholarship tempered with judgment, are so transformed that fact becomes as interesting as fiction. The writer, of whom this sketch is essentially an appreciation, though primarily an historian, belongs by nature and practice to the kingdom of letters.

John Calvin Metcalf

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RELIGION OF THE FREEDMAN.

From 'The Plantation Negro as a Freeman.' Used by permission of the author and the publishers, G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE Plantation negro is remarkable for a very devout spirit, so far as this signifies a passionate religious feeling in contradistinction to sober and godly conduct. As an abstract hope and a naked aspiration, it colors his whole nature as much as his most impetuous appetites do. There is a touch of pathos even in its most ordinary disclosure, however inconsistent with the practice of his life, because it has all the simplicity and directness of sincerity. It seems to be common to individuals of his race belonging to every period of life. The child left alone in the cabin, or sent off to a distance on an errand is heard singing hymns with almost as much fervor and devotion as a recent convert at a revival; and a girl who has not reached the marriageable

age will fall into as much extravagance during the progress of the services at church as the most vigorous and susceptible of the elderly women. In the hearts of the young and old alike, religion strikes a chord that responds with equal promptness and fullness in all.

It is not confined to sex. The man is as devout as the woman, being as much open to religious impressions and as much dominated by his religious emotions, although their influence does not cause him to act as wildly and hysterically as she does, for, on the whole, he is more able to control himself; and yet his deportment, when he is full of the transport and ecstasy of religious happiness, is much more apt to transfix the attention of the observer, because his frame is larger and more robust. To see it shaking with childish agitation seems to be so strangely out of keeping with its maturity and strength as to amount almost to a phenomenon.

This religious feeling of the negroes is not restricted to any particular time or special locality. They carry it into every situation and every employment. The greater number of their songs, and these run over the whole gamut of their aspirations and emotions, are hymns that embody their spiritual hopes in monotonous rhythm, rude language, and disconnected sentences. The liveliest of the plantation ditties, even, have a religious echo. Those melodies that roll over the harvest fields as the long line of gleaners gather the severed wheat into shocks, or are borne far and wide on the frosty air when the corn is being shucked by the light of the November moon, have a subtle tone, even when the words are lewd or jovial, which is expressive of that profound sadness that trembles in the refrains of the hymns. The plowman as he urges on his team in the act of breaking up the sod, the carter perched upon the top of his loaded wagon on the way to the granary, the hand at work among the plants in the tobacco lot, the scytheman in the clover, the herdsman in the pasture, the woodman in the forest, the boatman standing at the helm as his craft drops down the stream,—wherever and whenever, in short, the occupation of the negro secludes him either for a short or a long time

from the companionship of his race, he will often relieve his loneliness by singing with a devout and melancholy intonation. And this is peculiar to no hour and to no season. As he goes forth in all the beauty, freshness, and joy of a vernal morning, the same long-drawn but mournful sounds will frequently issue from his lips which are heard from them as he plods towards his cabin through the chill and dreary December dusk; he will sing the same sorrowful notes at midday, when the world is flooded with cheerful light, that he pours forth upon the bosom of the darkness as he passes through the fields and woods, on his way from one settlement of his people to another. Whether, indeed, he is returning from a wedding or a funeral, a political mass-meeting or a revival, his voice is apt to break out in that dismal chant, to which the hymns of the race have been sung immemorially, and which is not without a touch of grandeur in its solemnity.

INFLUENCE OF THE LARGE PLANTATION SYSTEM.

From 'The Economic History of Virginia in the Seventeenth Century.' Used by permission of the author and the publishers, The Macmillan Co.

By far the most momentous fact in the history of Virginia in the seventeenth century was the discovery, through Rolfe's experiment, in 1612, that the soil of the Colony was adapted to the production of a quality of tobacco which was destined to prove valuable in the European markets. From the very beginning, this discovery thwarted one of the principal objects of the colonization of the new country: it deprived the people of England of all hope of obtaining from the Colony the commodities which they were importing from the Continent at an enormous outlay. Its most vital influence, however, bore directly upon the fate of the people of Virginia themselves. It shaped that fate absolutely. The manner in which this result was effected is soon described. Tobacco had not long been cultivated in the Colony before the virgin land was discovered to be necessary to its produc-

tion, since there were no artificial manures in that age for retaining or restoring the fertility of the ground. As soon as the soil gave signs of exhaustion, it was allowed to relapse into coarse grasses and finally into forest; a new field was created by the removal of trees over an area selected in the primæval woods, which covered the greater part of every plantation; and this field was in turn abandoned when it became impoverished; and the old course was again adopted for a new area of forest land. The whole effect of tobacco culture was to extend the clearings with the utmost rapidity in the ever-recurring need of a virgin soil. In this need, the system of large plantations had its origin. The tobacco planter was compelled to own a broad extent of land in wood, upon which he might encroach from year to year as the ground under cultivation lost its fertility. The advantage of possessing a wide range for his cattle, which were thrown on their own resources to gain a subsistence, was an additional motive in his appropriation of the soil.

The economic and moral influence springing from the system of large plantations thus built up were radical and supreme. Looking at that system from an economical point of view, it will be seen that it produced a spirit of wastefulness, which was fully excused by the prevailing abundance of all the necessaries of life. The whole country, even where it was most thickly inhabited, bore the aspect of a wilderness but slightly changed by the application of the axe and hoe. The methods of agriculture in the midst of such a profusion of natural wealth were, as might have been expected, rude and careless, for a thoughtful and calculating treatment of natural resources was unnecessary as long as these resources were unbounded. If the estates had been limited in area, an intensive system would have been introduced. Greater care would have been employed in the use of the soil, and the forests would not have been so ruthlessly destroyed. The isolation of life which the large plantation created and promoted, discouraged the growth of towns and villages, not only by diminishing all tendency

towards co-operation among the people, but also by simplifying the interests of each community. Each plantation stood apart to itself. It had its separate population; it had its own distinct round of occupations; it had its own laborers, its own mechanics. It either produced its own natural and manufactured supplies or it imported them from abroad There was no mutual dependence among plantations such as would have been observed if the estates had been small, for that would have signified a division of labor.

The moral influence of the large plantation was equally extraordinary. It fostered habits of self-reliance in individual men; it assisted in promoting an intense love of liberty; it strengthened the ties of family and kinship at the very time that it cultivated the spirit of general hospitality. Descended from the race of Englishmen,—indeed, in many instances, born under English skies themselves,—the Virginians of the seventeenth century led a life, in consequence of the independent and manly existence permitted by the plantation system, that confirmed all the great qualities which had formed a part of their moral inheritance as scions of the English stock. It was a life that allowed the individuality of each planter to expand without obstacle. It is not surprising that in a great crisis like the American Revolution, when sufficient time had passed for Virginia to produce a population racy of her own soil, and moulded by her own material conditions, there should have sprung up a body of men of exalted merit in those departments of human affairs in which her general system was most calculated to develop talent,—the sphere of military action and the sphere of statesmanship. The large plantations, by giving birth to a class of great landowners, increased the importance of leaders in the community. It promoted the aristocratic spirit not the less strongly because there were no legally defined ranks in society. It created a rural gentry as proud as that of England.

SOCIAL LIFE OF COLONIAL VIRGINIA.

From 'Social Life of Virginia in the Seventeenth Century.'

THERE were special reasons why Colonial Virginia, after it began to grow in wealth and population, should appeal strongly to the interest of the English landed gentry as a body. First, it was firmly loyal to the monarchy in spite of the harsh and injurious operation of the Navigation Acts; in spite of sweeping grants of its territory to independent proprietaries like Baltimore, or to private beneficiaries like Arlington and Culpeper; in spite of selfish denials of reasonable requests like that for the cessation of tobacco culture for a time; and in spite of royal Governors, like Howard and Culpeper, bent upon their own enrichment in a few years by unjust impositions upon the people.

Secondly, Virginia as a whole was devoted to the Church of England. It is true that persecution of none of the various dissenting sects was ever carried to the same extreme in this Colony as in the colonies of New England, but at no time previous to the Act of Toleration was Virginia a comfortable spot for such sects. The controlling influences in her society hardly needed the vehement and persistent cooperation of Sir William Berkeley to give emphatic direction to the disapproval felt by that society for all forms unsanctioned by the Anglican Church. Much of the bitter feeling aroused by the division of Virginia's territory in favor of Baltimore was due to his profession of the Roman Catholic faith; the foundation of Maryland signified not only a rupture of the original grant to Virginia, which might at any time be repeated as to the unoccupied soil yet left to her, but also the establishment of a Roman Catholic community at her very door. There is no reason to think that the violent course of Berkeley towards Quakers and Puritans was repugnant to the sentiment of a majority of the people, or that the Toleration Acts of Charles and James were regarded with entire satisfaction by any sections except those who thus obtained the right to worship in the manner they preferred. The Virginians as a body were as conservative at heart as the English themselves, and conformity to the

The McINTIRE AMPHITHEATRE at the UNIVERSITY of VIRGINIA

Church of England was but one phase of loyalty to the established order in the State.

Thirdly, the whole power of Virginian society even in the times when universal suffrage prevailed, was directed by the landowners. That society was composed entirely of the landed proprietors and their dependents. There were neither towns nor cities, and consequently the number of persons following those special callings which thrive best in large and crowded communities was too small to be considered from a social point of view. The public sentiment was exclusively the sentiment of men who, like the landowners of England, looked to agriculture for the income which went to the support of their families, and whose only material interests were those associated directly with the soil. The member of the English landed gentry contemplating the advantages of sending his son out to Virginia deemed it a favorable circumstance that he would engage there in the pursuit which had occupied the time and thoughts of his forefathers in England for so many hundred years; nor was it a drawback that tobacco, and not wheat, would be the staple which that son would cultivate as soon as he had acquired an estate, for, in the course of a very few generations, the English people had seen a great community built up in Virginia entirely through the profits obtained from the sale of the plant. The young Englishman himself, accustomed from his birth to all the operations of the farm, perhaps discovered in the expectation of producing this plant a new fillip to his interest in his own emigration. The mere fact that it was unknown to him by practical experience in its cultivation, no doubt, had a tendency to exaggerate his idea of the pecuniary returns to be derived from it, to which he would not for a moment have yielded had the staple been one with which he was thoroughly familiar from childhood.

Letters resembling the one in which Fitzhugh gave such a vivid description of the estate accumulated by him in Virginia must have been constantly received in England, and passed from hand to hand, with the inevitable result of stimulating in the breasts of many persons the desire to share

in a like good fortune by emigrating to the Colony. Such testimony coming from well-known citizens, without any motive to overstate their happy condition, was not likely to have been questioned. A more critical attitude might have been assumed towards an interested pamphleteer like William Bullock, but even his account of the advantages to be derived from settlement in Virginia, supported as it was by private information, must have made no small impression. There were at least a dozen ports, beginning with London in the east and Bristol in the west, to which ships were annually returning from the Colony loaded with cargoes of tobacco; though the sailors might speak with disfavor of the heat of the climate in summer, these cargoes were a tangible proof of the fertility of the soil and of the ample reward of labor. Any member of the English landed gentry who was debating in his own mind as to the advisability of sending his son out to settle there was not likely to be diverted from his purpose by the tale of a seaman touching the horrors of the "seasoning," for it was known that this period of bad health fell far more heavily on the ordinary agricultural servant, compelled by his contract to work in the fields under the rays of the sun soon after his arrival, than on the emigrant who had brought over means sufficient to enable him to employ others to till the ground for the production of his crops.

But there was still another reason why the Colony made a strong appeal to Englishmen who belonged to the landed gentry. In essentials the life which the Virginian led on his estate was the same as the life which the English gentleman led on his own. The comparative isolation of the plantation was considered by the latter to be no drawback, as it made possible that independence of individual action which was so highly valued by him in his native country; breadth of surface only assured the more certainly ampleness of room for the master to move in without touching elbows with his neighbors, to the diminution of his sense of personal supremacy. The life in Virginia, owing to the entire absence of towns, was even more rural in character than the life in England. The Englishman, accustomed to country pursuits, knew, in emigrating, that he was seeking a residence

in a community where all the tastes and habits of the English rural gentry were in some respects only accentuated by the dispersion of the population. Love of home, as the centre of the most sacred affections, was perhaps not more fervent there than in England, but the bonds of kinship were much stronger because in that secluded existence ties of blood assumed a far higher degree of importance, while the pleasures of hospitality were more relished, for the presence of a guest was an event of greater rarity and distinction. And the Englishman was also aware that in no manor-house of Devon, Surrey, or Essex was the devotion to England and all things English deeper than in the plantation residences of Virginia; that the subtle tie of nationality was as binding there as in the Mother Country; that the recognition of class distinctions and social divisions was quite as clear; and that, as an English gentleman, he would at once take the same position in the society of the Colony as he had held in his native shire, and would hardly recognize in outward customs that he had made a change of habitation. And this would also be true, not only of the amusements of indoor life, but also of the diversions of outdoor. All the immemorial games of England were pursued there with an equal zest, and all the manly sports with an equal energy. The various holidays that had been celebrated in England beyond the memory of man were without exception also observed in Virginia; and as in England so in Virginia, every occasion of a festive character, public or private, was used to the utmost to bring amusement and enjoyment into the lives of the people.

MOSBY AND THE PARTISAN RANGERS.

From 'Brave Deeds of Confederate Soldiers.' Used by permission of the author and the publishers, George W. Jacobs & Co.

THE most famous of all the partisan rangers of the South, during the Civil War, was Colonel Mosby, whose exploits in that character are more like the inventions of some stirring writer of romance than events of history that really took place. He entered upon the scenes of this part

of his career—he had been a simple scout before—while still a young man, full of the adventurous spirit which is youth's sharpest spur to energetic and daring action. His person is thrown against the screen of those extraordinary times as bodily as if he stood in the very first rank of its greatest soldiers; one can see in the mind's eye, with all the distinctness of actual vision, his slender, almost gaunt, figure, his beardless lip, his tanned cheek, and his piercing eye, before which the most reckless of his followers who had given offense was forced to quail. He wears a gray uniform, and the only weapons which he carries are the two pistols that are stuck in his belt.

A quiet, reticent, and withal a stern man, he was unbending in compelling the fullest obedience to all his orders; and yet he never for a moment relaxed the vigilance of his eye for the safety and comfort of his soldiers; and on no occasion would he command them to go where he was not willing to lead.

Being an unerring judge of character, he refused to accept as a member of his band any one who did not win his confidence at once, a matter of vital importance in the peculiar kind of warfare in which he was engaged. In fact, he had an unalterable conviction as to the sort of men that he needed; and he declined to allow the mere appeals of personal liking to influence him in his choice; sometimes, indeed, as we shall see, he admitted to his squad men who, in the beginning, were looked upon by all its members, except himself, as disguised spies, but who, by their fidelity and loyalty, proved the correctness of his instinctive faith in their trustworthiness.

The fame of Colonel Mosby will always be associated with that part of Piedmont Virginia which lies between the upper waters of the Potomac and those of the Rappahannock, with the cloud-capped wall of the Blue Ridge as its western boundary. This region was as much a debatable land during the Civil War as the romantic borders of Scotland in the days of the Highlander forays and English raids, —a land which belonged to that army of either side which could hold it for a day, or a month, or a year. But Mosby

and his partisan rangers considered it to be their own; and not the less so when the Federal troops happened to be in seemingly indisputable possession of its grass-covered hills and valleys, and its dense and dark woods.

The counties of Loudon and Fairfax particularly were known as Mosby's Confederacy. This was, indeed, a region which was precisely suited in all its features to the operations of a partisan force; for, being beautifully pastoral, it overflowed with those supplies for man and beast which such a force were compelled to pick up as they stole or hurried from point to point; and it also contained thick bodies of forest to serve as a screen in excursions against the enemy or as a hiding place whenever discretion suggested a temporary retreat before superior numbers. Besides, it spread right up to the base of the Blue Ridge, in the fastnesses of which the entire company could withdraw in safety when the season or hot pursuit dictated their complete dissolution and dispersion.

The rangers were kept together only when Mosby was engaged in some one of his furtive expeditions. If there was no raid underway, either because the period of the year was unfavorable or the enemy were too cautious to offer a vulnerable side, his men were widely scattered among the homes of the small farmers who lived in the more or less remote and inaccessible foothills of the Blue Ridge. Here they were able to obtain comforts which were not customary either with themselves or with the soldiers of the main armies when on the march or in camp or bivouac. The food set before them by their rural hosts was abundant and wholesome, although plain and without much variety; there was plenty of cornbread, bacon, poultry, game, and vegetables to appease their hunger from day to day; and they had clean shuck mattresses and substantial beds to sleep on at night; while for their horses, whose good condition was of as much concern to them as their own, the blue grass in the meadows and on the hillsides, and the grain and hay in the stables, afforded all the provender that they required to keep them sleek, fat, and hardy.

Mosby had established his secret headquarters in the little town of Upperville not far off, and when, by the report of his scouts or by his own personal observation—for he frequently ventured alone into the neighborhood of the enemy's encampments—he saw an opportunity to deliver a sudden but furtive blow, he dispatched a mounted courier to the nearest locality in the foothills of the mountains where he knew that some of his band were awaiting his summons; in turn, one of this number was instructed to take horse and to carry the same summons to the next locality; and so on, until all the rangers had received the order to assemble at the rendezvous, often forty or fifty miles away, which had been specially appointed by their leader.

Whoever failed to obey this order without having a good excuse, was promptly and peremptorily commanded to go back to the company in the regular army from which he had been detailed; but it was very rare, indeed, that a trooper turned a deaf ear to the call; in fact, a lazy life in the farmers' houses lost all its charms so soon as the prospect of taking part in some adventurous raid was held out to him by the courier's announcement. He was clearly aware that Mosby would not have sent for him had he not already matured some daring excursion which would afford his men, in carrying it out, plenty of glorious excitement.

Twenty-four hours had hardly passed when the Partisan Chief would find himself surrounded at the rendezvous by twenty, thirty, and sometimes fifty soldiers, burning to follow him even to the death, without thinking it necessary first to request him to reveal his plans or his destination. Who were these troopers who gathered around Mosby as quickly and excitedly as a pack of buckhounds run together about their huntsman when he sounds the first note on his familiar horn?

The majority were young men of adventurous and even reckless spirit who had obtained permission to leave the ranks of Stuart's command in order to join the Partisan Leader; a few were hardly more than boys, who had never served under any other officer or in any other troop; one or two were soldiers of fortune, attracted to him from over-

sea by his reputation for splendid daring, which had spread even to those distant parts.

There was not one who did not ride with the skill of a Mexican herdsman, and who did not feel rather more at home in the saddle than on the ground. If there was no reason at the moment for silence and vigilance, they showed the gayety and buoyancy of their spirits as they rode along by trolling the songs which were popular with the cavalry.

Ordinarily, Mosby's rangers wore no uniform, but they were always distinguishable as Confederate soldiers by some badge of grayness about their clothes. After a successful raid, as was said at the time, they were the best equipped, best mounted, and best dressed men in their arm of the service; the dandies among them would then show themselves in suits remarkable for gold braid, buff trimmings, and gilt buttons; would wear high-topped boots and soft hats decorated with glossy ostrich plumes. These splendid garments and trappings were quickly discarded on the first news of the enemy's presence.

There were few features of their daily life when actually in the field which recalled the routine of the regular soldiers, whether in camp or on the march,—for instance, they were never awakened at dawn by the reveille; they were not required at night to retire to sleep by the sounding of taps; there was rarely a roll call to show presence or absence; and there was never a drill. No supply of food, clothes, ammunition, or guns was ever given out to them; they picked up their rations in the countryside as they passed along; and the remainder they obtained by capture. They never slept under a tent; when they wanted rest at night, they stretched themselves on the ground wrapped in their blankets, while their horses either stood picketed close by or were allowed to graze in the nearest field until the eastern sky showed the approach of dawn.

It was not simply a spirit of aimless daring that influenced Mosby even in his most reckless adventures. He had invariably certain definite purposes to carry through. The principal one always was to find out the movements of the enemy and to fathom their designs, with the view of re-

porting them for the guidance of Lee and Stuart. Subordinate to this, he sought to harass and worry the enemy's detachments; to cut the telegraph wires and break up the railroads within their lines; to capture dispatches passing to and from the hostile headquarters; to destroy wagon trains loaded with army supplies; to seize pickets, scouts, and videttes; and to overrun isolated camps.

He was always looking for and trying to strike at unprotected gaps on the hostile front or rear in order to force the enemy to use up a great many troops in guarding all points; and he was indefatigable in his efforts to disrupt their communications by every means available to his hand. So suddenly did he appear in the open, so quickly did he vanish in the nearest forest, that he was often spoken of by the foe as the Flying Dutchman of the Woods, and his followers as Children of the Mist.

BALLAD OF THE LONDON WIND.

O, wind that breathes against my pane,
  O, voice as low as sweet,
What message is this you bring me,
  Up from the midnight street?

Have ye roamed from the woods of Burnham,
  Or Epping's verdurous shade,
To murmur that cuckoos are calling
  From their haunts in the glade!

Or came ye from the moors of Haworth,
  That kiss the stooping sky,
To tell me that the larks are singing
  In the blue depths on high?

Did ye stray from the hills of Dorset
  And commons all o'errun,
To whisper that the gorse is yellowing
  In the light of the sun?

Or stole ye from the storied river,
Where woods of Windsor dream,
To lure me with the sparkling oar,
As it dips in the stream?

Or from the showery Windermere,
Or dark Helvellyn's side,
Or where the kingly Snowdon looks
Across the Marches wide?

Or from the silver Solent's wave,
Where the snowy gulls career
And scream about the burly ships,
As on they westward steer?

Impelled by thee, my thoughts have flown
Far from this alien scene,
To where there looms the ancient State
Named for the Virgin Queen.

Ringed by primæval oak and pine,
My native towers stand.
It is night, and the ghostly snow
Enswaths the silent land.

Around the lone and darkened house,
A low wind steals and sighs;
And, voice-like, now it seems to swell,
And now it sinks and dies.

With melting ear, I list the sound;
Once more I seem to hear,
The silenced voices of the Past
Speak out both strong and clear.

Once more familiar faces rise
From out the sombre grave;
Once more to me they seem to smile,
Once more their hands to wave.

O wind, that sighs against my pane,
  O voice, as sweet as low,
Thou, too, o'er dreaming London breathes
  A dirge of Long Ago,

A requiem for the countless dead
  Of all the centuries past,
Whose ghosts, unseen, unresting, troop
  Above the city vast.

Far from these fetid walks of crime,
  Far from these beds of pain,
To where unsullied Nature smiles,
  Return, O wind, again.

Thy home is by the lucid stream,
  And on the mountain-side,
And in the dreamy woodland shade,
  And in the meadows pied.

Thy friends are dewy leaves and grass,
  And vagrant birds of air;
There is no tie to bind thy heart
  To things that shed a tear.

Go, dally with the wayside rose
  And aid the plover's wing
To circle upward far and free;
  And to the harbor bring

The tardy ship, that, homeward bound,
  Sighs for the freshening breeze:
And drive towards the land the showers
  That vex the summer seas.

Thy place is on wild Nature's breast;
  Not in the seats of men;
True to the bourne from which ye came,
  Return, return again.

GENIUS.

From 'Pocahontas and Other Sonnets.'

Thou creature with the brow of Heavenly light,
Oft joined to leprous limbs and feet of clay,
Shall we thy human weakness coldly weigh,
In Puritanic scales of wrong and right,
As tho' thou wert some crude and brainless wight
Who breathes no air but that of common day?
What's he to one, who, in immortal lay,
Has swept the constellations in his flight,
Tho' oft he sinks in mire? Abjure the thought!
The Poet's line is all, the Man is nought.
Burns, Shelley, Byron, Coleridge, Marlowe,—these
Were Frailty's favorite children, too, but yet
Men will forget them not, till they forget
Orion's orbs, and Capri's azure seas.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

Time weighs the destinies that men befall,
Bestows new laurels, turns the green to sere.
Too oft no honors soothe the Poet here,
But when his Shade has passed into the Hall
Of Death, we hear Fame's trumpet sound thro' all
The avenues of this terrestrial sphere,—
A blare that stirs no more the withered ear,
But makes men pause to list the lofty call
To pay full homage to a slighted name,
And genius long o'erlooked, with fire acclaim.
Thus, melancholy, taciturn, forlorn,
Poe went his way thro' thorns, and rocks, and sand.
Lo, Fortune gave him then her empty hand,
But for him dead she pours her amplest horn.

AUDUBON.

Just as some dweller in the arid town
Grown weary of the tramp of passing feet,
The roar of wheels and voices, and the heat
Of men's dissensions, with a smile takes down
His traveller's staff, and slipping off the gown
Of urban ease, forsakes the strenuous street
And all its noise for some far-off retreat,
Where quiet woods and birds and streams abound,
So, I, my Audubon, worn out with men,
Leave all their haunts behind and roam with thee;
Lost in thy pure and dewy page, again,
Thro' verdurous forest shades, I ramble free;
Once more I hear the woodlark in the glen,
The mocking bird in the magnolia tree.

AUTUMN.

Lo, Autumn walks with me the woodland way,
Where aisle on aisle, the pillared hickory
Unfolds o'erhead its lordly canopy,
Splashed with the golden splendors of decay.
Below, the whitest arrows of the Day,
Shot from the zenith of the dark blue sky,
Dissolve to amber twilight. All sounds die
To silence there, save sounds that seem to stay
Alive in that becalmèd atmosphere,
As tho' to drowse the more the listening ear,—
The squirrel's bark, the nuts' recurring rain,
The distant caw of crows, the whispering stir
Of gently falling leaves, the insects' chirr;
The axeman's stroke, again, and thrice again.

CHARLES NEVILLE BUCK

[1879—]

WILLIAM KAVANAUGH DOTY

CHARLES NEVILLE BUCK is one of those who have been fortunate in being able to put into literature something of the romance that has been associated with the name of Kentucky from times immemorial. To the white man, no less than it was to the Indian, this region has been both a meadowland and a battleground. It has been celebrated in songs and ballads more frequently than any other American State. It has fired the imaginations of men like Byron and challenged the adventurous spirits of men like Boone. It has had no drab days; it was never commonplace; and it has contributed abundantly to the splendid fabric of the New World.

Those who know that region best have in mind three great divisions, as clearly cut and as sharply defined as those of ancient Gaul in the days of Cæsar. To the west is the vast, fertile plain, sloping to the Mississippi, affectionately known as the "Pennyrile" District; to the east is the Cumberland Mountain section, with all of its rugged grandeur and primitive romance; and lying between the two is the Blue Grass Region, famed for its beauty, for its seasoned cultivation, and for its English air of manorial leisure. Between this region and the Cumberlands, there runs a narrow strip of country, called, for want of a better name, the Knob Country. This has been to the mountain section what the Great Wall has been to China, and is said to have shut into the hills all that is rough and primordial and to have shut out most that makes for enlightenment and civilization.

Western Kentucky has not yet raised up a champion to place it, as a section, in Southern literature. Men skilled in the ways and uses of letters have arisen there, and Mr. Irvin Cobb is a conspicuous example; but no one of them has attempted to make that portion of Kentucky unforgettable in literature as a definite section. Mr. James Lane Allen has immortalized the Blue Grass Region in many memorable volumes. The Cumberlands have fared as well at the hands of Mr. John Fox, Jr., and Mr. Charles Neville Buck, who have thoroughly exploited the fastnesses of these hills in a virile and colorful way.

Coming from the old centres of social, political, and literary excellence in the Blue Grass Counties, Mr. Buck, like Mr. Fox, has been able to bring to bear the interpretative keenness of a trained mind

upon a section and people in certain respects more bizarre, probably, than any other in the United States. He has been able to react to the vivid contrast between the Cumberlands and the Blue Grass, unhampered by that familiarity with the hills which dulls the eye of romance, and so has recognized to the fullest extent the strange, primitively picturesque, and rigorous life that is to be found in those remote recesses of the Kentucky Cumberlands.

Mr. Buck was fortunate in his inheritance not less than in his environment. He was born April 15th, 1879, in Woodford County, Kentucky, on the farm of his grandfather, Colonel John William Buck, about thirteen miles from Lexington. He is the son of the Honorable Charles William Buck and his wife, Elizabeth Crow (Bullitt) Buck, daughter of Dr. Henry Massie Bullitt, member of a prominent Louisville family of Huguenot origin, who was for many years Dean of the Kentucky University Medical School. The Bucks were a Virginia family, sprung from the Reverend Richard Buck, who came to Jamestown in 1610, and who had the distinction in 1619 of opening with prayer the first House of Burgesses of Virginia, the first legislative assembly to be convened in the Western World. A relative of this Angelican clergyman's was Master of Revels to James I, and tradition has it that his relation of facts in the life of his more devout kinsman, who was wrecked on his voyage to the New World, supplied Shakespeare with some of the material out of which he constructed *The Tempest.*

The family of Colonel John W. Buck, grandfather of the author, moved from Virginia to Kentucky in pioneer days. Colonel Buck removed later to Mississippi, where he engaged in banking at Vicksburg and in planting in the Delta country. During the War of Secession, he returned to Woodford County, Kentucky, and spent there the remainder of his life. His son, the Honorable Charles William Buck, father of the author, went as envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to Peru during Mr. Cleveland's first administration. Mr. Charles Neville Buck, then six years old, went with his father and witnessed many spectacular events in those days of South American war and revolution. He returned with his family to Kentucky, lived at Louisville, where his father settled to engage in legal and literary pursuits, and, after finishing at high school, completed his academic education at the University of Louisville, from which he was graduated A.B. in 1898, and LL.B. in 1902.

Although admitted to the bar, Mr. Buck never practised law. His interests were elsewhere. Indeed after receiving his bachelor's degree, he turned to the study of art, and at the Art Academy of Cin-

cinnati he was a student in the life classes of Nowottny and Meakin. This study of art continued for one year only, and in 1899 he returned to Louisville and joined the staff of *The Evening Post* as a cartoonist. This was during the most stressful period in the history of Kentucky politics after the War between the States. William Goebel, the Democratic candidate for Governor, was assassinated in January, 1900, while contesting the election. His colleague, J. C. W. Beckham, was declared Governor, and the celebrated trials of the assassins and their accomplices were begun. Succeeding Irvin S. Cobb as reporter of these Goebel murder trials, Mr. Buck obtained his first acquaintance with Cumberland Mountain character, an acquaintance which he afterwards enlarged by many journeys of exploration into the mountains. This was matter which was destined to figure prominently in his fiction in after years. The principal defendants in the Goebel murder trials were mountain men, since it was they who had been the chief supporters of the Republican candidate for Governor. The primitive, feudal, and dramatic elements in the characters of these men lent whatever there was of color to an otherwise sordid and criminal background.

During his newspaper career at Louisville from 1899 to 1909, Mr. Buck was writing short stories and studying law. For several years he was court reporter for *The Evening Post* and *The Morning Herald.* However, his interests in literary pursuits grew steadily stronger. He received his law degree in 1902 and was admitted to the bar, but he continued to write short stories; and it is to be doubted if any event of his life up to that time was the source of greater pleasure than the appearance of his story, "Coston's Thirty," in *The Metropolitan Magazine* for January, 1907. His enthusiasm for literature was a natural consequence. The literary tradition on both sides of his family was pronounced. His father is also an author, best known for his novel dealing with the Inca days in Perun entitled 'Under the Sun'; and Elizabeth Robins, a cousin on the maternal side, who was decorated by Queen Victoria for her interpretation of Ibsen on the English stage, is the author of many well-known novels, including 'The Dark Lantern' and 'The Majestic North.'

After his initial success with "Coston's Thirty" in 1907, Mr. Buck's literary reputation began that upward course which has grown more significant with each passing year. He gave up journalism in January, 1909, encouraged by the success of his stories after the publication of his first, and went to New York to devote himself exclusively to fiction. How well he succeeded is best shown by the large number of successful novels that he has published, the first of

which appeared in 1910. Two novels, not yet published in book form, are 'Portuguese Silver,' now appearing serially in *Short Stories,* and 'Borrowing Fire.'

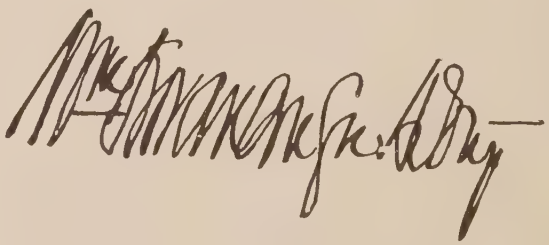
Of the thirteen novels already published, only five have dealt with themes not connected with the Kentucky mountains; and one of these, indeed, 'The Portal of Dreams,' draws upon that region for one of its adventure backgrounds. Those novels which concern themselves with themes other than Cumberland Mountain character and life are: 'The Key to Yesterday,' a story of mental aberration with a varied background consisting of Kentucky, France, and South America, smacking of the early scenes of the author's own life; 'The Lighted Match,' an international romance interestingly done, in which a wealthy young American is led through a series of romantic adventures for the sake of a princess, the future queen of a small kingdom near Spain; 'The Portal of Dreams,' a pure tale of adventure in which young Deprayne, the Ulysses of Mr. Buck's novels, pursuing a vision of the ideal across the world, sets out from New York City, crosses the Atlantic, pursues the fleeting vision through Southern Europe into Egypt and Palestine, thence into the South Seas, where shipwreck places him at the head of a cannibal island, and finally across the Pacific to San Francisco and New York, on down to the Kentucky Cumberlands, and finally to Lexington, where the portal of dreams is at last opened; 'Destiny,' the chronicle of the experiences of a New England youth in New York; and 'The Tyranny of Weakness,' an account of the struggle of a young Virginia Cavalier against the puritanical prejudices of a New England bigotry for the love of a New England girl. In these five stories, Mr. Buck has as his major theme the clash of sentiments and ideals as a result of a conflict arising partly from a different inheritance, but chiefly from antagonistic environments. This is true particularly of 'The Lighted Match,' 'Destiny,' and 'The Tyranny of Weakness,' and only incidentally of the other two of these tales concerned with events and themes outside of the Cumberland Mountains. 'The Portal of Dreams' is in many respects the best story yet written by Mr. Buck, in that it moves rapidly from the first page to the last, bringing to bear unprecedented experiences, set against backgrounds so varied as those of Italy, Egypt, the South Seas, and the mountains of Kentucky. Where could be found more vivid contrasts? And yet there is a semblance of reality in the story; it has the ring of truth and the suggestion of fact. In short, it is an almost perfect tale of adventure.

The other group of novels—the Cumberland Mountain stories—have, in the main, one theme. If there is any note that may be said to be characteristic of the entire list, that note is the attempt to interpret the inhabitants of the Alleghenies as our "contemporary ancestors." The clash of ideals as the result of differing environments is here also plainly seen. The mountaineer is depicted as the victim of an environment, a being who has suffered from isolation and deprivation, and who possesses the elemental virtues of a splendid race. Mr. Buck delights in throwing these people into new and strange places and in watching the reactions and results. In 'The Call of the Cumberlands,' a novel which first appeared serially in magazine form under the title of 'The Strength of Samson,' the hero is transferred to New York City for the purpose of studying art. A greater antithesis of scene could hardly be found on this continent. After the first shock is passed, Samson responds vigorously to his new opportunities, and becomes both gentleman and artist in every sense. This is considered by many Mr. Buck's finest mountain story, and it may be confidently said that he has never written a better one. 'The Tempering' has a similar theme. The World War offers the antithetical note. A boy of mountain origin, a pioneer in effect, is carried through the steps of major development that the nation has pursued from the Revolution to the World War, and in him as an individual is reproduced the life of the Nation through that development. In 'The Code of the Mountains' the same result, that of awakening the sleeping giant, is achieved through the influence and experiences of the Spanish-American War, in which the larger issues of the Nation dwarf into insignificance the petty animosities of the feudist. 'The Roof Tree,' 'When Bearcat Went Dry,' and 'The Law of Hemlock Mountain' are pictures, more than anything else, of a reversion to type, a mental and spiritual, perhaps a physical, harking back to the days before the ancestors of the characters were doomed to the eddies and backwaters of life.

The dramatic qualities of these novels are indicated best by the fact that two of them have been dramatized for the legitimate stage and that all of them, excepting 'The Lighted Match,' 'The Tempering,' and those that have not yet appeared in book form, have been made into moving pictures. 'The Roof Tree' is now in production. The two that have been dramatized for the speaking stage are 'The Call of the Cumberlands' and 'The Battle Cry.' The second of these was made into a play by Augustus Thomas and saw its initial appearance at the Lyric Theatre, New York, in 1914, with William Farnum in the leading rôle of Bad Anse.

Mr. Buck has largely idealized his Cumberland characters, but this was necessary, if not inevitable. The mountaineer needs to have the glamor of romance thrown about him before he is sent forth to color the pages of fiction. He would hardly be an appealing figure under the clear light of rigid realism. This, however, to some degree, is true of any people, and Mr. Buck has shown a good taste, rather than a weakness of method, in his treatment of his material. As a stylist, he is to be classed with those modern American writers of fiction who employ a vigorous, direct, and swiftly moving type of prose. He is not concerned too much with the classical aspect of the language, and is certainly not to be accused of the use of school-mastered English. His faults, then, if faults they be, are his virtues. He does not hesitate to employ occasionally words and phrases usually associated with the newspaper craft, but the purple patch is also frequent. His descriptions of scenes and his treatment of emotional episodes in the lives of his characters are well done always and are often strikingly beautiful and appealing.

Since 1909, Mr. Buck has lived for the greater part of the time in New York City, though his love for Kentucky has taken him back to his boyhood haunts upon many a visit. In 1918 he married Mrs. Margaret Field de Motte, and bought a place at Orleans, Cape Cod, Massachusetts. There he lives now, except in winter, when he is either in New York or at the South. He is a prominent figure in the literary circles of Louisville and New York, and is a member of the Kentucky Chapter of the Sons of the American Revolution and of the Pendennis Club of Louisville. Few sons of the old Commonwealth have done so much toward increasing and perpetuating the respectable literary reputation that attaches to the name of Kentucky.



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THE END OF THE "WASTREL."

From 'The Portal of Dreams,' Chapter VI. Copyright, 1912, I. W. Watt & Co. Used here by permission of the author and the publishers.

When sleep came to me it was fitful with a thousand nightmare impossibilities. I saw, in my dreams, the face of the stale sea and sky translated into a broad human visage paralyzed and smiling unendingly in that hideous grin which stamps the tortured teeth of the lockjaw victim. Then the monster of the dream broke out of its fixity and with a shriek of hurricanes aimed a terrific blow at the prow of the *Wastrel.* The ship shivered, trembled, and collapsed. With a stifled gasp I woke. Our sickly lantern was guttering in a sooty stream of smoke. Young Mansfield stood in the center of the cabin buckling his pistol belt. From somewhere came a sound of rushing water and a medley of shouts and oaths and pistol shots. A dingy rat scuttled wildly out

from between my feet and whisked away through the crack under our bolted door. While I stood there stupidly inactive, hardly as yet untangling fact and dream, Mansfield handed me my belt and revolver.

"Slip on your shoes and fetch along a life-belt," he commanded steadily. "It has come."

We jerked open the door and groped along the alleyway in darkness, and, as we guided our steps with hands fumbling the walls, water washed about our ankles. The lights there had gone out. With one guiding hand on the wall and one on Mansfield's shoulder, I made my labored way toward the deck ladder.

Without a word and as of right, the young Englishman, who had heretofore lacked initiative, now assumed command of our affairs. We needed no explanation to tell us that the pandemonium which reigned above was not merely the result of mutiny. A hundred patent things testified that this shambling tramp of the seas had received a mortal hurt. The stench of bilge sickened us as the rising water in her hull forced up the heavy and fetid gases. The walls themselves were aslant under a dizzy careening to starboard.

She must have steamed full front on to a submerged reef and destruction. It was palpably no matter of an opening seam. She had been torn and ripped in her vitals. She was dying fast and in inanimate agony. In the rickety engine-room something had burst loose under the strain. Now as she sank and reeled there came a hissing of steam; a gasping, coughing, hammering convulsion of pistons, rods, and driving shafts, suddenly turned into a junk heap running amuck.

It is questionable whether there would have been time to lower away boats had the most perfect discipline and heroism prevailed. There was no discipline. There were no available boats, except the two hanging from the bridge davits, and about them, as we stumbled out on the decks, raged a fierce battle of extermination, as men, relapsed to brutes, fought for survival.

I have since that night often and vainly attempted to go back over that holocaust and arrange its details in some sort

of chronology. I saw such ferocity and confusion, turning the deck into a shambles in an inconceivably short space, that even now I cannot say in what sequence these things happened. I have a jumbled picture in which certain unimportant details stand out distinctly while great things are vague. I can still see, in steel-black relief, the silhouetted superstructure, funnels, and stanchions; the indigo shadows and ghostly spots of white under a low-swinging half-moon and large softly-glowing stars. The sky was clear and smiling, in the *risor sardonicus* of my dream.

I have sometimes felt that all the difference between the courageous and the craven lies in the chance of the instant with which the numbers fall on the dice of life. To-day's coward may be to-morrow's hero. For an instant, with an unspeakable babel in my ears and a picture of human battle in my eyes, I knew only the chaotic confusion that comes of panic. Then I caught a glimpse of one detail and all physical fear fell away from me. I found myself conscious only of contempt for the struggling, clawing terror of these men who were as reasonless and ineffective as stampeding cattle. The detail which steadied me like a cold shower was the calmness of young Mansfield as he waited at my side, his face as impersonally puzzled as though he were studying in some museum cabinet a new and strange specimen of anthropological interest.

We both stood in the shadow of the forward superstructure as yet unseen. All the ferocity of final crisis swirled and eddied about the bridge upon which we looked as men in orchestra chairs might look across the footlights on a stage set for melodrama. Apparently the crew had already discovered to its own despair that Coulter's inhuman orders for scuttling the boats had been carried out, and that of all the emergency craft carried by the *Wastrel,* only those ridiculously insufficient ones hanging by the port and starboard lights of the bridge offered a chance of escape. At all events, the other boats hung neglected and unmanned. That the whole question was one of minutes was an unescapable conclusion. One could almost feel the settling of the crazy, ruptured hull as the moments passed and each time I

turned my head to glance back with a fascinated impulse at the smokestack I could see that its line tilted further from the vertical.

Heffernan was in charge of the starboard boat, already beginning to run down its lines, and over that on the port side, Coulter himself held command.

It seemed that when the moment of final issue came, a few of the foremast men had preferred entrusting their chances to obeying the captain, whose effectiveness had been proven, to casting their lots with their mates. These were busy at the tackle. On the deck level howled and fought the mutineers. Already corpses were cluttering the space at the foot of the steep ladder that gave—and denied—access to the bridge. Probably the revolver shots we had heard as we groped our way from our cabin had been the chief officer's terse response to the first mad rush for that stairway. Now as he awaited the lowering away, Coulter stood above, looking down on the sickening confusion with a grim expression which was almost amusement. The fighting went on below where the frantic, terror-stricken fellows swarmed and grappled and swayed and disabled each other in the effort to gain the ladder. But when someone rose out of the maelstrom and struggled upward it was only to be knocked back by the ax, upon which, in the brief intervals between assaults, Coulter leaned contemplating the battle-royal. The revolver he had put back in his pocket. It was not needed, and he was conserving its effectiveness for another moment.

In telling it, the picture seems clear enough, but in the seeing, it was a thing of horrible and tangled details, enacted as swiftly as a moving-picture film run too rapidly on its reel.

There were shouts and quick staccato orders piercing the blending of terrorized voices—an oath snapped out—a shriek—a struggling mass—a desperate run up the ladder —hands straining aloft to pull down the climber and clear the way—a swift blow from above, a thud on the deck below —a sickening vision of slaughter. Over it all pounded the hammering racket from the disorganized engines. Soon

came the stench of smoke and out of one of the after hatches mounted a thin tongue of orange flame, snapping and sputtering vengefully for a moment, then leaping up with a suddenly augmented roar. The twin elements of destruction, water and fire, were vying in the work of annihilation.

I turned my head for an instant to look back at the new menace, and clutched Mansfield's arm. Aloof with folded arms against the rail, making no effort to participate in the riot, stood young Lawrence. The fast-spreading flames lit up his face. His attitude and expression were those of quiet disgust. His lips were set in scorn for the superlative excitement of his fellows. He was the stoic awaiting the end, with a smile of welcome for the acid test which held, for him, no fear. It was as though the rising rim of water brought a promise of grateful rest. He saw ahead nothing except release from all the wild turmoil and misery which had spoken itself without words that evening when Coulter had silenced the improvisation of his violin.

But if the end was a thing of quiet philosophy to Lawrence, it was not so to others. The lurid flare, which turned the impassioned picture in a moment from a silhouette of blacks and cobalts to a crimson hell, seemed to inflame to greater madness men already mad. There was a rush for the rails. We saw figures leaping into the sea. There had been some hitch on the bridge, due no doubt to the miserable condition of everything aboard the disheveled tramp. The boats were not yet launched, but now the men were embarking. Coulter himself was the last to leap for the swinging boat, and a moment before he did so Hoak appeared. He had miraculously made his way alive out of the engine-room's inferno, and his coming was that of a maniac. His huge body, bare to the waist, sweat-streaked and soot-blackened and fire-blistered, was also dark with blood. His voice was raised in demented laughter and every vestige of reason had deserted eyes that were now agleam only with homicidal mania. From the companionway to the bridge, his course was as swift and sure as a homing pigeon's. He brandished the shovel with which he had been shamefully forced to feed the maws of the furnaces. The struggling men fell back

before his onslaught. But Hoak had no care for self-preservation. His sole mission was reprisal.

The fight about the ladder's foot had waned. With a leap that carried him half-way up and an agility that knew no thwarting the madman made the upper level. The tyrannical despot of the vessel, standing poised for his swing to the boat, raised the pistol which had already halted other mad rushes during the last sanguinary minutes. At its bark Hoak staggered to his knees, but was up again and charging forward with the impetus of a wounded rhinoceros. He had one deed to do before he died and would not be denied. The flying shovel narrowly missed the captain's head as he jumped for the boat, but the seaman with his lips parted over the snarl of clenched teeth fought his painful way to the davit, gripping a knife which he had brought in his belt. His eyes glowed with the strange light that madness lends and his muscles were tensed in the brief exaggerated strength of a supreme effort. He hurled himself to the out-swung support and seizing the stern line began hacking at its tarred tautness as he bellowed ghastly laughter and blasphemies. Coulter from his place below sent two more bullets into the great hulk of flesh that hung tenaciously and menacingly above him, but, as the second spat out, the rope, none too good at best, parted and the boat, held only by its bow line, swung down with a mighty snap, spilling its occupants into the sea like apples tossed from an over-turned plate. We had a momentary glimpse of the captain clinging to the gunwale, his legs lashing out flail-like. Then his hold loosened and he fell with a splash into the phosphorus water where the sharks were already gathering. And at the same moment, his mission performed, Hoak slowly slid around the curving davit and dropped limply after him.

Young Mansfield's voice came vaguely to my ear. "They've overlooked the life-raft," he said. "Let's have a try at that. There's not much time now."

The starboard scuppers were letting in sea water and the flames were creeping close, as we turned together, holding to the shadows of the superstructure, and ran forward.

We were tearing our fingers raw over stiffened knots when a rush of feet interrupted us. The next instant I saw my companion lashing out with the butt of his pistol, and surrounded by a quartette of assailants. In the moonlight he loomed gigantic and heroic of proportion. I, too, was surrounded and conscious only of a wild new elation and battle-lust, as I fought.

Suddenly there came a terrific shock, preceded by a wildly screaming hiss in the bowels of the *Wastrel's* hull. The torn shell quivered in an insensate death-rattle, and under a detonation at once hollow and loud a mass of timbers shot upward amidships. The boilers had let go and we hung wavering for the final plunge, yet it did not come at once. Then I suppose I was struck by falling debris. With a dizzy sense of stars dancing as lawlessly as rocket sparks and dying as quickly into blackness, I lost all hold on consciousness.

SAMSON'S LEAVE-TAKING

From 'The Call of the Cumberlands,' Chapter XII. Copyright, 1913, J. W. Watt & Co. Used here by permission of the author and the publishers.

So, along Misery and Crippleshin, the men of the factions held their fire while the summer spent itself, and over the mountain slopes the leaves began to turn, and the mast to ripen.

Lescott had sent a box of books, and Samson had taken a team over to Hixon, and brought them back. It was a hard journey, attended with much plunging against the yokes and much straining of trace chains. Sally had gone with him. Samson was spending as much time as possible in her society now. The girl was saying little about his departure, but her eyes were reading, and without asking she knew that his going was inevitable. Many nights she cried herself to sleep, but, when he saw her, she was always the same blithe, bird-like creature that she had been before. She was philosophically sipping her honey while the sun shone.

Samson read some of the books aloud to Sally, who had a child's passion for stories, and who could not have spelled

them out for herself. He read badly, but to her it was the flower of scholastic accomplishment, and her untrained brain, sponge-like in its acquisitiveness, soaked up many new words and phrases which fell again quaintly from her lips in talk. Lescott had spent a week picking out those books. He had wanted them to argue for him; to feed the boy's hunger for education, and give him some forecast of the life that awaited him. His choice had been an effort to achieve *multum in parvo,* but Samson devoured them all from title page to *finis* line, and many of them he went back to, and digested again.

He wrestled long and gently with his uncle, struggling to win the old man's consent to his departure. But Spicer South's brain was no longer plastic. What had been good enough for the past was good enough for the future. He sought to take the most tolerant view, and to believe that Samson was acting on conviction and not on an ingrate's impulse, but that was the best he could do, and he added to himself that Samson's was an abnormal and perverted conviction. Nevertheless, he arranged affairs so that his nephew should be able to meet financial needs, and to go where he chose in a fashion befitting a South. The old man was intensely proud, and, if the boy were bent on wasting himself, he should waste like a family head, and not appear a pauper among strangers.

The autumn came, and the hills blazed out in their fanfare of splendid color. The broken skyline took on a wistful sweetness under the haze of "the Great Spirit's peace-pipe."

The sugar trees flamed their fullest crimson that fall. The poplars were clear amber and the hickories russet and the oaks a deep burgundy. Lean hogs began to fill and fatten with their banqueting on beechnuts and acorns. Scattered quail came together in the conclave of the covey, and changed their summer call for the "hover" whistle. Shortly, the rains would strip the trees, and leave them naked. Then, Misery would vindicate its christener. But, now, as if to compensate in a few carnival days of champagne

sparkle and color, the mountain world was burning out its summer life on a pyre of transient splendor.

November came in bleakly, with a raw and devastating breath of fatality. The smile died from horizon to horizon, and for days cold rains beat and lashed the forests. And, toward the end of that month, came the day which Samson had set for his departure. He had harvested the corn, and put the farm in order. He had packed into his battered saddlebags what things were to go with him into his new life. The sun had set in a sickly bank of murky, red-lined clouds. His mule, which knew the road, and could make a night trip, stood saddled by the stile. A kinsman was to lead it back from Hixon when Samson had gone. The boy slowly put on his patched and mud-stained overcoat. His face was sullen and glowering. There was a lump in his throat, like the lump that had been there when he stood with his mother's arm about his shoulders, and watched the dogs chase a rabbit by his father's grave. Supper had been eaten in silence. Now that the hour of departure had come, he felt the guilt of a deserter. He realized how aged his uncle seemed, and how the old man hunched forward over the plate as they ate the last meal they should, for a long while, have together. It was only by sullen taciturnity that he could retain his composure.

At the threshold, with the saddlebags over his left forearm and the rifle in his hand, he paused. His uncle stood at his elbow and the boy put out his hand.

"Good-by, Unc' Spicer," was all he said. The old man, who had been his second father, shook hands. His face, too, was expressionless, but he felt that he was saying farewell to a soldier of genius who was abandoning the field. And he loved the boy with all the centered power of an isolated heart.

"Hadn't ye better take a lantern?" he questioned.

"No, I reckon I won't need none." And Samson went out, and mounted his mule.

A half-mile along the road, he halted and dismounted. There, in a small cove, surrounded by a tangle of briars and

blackberry bushes, stood a small and dilapidated "meeting house" and churchyard, which he must visit. He made his way through the rough undergrowth to the unkempt half-acre, and halted before the leaning headstones which marked two graves. With a sudden emotion, he swept the back of his hand across his eyes. He did not remove his hat, but he stood in the drizzle of cold rain for a moment of silence, and then he said:

"Pap, I hain't fergot. I don't want ye ter think thet I've fergot."

Before he arrived at the Widow Miller's, the rain had stopped and the clouds had broken. Back of them was a discouraged moon, which sometimes showed its face for a fitful moment, only to disappear. The wind was noisily floundering through the treetops. Near the stile, Samson gave his whippoorwill call. It was, perhaps, not quite so clear or true as usual, but that did not matter. There were no other whippoorwills calling at this season to confuse signals. He crossed the stile, and with a word quieted Sally's dog as it rose to challenge him, and then went with him, licking his hand.

Sally opened the door, and smiled. She had spent the day nerving herself for this farewell, and at least until the moment of leave-taking she would be safe from tears. The Widow Miller and her son soon left them alone, and the boy and girl sat before the blazing logs.

For a time, an awkward silence fell between them. Sally had donned her best dress, and braided her red-brown hair. She sat with her chin in her palms, and the fire kissed her cheeks and temples into color. That picture and the look in her eyes remained with Samson for a long while, and there were times of doubt and perplexity when he closed his eyes and steadied himself by visualizing it all again in his heart. At last, the boy rose, and went over to the corner where he had placed his gun. He took it up, and laid it on the hearth between them.

"Sally," he said, "I wants ter tell ye some things thet I

hain't never said ter nobody else. In the fust place, I wants ye ter keep this hyar gun fer me."

The girl's eyes widened with surprise.

"Hain't ye a-goin' ter take hit with ye, Samson?"

He shook his head.

"I hain't a-goin' ter need hit down below. Nobody don't use 'em down thar. I've got my pistol, an' I reckon thet will be enough."

"I'll take good keer of hit," she promised.

The boy took out of his pockets a box of cartridges and a small package tied in a greasy rag.

"Hit's loaded, Sally, an' hit's cleaned an' hit's greased. Hit's ready for use."

Again, she nodded in silent assent, and the boy began speaking in a slow, careful voice, which gradually mounted into tense emotion.

"Sally, thet thar gun was my pap's. When he lay a-dyin', he gave hit ter me, an' he gave me a job ter do with hit. When I was a little feller, I used ter set up 'most all day, polishin' thet gun an' gittin' hit ready. I used ter go out in the woods, an' practice shootin' hit at things, tell I larned how ter handle hit. I reckon thar hain't many fellers round here thet kin beat me now." He paused, and the girl hastened to corroborate.

"Thar hain't none, Samson."

"Thar hain't nothin' in the world, Sally, thet I prizes like I does thet gun. Hit's got a job ter do . . . . Thar hain't but one person in the world I'd trust hit with. Thet's you . . . . I want ye ter keep hit fer me, an' ter keep hit ready . . . . They thinks round hyar I'm quittin', but I hain't. I'm a-comin' back, an', when I comes, I'll need this hyar thing—an' I'll need hit bad." He took up the rifle, and ran his hand caressingly along its lock and barrel.

"I don't know when I'm a-comin'," he said, slowly, "but, when I calls fer this, I'm shore a-goin' ter need hit quick. I wants hit ter be ready fer me, day er night. Maybe, nobody won't know I'm hyar . . . . Maybe, I won't want no-

body ter know . . . But, when I whistles out thar like a whippoorwill, I wants ye ter slip out—an' fotch me thet gun!"

He stopped, and bent forward. His face was tense, and his eyes were glinting with purpose. His lips were tight set and fanatical.

"Samson," said the girl, reaching out and taking the weapon from his hands, "ef I'm alive when ye comes, I'll do hit. I promises ye. An'," she added, "ef I hain't alive, hit'll be standin' thar in thet corner. I'll grease hit, an' keep hit loaded, an' when ye calls, I'll fotch hit out thar to ye."

The youth nodded. "I mout come anytime, but likely as not I'll hev ter come a-fightin' when I comes."

Next, he produced an envelope.

"This here is a letter I've done writ ter myself," he explained. He drew out the sheet, and read:

"Samson, come back." Then he handed the missive to the girl. "Thet there is addressed ter me, in care of Mr. Lescott . . . Ef anything happens—ef Unc' Spicer needs me—I wants yer ter mail thet ter me quick. He says as how he won't never call me back, but, Sally, I wants thet you shall send fer me, ef they needs me. I hain't a-goin' ter write no letters home. Unc' Spicer can't read, an' you can't read much either. But I'll plumb shore be thinkin' about ye day an' night."

She gulped and nodded.

"Yes, Samson," was all she said.

The boy rose.

"I reckon I'd better be gettin' along," he announced.

The girl suddenly reached out both hands, and seized his coat. She held him tight, and rose, facing him. Her upturned face grew very pallid, and her eyes widened. They were dry, and her lips were tightly closed, but, through the tearless pupils, in the firelight, the boy could read her soul, and her soul was sobbing.

He drew her toward him, and held her very tight.

"Sally," he said, in a voice which threatened to choke, "I wants ye ter take keer of yeself. Ye hain't like these other gals round here. Ye hain't got big hands an' feet. Ye kain't stand es much es they kin. Don't stay out in the night air too much—an', Sally,—fer God's sake take keer of yeself!" He broke off, and picked up his hat.

"An' that gun, Sally," he repeated at the door, "that there's the most precious thing I've got. I loves hit better then anything—take keer of hit."

Again, she caught at his shoulders.

"Does ye love hit better'n ye do me, Samson?" she demanded.

He hesitated.

"I reckon ye knows how much I loves ye, Sally," he said, slowly, "but I've done made a promise, an' thet gun's a-goin' ter keep hit fer me."

They went together out to the stile, he still carrying his rifle, as though loath to let it go, and she crossed with him to the road.

As he untied his reins, she threw her arms about his neck, and for a long while they stood there under the clouds and stars, as he held her close. There was no eloquence of leave-taking, no professions of undying love, for these two hearts were inarticulate and dizzily clinging to a wilderness code of self-repression—and they had reached a point where speech would have swept them both away to a break-down.

But as they stood, their arms gripping each other, each heart pounding on the other's breast, it was with a pulsing that spoke in the torrent their lips dammed, and between the two even in this farewell embrace was the rifle which stood emblematical of the man's life and mission and heredity. Its cold metal lay in a line between their warm breasts, separating, yet uniting them, and they clung to each other across its rigid barrel, as a man and woman may cling with the child between them which belongs to both, and makes them one. As yet, she had shed no tears. Then, he mounted and was swallowed in the dark. It was not until the

thud of his mule's hoofs was lost in the distance that the girl climbed back to the top of the stile, and dropped down. Then, she lifted the gun and pressed it close to her bosom, and sat silently sobbing for a long while.

"He's done gone away," she moaned, "an' he won't never come back no more—but ef he does come"—she raised her eyes to the stars as though calling them to witness—"ef he does come, I'll shore be a-waitin'. Lord God, make him come back!"

CHAMP CLARK

[1850-1921]

FLOYD C. SHOEMAKER

CHAMP CLARK, one of Missouri's most eminent statesmen, was born near Lawrenceburg, Kentucky, March 7, 1850, and died at Washington, D. C., March 2, 1921. His parents were John Hampton and Aletha Jane (Beauchamp) Clark. He received his education in the common schools, Kentucky University, Bethany College, West Virginia, and the Cincinnati Law School. He was graduated at the latter institution at the head of his class. At the age of twenty-three he was, for a year, president of Marshall College in West Virginia, and at that time was said to have been the youngest college president in the United States. After being admitted to the bar in 1874, Clark went to Wichita, Kansas, but a few months later he accepted a position as school teacher at Louisiana, Missouri. He remained in Louisiana until 1880, after which time he made his home at Bowling Green. In 1881 he married Genevieve Bennett of Auxvasse, Missouri. He entered politics by serving a term as prosecuting attorney of Pike County. A short time later he was elected to the Missouri General Assembly and in 1893 went to Washington to serve his first term in Congress. He was re-elected at every succeeding biennial period except the Republican "landslide" of 1894. His total length of service in Congress was twenty-six years. He was speaker of the House of Representatives in the Sixty-second, Sixty-third, and Sixty-fifth Congresses. In the Democratic National Convention at Baltimore in 1912, Champ Clark led on twenty-seven ballots for the presidential nomination.

Champ Clark stands out in Missouri and western history as one of the ablest political speakers this region has produced, in being one of the most likable and sociable public men, in serving in Congress more than a quarter of a century, in being the second western speaker of the United States House of Representatives, and in being one of the strongest presidential candidates for the Democratic nomination in 1912. Missouri has thrice furnished the issue and the man in a great presidential campaign, but, curiously, she has been denied the honor of furnishing the presidential candidate for the Democratic party. In Missouri grew the germ of the Liberal Republican movement in the early '70's which resulted in the formation of the National Republican party in 1872. That movement had its first successes in Missouri, its founders being the great Missourians, Carl Schurz and B. Gratz Brown. However, when the National Lib-

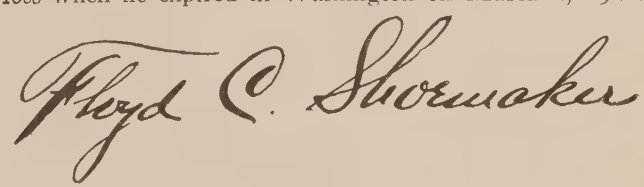
eral Republican party selected its standard bearer for presidential honors, it chose Horace Greely, of New York. Again, when Richard P. Bland, the great commoner in Missouri, labored in Congress for nearly a quarter of a century for the free coinage of silver and became known as the greatest silver apostle in the world, it seemed that certainly when the Democratic party had adopted a free silver plank in 1896, it would select Richard P. Bland as its presidential nominee. Instead, however, Missouri furnished the issue, but not the nominee. Finally, after years of congressional fighting against the rules governing the House of Representatives—a contest in which Champ Clark was among the leaders of the Democratic party in opposition—it seemed, since the House had become Democratic and Clark had been elected Speaker, that he would rise to the leadership of his party in the presidential election of 1912. In the fight over the rules and over the recent high tariff this Missourian had been a conspicuous leader. The Republican party was splitting and Democratic success was becoming apparent. The most popular Missourian of that date and one of the most popular public men in America at that time was Champ Clark. For twenty-seven ballots at the Baltimore convention he led all candidates, but again, although she had supplied the issue and the man, Missouri failed to attain the coveted prize.

The early life of Champ Clark was one of poverty, industry, ambition, and success. He came of good American ancestry; his mother having died when young Clark was only three years old, he was reared by his father and relatives. His father was a devout Christian and a staunch Democrat and his influence was stamped on the life of the great statesman. Young Clark loved books and wanted to get an education. He supported himself while at college, paying his own expenses and cooking his own meals. Then he taught school again to get ahead. He was a good student and was especially fond of history. In all the institutions which he attended he made a fine scholastic record. After having graduated in the Cincinnati Law School, he decided to settle in Kansas. But affairs turned out poorly, no law practice appeared, and his money disappeared. He turned from lawyer to laborer and worked on a Kansas farm. With his small financial accumulation he started for Missouri. Settling in Pike county, he became principal of a high school. He made a fine teacher, but the law again attracted him. While waiting for practice, he edited a newspaper. Soon, however, he became known as a good lawyer and a fine speaker. As prosecuting attorney of Pike county he made more than a countywide reputation. In the Missouri legislature he applied his ability to putting on the statute books the

Australian ballot law and the anti-trust law. His legislative record elected him to Congress four years later.

In Congress he continued his legislative activity, now in a wider field. As a speaker he was entertaining and instructive. As a man, he was liked by his political adherents and his political opponents. During the last quarter of a century there were few men in Congress who could equal Champ Clark in the widespread popularity enjoyed by him. He was also in demand over the nation as a speaker and lecturer. During the World War he devoted his energy to the cause of his country and his son Bennett Clark entered active service.

Champ Clark was also an interesting writer. Vigorous in personality, he was equally as forceful in his literary style. There is in his diction a suggestion of the older Southern orators, but it has less formality and more humanity. His speeches abound in concrete illustrations drawn from his rich and varied experience and from his familiarity with great books. He liked to choose examples from the field of general history and to use quotations from the English classics, of which he had been a diligent reader. His retentive memory enabled him both "to point a moral and adorn a tale" with many taking epigrams in verse and prose. He was remarkably well versed in history and biography, and it was in these that he loved to make expositions in his speaking and writing; but it was in the field of Missouri history and Missouri biography that he took special interest and pride. He loved Missouri and her people. Second only to Missouri was his love for his native state, Kentucky. In much of his public speaking and writing these two states and their sons stand out conspicuous. It is because of this love as well as because of his eminent public service that both state and nation deeply mourned their great loss when he expired in Washington on March 2, 1921.



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EULOGY ON FRANCIS PRESTON BLAIR.

(Delivered in the House of Representatives, February 4, 1899.)

Mr. Speaker, when Governor B. Gratz Brown, one of the most brilliant of all Missouri statesmen, on an historic occasion said, "Missouri is a grand State and deserves to be grandly governed," he uttered an immortal truth. He might have added with equal veracity, "she deserves to be grandly represented in the Congress of the United States," and she has been in the main, particularly in the Senate, where paucity of members and length of tenure more surely fix a man in the public eye than service in the House.

Of Missouri's twenty-one Senators there were fourteen Democrats, one Whig and six Republicans. Of one hundred and fifty-six years of Senatorial representation to which she has been entitled, two were not used, six fell to Whigs, twenty-two to Republicans, and one hundred and twenty-six to Democrats.

This roster of Missouri Senators is an array of names of which the nation, no less than the State, may well be proud. There are many great men—scarcely a small one—in the list.

Missouri is proud of her immeasurable physical resources, which will one day make her *facile princeps* among her sisters; but there is something else of which she is prouder still, and that is her splendid citizenship, consisting at this day of nearly four million industrious, intelligent, patriotic, progressive, law-abiding, God-fearing people.

When questioned as to her riches she could with propriety imitate the example and quote the words of Cornelia, the mother of the heroic Gracchi, and, pointing to her children, say, truthfully and pridefully, "These are my jewels."

In sending Thomas Hart Benton and the younger Francis Preston Blair to represent her forever in the great American Valhalla, where the effigies of a nation's immortal worthies do congregate, Missouri made a most happy, fitting selection from among a host of her distinguished sons. These two men complement each other to an extraordinary degree. Really their lives formed but one career—a great career—

a career of vast import to the State and to the nation. Both were Southerners by birth; both were soldiers of the Republic; both members of this House; both Senators of the United States; both added largely to American renown; both left spotless reputations as a heritage to their countrymen.

In this era of good feeling it may seem ungracious to talk much about the Civil War, and may appear like "sweet bells jangled out of tune"; but this is an historic occasion, Frank Blair is an historic personage, and the truth should be told about him. All his deeds with which history will concern itself are those which he performed in matters pertaining to that unhappy period—either before, during, or after. A speech about him and without mention of these things would be like the play of "Hamlet" with the Prince of Denmark left out.

Born in the lovely blue-grass region of Kentucky, reared in Washington City, in the excitement and swirl of national politics, spending his manhood's days in St. Louis, the great city of the Iron Crown, his opportunities for growth were of the best, and he developed according to the expectations of his most sanguine friends.

Within a radius of seventy-five miles of Lexington, Kentucky, where Frank Blair first looked forth upon this glorious world, more orators of renown were born or have exercised their lungs and tongues than upon any other plat of rural ground of the same size upon the habitable globe.

Whether the inspiring cause is the climate, the soil, the water, or the limestone, I do not know, but the fact remains.

Frank Blair was a soldier of two wars. He received his "baptism of fire" during our brief but glorious conflict with Mexico, being a lieutenant in that small, heroic band of Missourians, who, under Colonel Alexander W. Doniphan, made the astounding march to Santa Fé, which added an empire to the Union, and which threw into the shade that far-famed performance of Xenophon and his ten thousand which has been acclaimed by the historians of twenty centuries.

In the Civil War he began as a colonel, fought his way to a major-generalcy, and was pronounced by General Grant

to be one of the two best volunteer officers in the service, John A. Logan, "the Black Eagle" of Illinois, who married a Missouri wife, being the other. In Sherman's famous march to the sea Blair commanded a corps, and was considered the Marshall Ney of that army.

Early impressions are never effaced; and it may be—who knows?—that the fact that when a child he sat upon the knee of Andrew Jackson, received the kiss of hereditary friendship from his lips, and heard words of patriotism fall burning from his tongue, determined his course in the awful days of '61, for Jackson himself, could he have returned to earth in the prime of life, could not have acted a sterner or more heroic part than did his foster son.

The fact that Andrew Jackson, Thomas Hart Benton and the elder Francis Preston Blair were sworn friends most probably caused young Frank to settle in St. Louis, a performance, which though little noted at the time, in all human probability kept Missouri in the Union, and thereby defeated the efforts of the Southern people for independence; for had it not been for Blair's cool courage, clear head, unquailing spirit, indefatigable industry, commanding influence, and rare foresight, the Southern sympathizers in Missouri would have succeeded in taking her into the Confederacy.

When we consider the men who were against Blair it is astounding that he succeeded. To say nothing of scores, then unknown to fame, who were conspicuous soldiers in the Confederate army and who have since held high political position, arrayed against him were the Governor of the State, Claiborne F. Jackson; the Lieutenant-Governor, Thomas C. Reynolds; ex-United States Senator and ex-Vice-President David R. Atchison; United States Senators Trusten Polk and James S. Green, the latter of whom had no superior in intellect or as a debater upon this continent; Waldo P. Johnston, elected to succeed Green in March, 1861; and the well-beloved ex-Governor and ex-Brigadier-General in the Mexican War, Sterling Price, by long odds the most popular man in the State.

No man between the two oceans drew his sword with more reluctance, or used it with more valor, than "old Pap

Price." The statement is not too extravagant or fanciful for belief that had he been the sole and absolute commander of the Confederates who won the battle of Wilson's Creek, he would have rescued Missouri from the Unionists.

The thing that enabled Blair to succeed was his settled conviction from the first that there would be war—a war of coercion. While others were hoping against hope that war could be averted, or, at least, that Missouri could be kept out of it, even if it did come—while others were making constitutional arguments; while others were temporizing and dallying—he acted. Believing that the questions at issue could be settled only by the sword, and also believing in Napoleon's maxim, "God fights on the side of the heaviest battalions," he grimly made ready for the part which he intended to play in the bloody drama.

The old Latin dictum runs, *"Poeta nascitur, non fit."* The same is true of the leader of men—he is born, not made.

What constitutes the quality of leadership, Mr. Speaker? You do not know. I do not know. None of us knows. No man can tell.

Talent, genius, learning, courage, eloquence, greatness in many fields, we may define with something approximating exactness; but who can inform us as to the constitutent elements of leadership? We all recognize the leader the moment we behold him; but what entitles him to that distinction is, and perhaps must remain forever, one of the unsolved mysteries of psychology.

Talent, even genius, does not make a man a leader, for some men of the profoundest talents, others of the most dazzling genius, have been servile followers, and have debased their rich gifts from God to the flattery of despots. Most notable among these was Lord Bacon, the father of inductive philosophy, who possessed the most exquisite intellect ever housed in a human skull, and whose spirit was so abject and so groveling that he was not unjustly described in that blistering, scornful couplet by Alexander Pope:

"If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shin'd,
"The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind!"

Courage is not synonymous with the quality of leadership, though necessary to it, for some of the bravest soldiers that ever met death upon the battlefields and defied him to his face were amazingly lacking in that regard.

Learning does not render a man a leader, for some of the greatest scholars of whom history tells were wholly without influence over their fellow-men. Eloquence does not make a leader, for some of the world's greatest orators, among them Cicero, have been the veriest cravens; and no craven can lead men.

Indeed, learning, eloquence, courage, talents, and genius altogether do not make a leader.

But whatever the quality is, people recognize it instinctively and inevitably follow the man who possesses it.

Frank Blair was a natural leader.

Yet during his career there were finer scholars in Missouri than he, though he was an excellent scholar, a graduate of Princeton; there were more splendid orators, though he ranked with the most convincing and persuasive; there were profounder lawyers, though he stood high at the bar; there were better mixers, though he had cordial and winning manners; there were men, perhaps, of stronger mental force, though he was amply endowed with brains, so good a judge of human nature as Abraham Lincoln saying of him, "He has abundant talents"; there were men as brave, though he was of the bravest, but as a leader he overtopped them all.

Believing sincerely that human slavery was wrong *per se* and that it was of most evil to the States where it existed he fought it tooth and nail, not from sympathy for the negroes so much as from affection for the whites, and he created the Republican party in Missouri before the Civil War—a most hazardous performance in that day and latitude. At its close, when in his judgment his party associates had become the oppressors of the people and the enemies of liberty, he left them, and lifting in his mighty arms the Democracy, which lay bleeding and swooning in the dust, he breathed into its nostrils the breath of life, another performance of extraordinary hazard.

This man was of the stuff out of which martyrs are made, and he would have gone grimly, undauntedly, unflinchingly, and defiantly to the block, the scaffold, or the stake in defense of any cause which he considered just. Though he was imperious, tempestuous, dogmatic, and impetuous, though no danger could swerve him from the path of duty, though he gave tremendous blows to his antagonists and received many of the same kind, he had infinite compassion for the helpless and the weak, and to the end his heart remained as tender as a little child's.

When he came out of the army with his splendid military and civil record, it may be doubted whether there was an official position, however exalted, beyond his reach, if he had remained with the Republicans. I have always believed, and do now believe, that by severing his connection with them he probably threw away the vice-presidency—possibly the presidency itself—a position for which most statesmen pant even as the hart panteth for the waterbrook. During his long, stormy, and vicissitudinous career he always unhesitatingly did what he thought was right for right's sake, leaving the consequences to take care of themselves. That he was ambitious of political preferment there can be no question; but office had no charms for him, if it involved sacrifice of principle or compromise of conscience.

This great man, for great he was beyond even the shadow of a doubt, enjoyed the distinction unique among statesmen of being hated and loved in turn by all Missourians, of changing his political affiliations violently twice long after he had passed the formative and effervescent period of youth, and, while spending nearly all his life in the hurly-burly of politics, of dying at last mourned by every man and woman in the State whose good opinion was worth possessing. In that respect his career is without a parallel. Born a Democrat, he served in this House as a Republican, in the Senate as a Democrat, and died finally in the political faith of his fathers.

Change of political affiliations by a man of mature age is nearly always a painful performance—generally injurious to his fame; but Blair's two complete changes of base ap-

pear to have increased the respect in which men held him, and the secret of this anomaly is that in each instance he quit a triumphant and arrogant majority, with which he was prime favorite, to link his fortunes with a feeble and hopeless minority—proof conclusive of his rectitude of purpose; whereas, if he had abandoned a minority to join a majority, his honesty of motive might have well been impugned.

Benton's scorn of his opponents was so lofty and so galling, the excoriations he inflicted—aye, lavished—upon them bred such rancor in their hearts, the lash with which he scourged them left such festering wounds, that they never forgave him until they knew that he was dead—dead as Julius Caesar—dead beyond cavil. Then they put on sackcloth and ashes and gave him the most magnificent funeral ever seen west of the Mississippi.

Blair's was a happier fate than that of his illustrious prototype and exemplar. While from the day of his return from the Mexican War to the hour of his retirement from the Senate, he was in the forefront of every political battle in Missouri—and nowhere on earth were political wars waged with more ungovernable fury—such were his endearing qualities that the closing years of his life were as placid as a summer evening, and he died amid the lamentations of a mighty people. Republicans seemed to remember only the good he had done them, forgetting the injuries, while Democrats forgot the injuries that he had inflicted upon them and remembered only the invaluable service that he had rendered. Union veterans named a Grand Army post for him; Confederates proudly call their boys Frank Blair; and his fellow-citizens, without regard to creed or party, erected his statue of heroic size in Forest Park to perpetuate his fame to coming generations.

* * * * * *

Lately we have heard a vast deal of eloquence about a reunited country. Thirty-two years after Appomattox men are accounted orators, statesmen, and philanthropists, because they grandiloquently declare that at last the time has arrived to bury the animosities of the Civil War in a grave upon whose headstone shall be inscribed, "No resurrection."

I would not detract even in the estimation of a hair from the fame of these eleventh-hour pacificators. I humbly and fervently thank God that the country is reunited.

When I look into the faces of my little children, my heart swells with ineffable pride to think that they are citizens of this great Republic, one and indivisible, which is destined, not for a day but for all time, and which will be the crowning glory and dominating influence of all the centuries yet to be. But if we applaud these *ex post facto* peacemakers, and shed our tears of joy over their belated pathos, what shall be our meed of praise, the measure of our gratitude, the manifestation of our admiration, the expression of our love for Frank Blair, the magnificent Missourian, the splendid American, who with his military laurels fresh upon him, within a few days after Lee had surrendered, returned to his State, which had been ravaged by fire and sword, holding aloft the olive-branch, proclaiming to the world that there were no rebels any more, that his fellow-citizens who had fought for the South were entitled to equal respect and equal rights with other citizens, and that real peace must "tinkle on the shepherd's bells and sing among the reapers" of Missouri? He took the ragged and defeated Confederates by the hand and, in the words of Abraham to Lot, said, "We are brethren."

"The truly brave
When they behold the brave oppressed with odds,
Are touched with a desire to shield and save."

It seems to me that the very angels in heaven, looking down with approving eyes upon his magnificent conduct, must have sung, in full chorus, the song of nineteen hundred years ago, "On earth peace, good-will toward men."

King Solomon says: "To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven; a time to kill and a time to heal."

In the time for killing Frank Blair was one of the most persistent of fighters. When the time for healing came, he was one of the first to pour the balm of consolation into bruised hearts and to bind up the nation's wounds.

In the army he was one of the favorite lieutenants of Ulysses Simpson Grant, who, with knightly honor, resolutely and courageously kept his plighted faith to Lee, thereby preventing an aftermath of death at the very thought of which the world grows pale.

In the fierce and all-pervading light of history, which beats not upon thrones alone, but upon all high places as well, Blair will stand side by side with the invincible soldier who said "Let us have peace"—the noblest words that ever fell from martial lips.

MISSOURIANS AND THE NATION DURING THE LAST CENTURY.

From *The Missouri Historical Review*, April, 1921.

"MISSOURI'S GRAND OLD MAN."

I KNOW that many folks sneer at the idea of luck. All such should consider the remarkable case of Gen. Francis Cockrell of Missouri—who, after many years of unbroken success, became a "Lame Duck"—and be disillusioned.

Luck! In 1874 he wanted to be Governor of Missouri, and came very near having his heart's desire gratified in that regard. He lacked only one-sixth of one vote in a state convention of securing the nomination, which was equivalent to an election. Perhaps that is the closest shave on record for a great office.

At any rate Cockrell wanted to be Governor and was balked in his ambition by only a fraction of a vote; but a miss is as good as a mile, so we are informed by some ancient proverb-maker. He ought to have thanked God every night the remnant of his days for that lucky escape. Had he succeeded, he would, in all probability, have had before him two years in the Governor's office, and after that—a country lawyer at Warrensburg the rest of his life. His defeat was a blessing in disguise, and laid the foundations of his fortunes. It is passing strange what small and seemingly trivial things determine the destinies of men and even of nations.

By accident of being the last man to embark on a steamboat after the affair at Belmont, General Grant was started on the road to Appomattox and the White House. By flaying Sir Robert Peel on the night when he announced his free trade policy in the House of Commons, Benjamin Disraeli took the first step in that marvelous career which dazzled the world and which ended in the Premiership, and earldom, and the Garter. Because his uncontrollable horse ran away and carried him straight into the enemy's retreating lines in some obscure battle in South Asia, enabling him to capture the commanding general, Arthur Wellesley subsequently added Waterloo to the long line of English victories, became the Iron Duke, and sleeps among the storied great in St. Paul's. By reason of the fact that his pistol failed to fire—on the occasion when he attempted suicide—young Robert Clive concluded that God intended him for great things and he lived to create the British Empire in India, to become a peer of the realm, and to write his name in characters of blood high upon the roll of English-speaking captains.

But to return to General Cockrell. During the campaign for the nomination he repeatedly declared that if Hardin, Colman, or anybody else defeated him, no voice would be lifted louder and no hat would be thrown higher than his would be thrown, for his successful competitor.

At that time they had the villainous custom of having all of the candidates for Governor—the vanquished as well as the victor—address the convention. It ought to have been forbidden under the statute against cruelty to animals. It was finally abolished, as the result of the primary elections.

So when Charles H. Hardin was nominated, and Cockrell was called on for a speech, he good-naturedly referred to his promise and then and there, as the indictments say, threw his big slouch hat to the lofty ceiling of the convention hall and gave a lusty yell which startled the catfish in the Missouri River. That performance made him Senator for thirty years, and no state ever had a better one. He was engulfed in the Roosevelt flood of 1904.

Cockrell never forgot either the name or the face of any person to whom he had been introduced. This faculty is simply invaluable to a public man and was of incalculable benefit to the distinguished Missouri Senator.

Luck! Go to! Suppose General Cockrell had defeated Hardin? The chances are a thousand to one that he never would have had the opportunity to prevent innumerable raids upon the Federal Treasury, thereby saving untold millions to the people. He should have hunted up the delegate who cast that fractional vote against him and dressed him in purple and fine linen as long as he lived. Some people say that Stonewall Jackson was the one Puritan soldier of our Civil War. They speak without knowledge. Stonewall was a Puritan indeed, worthy to have charged with might Oliver at Naseby, Worcester, Marston Moor, and Dunbar, shouting, "God with us!" but so was Francis Marion Cockrell. He fought and prayed and prayed and fought, and it remains to this day a mooted question whether he fought more than he prayed or prayed more than he fought. If Jackson was the superintendent of a Sunday-school at Lexington, Virginia, Cockrell was engaged in the same way at Warrensburg, Missouri. He started in as a private in April, 1861; he surrendered as a brigadier during the very last days of the war. He was a volunteer without military training and that fact, *ex necessitate,* deprived him of any particular favor in the Confederate War Department, where the delusion prevailed that no man could be a great soldier unless he had graduated from West Point, which delusion seems to have prevailed also in the Federal war office. Nevertheless, events appear to indicate that even with this handicap, had the war lasted four years longer, General Cockrell would have risen to the highest command.

He fought! That made his soldiers love him and that is one thing which made the people of Missouri love him. He was just about as popular with the ex-Union soldiers among his constituents as with those who followed the stars and bars.

Gen. Cockrell, being a volunteer, evolved some original theories on war which are calculated to stun the typical martinets. For instance, after the first battle in which he fought, green as he was in things martial, he would never permit an army engineer to select his line of battle for him. He said that as the duty of defending the line devolved on him, he knew better than any engineer what was a defensible line and what was not. This may have seemed presumptuous in a raw recruit, but his military history furnished his justification.

Another thing that he stuck to to his dying day, and which will give the souls of the professionals a rude shock, is that the most effective weapon with which infantry can be armed is a double-barreled shotgun. He claimed that it will discount all the new-fangled rifles ever made. His logic runs as follows, and to a civilian appears absolutely convincing: "One wounded man on the battle-field is ever so much more trouble than so many dead men. The double-barreled shotgun is unequaled as a producer of wounded men; therefore it is the best thing to arm troops with." As a clincher, he stated that in a certain battle in which he was engaged when he was a colonel two companies of his regiment were armed with double-barreled shotguns, the other eight with Enfield rifles, and that when the fighting was over, there were more dead and wounded men in front of the two companies with shotguns than in front of the eight armed with rifles. If seeing is believing, then any rational being not under "the tyranny of preconceived opinions" ought to be convinced by General Cockrell's reasoning.

I have several times told Gen. Cockrell's theory as to the value of shotguns. People thought it was the vagary of an old fogy. This was invariably the view of Regular Army Officers. To all doubters, I cheerfully commend the following excerpts which vindicate Cockrell's theory, taken from a long article by Edward C. Crossman, a high authority, in *The Scientific American* of February 2, 1918:

It is the intention of the Aviation Section of the Signal Corps to give the candidates for flying as much practice as possible with shotgun, rifle, and machine gun.

At short range—which means at one hundred yards or less—the shotgun with buckshot or the largest sized pellets just under this designation is a more potent weapon than the machine gun. Lacking range and penetration and accuracy because of the spread of its pellets, at any serious range, the shotgun, preferably the automatic shotgun, covers more territory at fifty yards or seventy-five yards than any machine gun, and each discharge throws a cloud of round bullets instead of the highly concentrated, narrow stream of the machine gun. Contrary to common impression, the machine gun is not an all-pervading sort of a weapon. I stood behind one firing at two man-figure targets at one hundred and fifty yards. The gun fired two clips of sixty shots for the total, without touching either figure and the figures were handily situated on a hillside, which marked by the dust puff each shot.

At shorter range the tendency to miss clean with the machine gun is still more marked. Here one bullet fairly follows on the heels of the other, the huge dispersion of the machine gun at longer range, caused by the vibration of the weapon is merely the infantry rifle; if the first shot of the burst misses, the next score will also likely miss, until the alignment of the gun be changed by its recoil or by the movement of the plane.

It is this buckshot that will be the logical load for the shotguns of the American aviators. It is not a new man-killing arrangement. For years the sawed-off shotgun has been the favorite weapon of the American really out gunning for the other fellow or expecting the other fellows to come a-gunning for him. The sawed-off part of the contract is merely to get rid of the chocked portion of the barrel at the muzzle, and so let it handle buckshot better, and to make the gun shorter and easier to swing. At revolver ranges, no more fearful weapon was ever put into the hands of man. It is far more accurate than the revolver, while its dozen or so round bullets make hitting nearly sure with any sort of pointing.

Sentries of our army have been for years armed with riot guns for certain guard duty—a riot gun being merely a repeating or automatic shotgun shooting buckshot. Express messengers and guards of other sorts of treasure, pin their faith to the short shotgun, which is on the brackets, and close to hand.

For months, gentlemen interested in gunnery have argued the desirability of the use of the automatic shotgun for breaking up charges, because of the greater number of missiles thrown and the rapidity of fire; and reports are that these guns were used, experimentally, at least, in some of the trenches.

From the Allied standpoint, however, the gun was not of much use, because the Allies were on the offensive, and this called for rifle and bayonet.

It will be remembered that Gen. Pershing had twenty thousand sawed-off shotguns sent to him, and that the Germans solemnly and vehemently protested against their use as being inhuman and contrary to the rules of civilized warfare. I wish Gen. Cockrell could have lived to see his condemned theory thus vindicated.

When Gen. Cockrell came out of the army he evidently had an idea that he might some day be a candidate for office. So he had a copy made of the roster of his brigade and carried it around with him when he was campaigning. When he and Vest, Hardin and Colman were running for Governor in 1874, toward the end of the race Vest went home and somebody asked him how he was getting along. "Oh, hell!" replied the eloquent but irascible Vest, "I am doing no good. It seems to me that half the Confederate Army must have served in Cockrell's brigade."

When the war closed Vest returned to Missouri from the Confederate Senate, and Cockrell from the Confederate Army, locating in two great, rich, adjoining counties. Vest went into partnership with John F. Philips, a Union colonel, while Gen. Cockrell formed a partnership with Thomas T. Crittenden, another Union colonel. For forty years those two political law firms whipsawed and dominated the politics of the State. Missouri was full of Union and Confederate soldiers. When a rich political plum was about ripe Vest or Cockrell would gobble it if the time seemed propitious for a Confederate. When the Union element demanded an inning the prize went to Philips or Crittenden. Thus Cockrell was United States Senator for three decades, Interstate and Foreign Commerce Commissioner for six

years, as well as civilian member of the Board of Ordnance; and Vest was Senator for twenty-four years. Philips went to Congress, became state supreme judge and United States district judge, while Crittenden was Attorney General and Governor of Missouri, Consul-General to Mexico, and Register in Bankruptcy. Cockrell and Vest served in the Senate side by side for twenty-four years. No state ever had a better senatorial team. Both were great Senators, very unlike. Vest was one of the crack orators of his generation, while Cockrell was one of the most indefatigable workers that ever lived. The lordly Roscoe Conkling once stated in the Senate that he was willing to accept as correct any conclusion of Senator Cockrell on any subject which he had investigated.

I asked one of Cockrell's men the secret of his success and growth as a soldier. His reply was that when not drilling his men or on the march or in battle, while other officers were fussing and fuming and squabbling about rank and grades, Cockrell spent his time flat on his belly in his tent studying Hardee's Tactics.

Cockrell did not set up as a humorist, and yet he said one thing over which his soldiers made merry as long as the war lasted, and recall it with glee even yet when in reminiscent mood. At the siege of Vicksburg the Union engineers ran a mine under a portion of the Confederate breastworks manned by Cockrell's brigade. When it was exploded it killed and crippled many of his men, but did no damage to the Second Missouri—"Cockrell's Own." So he leaped on a parapet, and in trumpet tones which could be heard above the shrieks of the wounded and the roar of the guns he shouted: "Come on, old Second Missouri! You have died once and can die again!" It did come on with its usual gallantry, and drove back the Federals, who were pouring through the gap the explosion of the mine had made in the Confederate breastworks.

Ever after, when things were not going well, his men cheered themselves up and made the piny woods ring by bellowing: "Come on, old Second Missouri! You have died once and can die again."

Both Vest and Cockrell were effective stump speakers. Vest was witty, humorous, sarcastic, eloquent and lathered the Republicans up with vitriol so as to infuriate them almost to apoplexy. He aroused intense enthusiasm among Democrats and was of great service to his party in Democratic strongholds. Cockrell confined himself to historic facts and made a specialty of arithmetic. As nobody can take offense at excerpts from the multiplication table or to examples in addition and subtraction, he was a first-class speaker to send into close or Republican counties. He was what I once denominated him, "Missouri's great Arithmetical Orator," and he was for years proudly acclaimed "Missouri's Grand Old Man," which he undoubtedly was.

So far as I ever heard, Cockrell was the only man ever defeated by the fraction of one vote for the nomination for a high office, but many important events have hinged on one vote. The way the fractional vote happened in Cockrell's contest was this: In a Democratic state convention in Missouri—before the primary election supplanted the convention—each county had one delegate for each five hundred Democratic votes or a major fraction thereof. In that early day some of the sparsely populated counties had only one delegate. Sometimes a county with only one vote would send two delegates entitled to one-half a vote each. Another would send three with one-third of a vote each. Strange to relate, the counties with only one vote were prone to split far more than the counties with several votes. So when a county with one vote and two delegates got their work in the common denominator was six, resulting in a fraction of one-sixth. The result of one vote properly planted is sometimes far-reaching and amazing. In his first election to the United States Senate, as heretofore related, Col. Thomas Hart Benton triumphed by only one majority.

Thomas Jefferson was elected President over Aaron Burr by one majority in the House of Representatives, each state having one vote.

Andrew Jackson was elected Major-General of the Tennessee Militia over Gen. John Sevier—an event which gave

him his golden opportunity before New Orleans, and which changed the history of the Republic for a generation, perhaps forever.

Edward Everett, after four elections as Governor of Massachusetts—a gubernatorial term in the Old Bay State was one year—was defeated for a fifth term by Marcus Morton, Democrat, by one majority, which not only ended him as Governor, but eliminated him as a Whig presidential possibility.

Andrew Johnson escaped conviction in his impeachment trial by only one vote.

Louis the Sixteenth was sent to the guillotine by only one majority in the French National Assembly.

Gen. Rutherford B. Hayes was declared President by the eight to seven commission by one majority in the Commission, which declared that he had one majority in the Electoral College.

The Act of Settlement by which the Hanoverians secured the Crown and mounted the throne of Great Britain and Ireland—one of the most complicated acts upon the statute books—passed the House of Commons by one majority, ninety-six to ninety-five.

The present French Republic was established by one majority in the Assembly.

The resolution declaring war against Great Britain in 1812 passed the Senate by one majority.

The celebrated Walker Tariff bill got through the Senate by one majority, the Vice-President, George M. Dallas, casting the decisive vote.

At the famous and memorable Council of Nice some books of the Bible were declared canonical by one majority, and others shunted into the Apocrypha by one majority.

I could cite other instances of what one vote will accomplish, but these must suffice. They may well set people to studying as to how slender is the thread on which stupendous events hang—sometimes.

"THE BALD EAGLE OF THE OZARKS."

From *The Missouri Historical Review*, April, 1921.

MISSOURI has always held a high position in the House. For example, when I first entered Congress the four strongest average delegations were from Missouri, Maine, Iowa, and Texas—Missouri holding five big Chairmanships, also with members on Ways and Means and Appropriations. While Missouri has sent many strong men to the House, Richard Parks Bland is the most famous. He built up an international reputation by persistently advocating the coinage of the silver dollar. He is known the wide world over as "Silver Dick" Bland.

What manner of man was Richard Parks Bland who cut such a wide swath in public life? He was no unknown knight riding into the presidential lists. Having held no position higher than a Representative in Congress, he was and forever will be a great historical character, a popular hero. The annals of the Republic cannot be truthfully and adequately written without honorable and elaborate mention of the great Missourian. Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war, and Bland's twenty-five years' fight for bimetallism has had more effect, for weal or woe, on human affairs than half a dozen such performances as the Mexican War, which made two Presidents, Taylor and Pierce, and one other presidential candidate, Winfield Scott.

But it is said that Bland was a man of only one idea. That's not true. It is a fact, however, that the fabric of his fame rests almost entirely on his advocacy of bimetallism, but he was thoroughly grounded in every article of the Democratic creed.

Bland was a modest man. He was very much disposed to hide his light under a bushel. He did right because he loved the right, and left the consequences to take care of themselves. I don't believe he ever seriously thought of being President till the people pressed the candidacy on him. In 1894, when I nominated him for President, in every speech I made I think he regarded me as a sort of unruly boy who loved him with more zeal than discretion.

He pulled no wires and was artless as a child.

He came near being the hero of the McKinley bill debate. Not one person in a hundred thousand knows that but it is the plain, unvarnished truth, nevertheless. It happened this way. Somehow on the last day of the debate Bland secured recognition, and astonished the tariff barons, their adherents in Congress, and everybody else by offering an amendment in these words: "Whenever American farm products are exchanged for foreign articles, these shall come in free, or wherever American farm products are sold and the proceeds invested in foreign articles, these shall come in free." By so doing "the Bald Eagle of the Ozarks" carried consternation into the ranks of the high protectionists. There was hurrying to and fro just then, sure as a gun's made of iron. Bland's plan was reciprocity which reciprocates. It made the cold chills run up and down the spinal columns of all the Republican members. It made the cold sweat ooze out on Major McKinley's Napoleonic brow. Debate was to close, and voting to begin at 3 p. m., but such was the shock and fear that Mr. Chairman McKinley had the time extended three hours, and, after all, they beat Bland's proposition only three votes.

Still, though Bland on that occasion came near snatching victory from the jaws of defeat in that tariff fight, he was called a man of one idea.

Anyone looking at Mr. Bland's serious face and observing his sedate bearing would never have dreamed that there was a day when he could trip the light fantastic toe with the best of them; but Col. Jeff Seay, who of late years has been both judge of the Supreme Court and Governor of Oklahoma, could a tale unfold on that subject which would make the natives stare if he would dive down into his memories of half a century ago. In 1870 he was pitted against "Silver Dick" for Congress in the first race Bland ever made for Congress. Colonel-Judge-Governor Jeff is as crafty as Talleyrand, and shortly before the election he privately confided to his friends that he had "Dick dead to rights, as all the Bohemian vote had been captured." But Colonel Seay was just then counting his chickens before they were hatch-

ed. Indeed, they never were hatched. Somehow Mr. Bland heard that the Bohemians were going to have a picnic in some place far from the railroad and telegraph on the Saturday before the election. So he hied himself thither, made them a speech before noon, participated in their basket dinner, and when

"Music arose with its voluptuous swell
And eyes looked love to eyes which spake again"

the young statesman, then in the flower of his years and still a bachelor, danced with all the pretty girls in a way that won all hearts; and what was a good deal more to the purpose, won all the votes for miles around. That dance of victory sent Bland to Congress to enter upon that long career which filled the world with his acclaim and left Col. Andrew Jefferson Seay at home with a bad case of mulligrubs.

IRVIN S. COBB

[1876—]

JOHN WILSON TOWNSEND

IRVIN S. COBB, born at Paducah, Kentucky, June 23, 1876, is the creator of twenty-four books, of which ten contain humor comparable to Mark Twain's; seven are made up of stories, including, besides four horror tales that have caused critics of this country and England to link his name with that of Edgar Allan Poe, twenty-nine yarns of his greatest character creation, Judge Priest; three volumes on the World War; two short novels and an extravaganza; and a powerful philippic hurled at the pro-German exhibitions of an American politician (Mallard, Cobb called him, which was mild compared to what a nation named him).

One man's guess of future facts is as good as another's, perhaps, but if he lives (and of late he has been plainly stretching the days of his pilgrimage here below by practising his own system of putting his poundage from 236 to 197—see the last page but one of his volume, entitled 'One-Third Off') by the time he is three score years, if he retains his present form, he will be so far in advance of his contemporaries that critics will cease carping of "influences" in his work of Mark Twain, Bret Harte, Poe, Thackeray, Guy de Maupassant, or any other writer; he will then be a criterion for the writings of others in the realms of humor, the short story (horror and local color), and in that intriguing type of reporting known as "looking in the heart."

"Three American humorists whom I had the good fortune to meet and be with for some time were Irvin Cobb, Don Marquis, and Oliver Herford, each authentic and each so different," wrote E. V. Lucas, celebrated English essayist, in his 'From an American Notebook.' "Beneath Mr. Cobb's fun is a mass of ripe experience and sagacity," he continues. "However playful he may be on the surface, one is aware of an almost Johnsonian universality beneath. It would not be extravagant to call his humor the bloom on the fruit of the tree of knowledge."

Cobb's ancestors settled in West Kentucky more than a hundred years ago. None of them was a writer and it is not clear from what particular source he inherited his great *flair* for writing. That he did inherit it is quite enough. The men among his ancestors mainly were men of business; the women, homelovers and homemakers, mothers.

Cobb received his preliminary education at the Second District Public School of Paducah, followed by a year and a half at Cade's Academy, but a crisis in his father's financial affairs prevented him from going to college. Before he was seventeen years of age he was a reporter on the Paducah *Evening News*. Three years later he was made managing editor of the same paper, becoming widely known in Western Kentucky as the "boy editor." His earliest ambition was to be an illustrator or caricaturist, and by the time he was fifteen, he was contributing drawings to *The News* and to *Texas Siftings*, a humorous weekly of New York. He was too busy writing by the time he was twenty-one years of age to draw and with disuse the knack has almost left him.

When President McKinley declared war against Spain in the spring of 1898, Cobb was a reporter on *The Cincinnati Post*, but he held that position only a month, when he was discharged. Later in the same year he found employment on *The Louisville Evening Post*, and he remained on that paper three years, during which time he conducted a humorous column called "Sour Mash," and did all kinds of reporting, from the assassination of William Goebel to small fires and police court trials. In June, 1900, he married Miss Laura Spencer Baker of Savannah, Georgia, and they called several Kentucky towns "home" until the following year, when Cobb returned to Paducah to take charge of the reorganized *News-Democrat*. There he remained until 1904, when he burned all bridges behind him and went to New York to win fame and fortune in the field of letters.

After several heart-breaking experiences in New York, Cobb caught on with *The Evening Sun*, where he won his spurs soon as a "leg" and "re-write-man." The Russian-Japanese Peace Conference at Portsmouth, N. H., in August-September, 1905, gave him his first big chance at writing and his articles were so well done that *The Sun* syndicated them all over America. They were called "Making Peace at Portsmouth," and had more to do with the rise and fall of Russian beards and Japanese politeness than they did with the facts of the peace conference.

When Cobb returned to New York from Portsmouth, he was so well known that he could have taken his choice of jobs on any of the city's papers. He selected *The Evening and Sunday World* where he remained for the following half-dozen years, or until 1911, when he joined the contributing staff of *The Saturday Evening Post*, which connection he has retained until the present time.

For *The World* Cobb did some remarkable work. His Sunday humorous series, to name a few of them, were called "New York

Through Funny Glasses," "Live Talks With Dead Ones," "The Diary of Noah," and many others. His two "stories" of the New York Horse Show seem destined to be remembered as the most noteworthy work he did on *The World*.

Cobb's first fiction story, "Fishhead," was written in Louisville in 1900 and thirteen years later was re-written and published in *The Cavalier* for January 11, 1913. It was the first of his four horror stories. His second story, "The Undoing of Stonewall Jackson Bugg," written in 1905, was, in a somewhat revised form, published a decade later in *McClure's Magazine*. These are the only two of more than a hundred short stories that he has had any difficulty in selling. And, strangely enough, they are now regarded by many of his critics and admirers, as two of the best things he has ever done.

Cobb's first short story to be published in *The Saturday Evening Post* was "The Escape of Mr. Trimm," based on the financial and court scenes in the hectic career of a certain New York banker. Cobb reported this man's trial for *The Evening World* and he used the material he secured there in his story, adding the necessary artistry to create a notable narrative. The train wreck and after events were, of course, figments of the writer's imagination. This story was printed in *The Post* in 1909. It was followed twelve months later by the only Kentucky mountain story Cobb has so far written, "The Exit of Anse Dugmore." The years of 1911-1912 saw the beginning of his exquisite literary art in the pages of *The Saturday Evening Post,* he having quit *The World* in the fall of 1911 to devote himself to magazine work. There were many humorous articles, the first of the narratives of Judge Priest and his people, the two most famous of his horror stories, "The Belled Buzzard" and "An Occurrence Up a Side Street," and the unsigned series of nine papers, mostly humorous, called "On Main Street." The first of the Judge Priest tales was "Words and Music," and it remains to this day one of the finest short stories yet written in America. Judge William Pitman Priest of the printed page was none other than Judge William Sutton Bishop of the First Judicial District of Western Kentucky. Cobb, displeased with the attempts of the northern playwrights and novelists to create a real type of Kentuckian, one recognized by citizens of the Commonwealth, presented Judge Priest. The stories were eagerly devoured by all lovers of local color, actual types, literature. The men and women of its pages were the men and women of his youth. In 1912 the George H. Doran Company, New York, publishers of all of Cobb's books, brought out ten of the Judge Priest stories under the title of 'Back Home.' The book was published in London at the

same time, and since then practically all of his books have been published in England and on the Continent.

A few weeks after the publication of 'Back Home,' 'Cobb's Anatomy,' the first of his books of humor, was issued by Doran. It contained four articles that had originally appeared in *The Saturday Evening Post,* including "Tummies," generally regarded as one of his most authentic contributions to American humor.

The year of 1913 witnessed the publication of two more books, 'The Escape of Mr. Trimm,' which included a trio of his horror stories, a stray Judge Priest yarn and two tales of newspaper life. A second book of humor also accompanied the volume of short stories, called 'Cobb's Bill-of-Fare,' and, like its predecessor, made up of four humorous articles that had appeared in *The Saturday Evening Post.*

In this same year, one of the most prolific in Cobb's career so far, he wrote four serials for *The Post:* 'Breaking Into New York,' his newspaper autobiography which appeared anonymously; 'The Island of Adventure'; 'Roughing It De Luxe'; and 'Shakspere's Seven Ages and Mine.' Of these four serials, 'Roughing It De Luxe,' dealing with his experiences in the Grand Canyon of the Arizona and on the Pacific Coast, is the only one that has been published in book form. It contained some wonderful bits of descriptive prose and was published in 1914 as his fifth book.

In 1913 Cobb went to Europe for the first time. What he saw there was published in eleven installments in *The Post* entitled 'An American Vandal.' It was the most amazing record of an American traveler in Europe since Mark Twain's 'Innocents Abroad.' Doran issued it in 1914, just before the World War began, under the title of 'Europe Revised.' Cobb spent the summer of 1914 in Canada, but was ordered home by *The Saturday Evening Post* in August and sent to Belgium and France to "cover" the war, then just starting. He was over there about three months, during which time he had the honor of being temporarily detained by the officers of the Kaiser, and of writing such entertaining accounts of his experiences for *The Post* that, in answer to an insistent demand, his publishers hurried the preparation of the stories into book form, which was called, in America, 'Paths of Glory'; in Europe, 'The Red Glutton.' It revealed Cobb in a new role, that of war correspondent, but apparently being one of the most adaptable newspaper men alive, he covered the war and himself with glory.

On his return to the United States he lectured for four months on "What I Saw at the Front." In the middle of April he was tendered the biggest banquet ever given an American writing man in

New York. A few days later he was stricken with a serious illness and ordered to the hospital for an operation. He recovered in time to see the première of his play, done in collaboration with Bayard Veiller, fashioned from the Judge Priest stories, mostly from "Words and Music," and called 'Back Home' (Cobb had written five or six plays before 'Back Home' was staged.) From his hospital experiences he wrote first for *The Saturday Evening Post* and then in book form, 'Speaking of Operations'—now widely regarded as the "funniest book in the world." The contents were, as he said, "mostly mine own." He therefore was on familiar ground and added another human document to his already long list. This little book of sixty-four pages has, like many of his others, been translated into most modern languages and also into Braille. In book form it has sold enormously.

His next collection of the Judge Priest stories was entitled 'Old Judge Priest' (1916). In the same year appeared 'Fibble, D. D.' and a novelette, 'Local Color,' the very ripe fruit of his genius as a worker in the field indicated by the title. Some of the best tales in 'Local Color' were "The Smart Aleck," which Alexander Jessup wished to print in his 'Best American Humourous Short Stories'; "Blacker Than Sin," "The Great Auk," which Edward J. O'Brien regarded as one of the best short stories of 1916; and several others. Cobb's most ambitious play, done in collaboration with Roi Cooper Megrue, entitled 'Under Sentence,' also appeared on the New York stage in the autumn of 1916.

The next year, after the United States went to war with Germany, Cobb wrote a little book, picked up from *The Post,* of course (nearly all of his books are composed of stuff first appearing in the Philadelphia weekly), 'Speaking of Prussians.' It was followed a few weeks later by another collection of short stories, 'Those Times and These,' ten tales, half of which were of Judge Priest, representative of "those times," and the other half dealing with "these." "Hark! From the Tombs," a narrative of the lodge life of Judge Priest's black body-valet, Jeff Poindexter, a character second only in interest to the lovable old judge himself, is the best yarn in the book and one of the finest Cobb has done. Besides this story, it contained other fine examples of the Kentuckian's art: "A Kiss for Kindness," "Mr. Felsburg Gets Even," and "The Family Tree," the first of two allegories he has written. "Twixt the Bluff and the Sound," a satire of life as it is lived on Manhattan Island, was a seven-parts serial in *The Post* in the summer of 1917. It has not yet been published in book form.

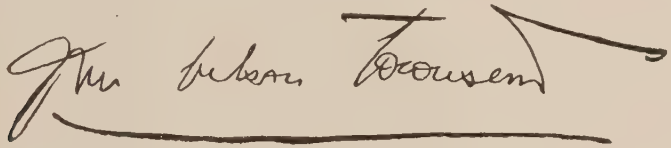
Before Cobb went to France in the spring of 1918 to "cover" America's part in the war, he published his philippic of Congressman Mallard in *The Post,* "The Thunders of Silence." Doran made the unique little broadside into a book. From France Cobb sent home many articles, which were gathered together at the very end of the year in a fat volume, 'The Glory of the Coming.' 1919 saw the publication of two little books, 'Eating in Two or Three Languages,' in which he advised Herbert Hoover to "stand well back to avoid being splashed, Herb," when he, Cobb, returned to New York from the war zone and ordered his first meal of American victuals; 'The Life of the Party,' an extravaganza of life in Greenwich Village, like several other Cobb narratives, has been adapted to the moving picture screen with success.

"Boys Will Be Boys," in which a new character was created to accompany Judge Priest on his "rambles," "Peep O' Day," he of the belated boyhood, came out in *The Post* in October, 1917, but achieved its greatest success on the stage in New York two years later. It was reprinted in Cobb's more recent collection of short stories, 'From Place to Place' (1920), along with "The Gallowsmith," his fourth horror story, "Quality Folks" and other representative examples of his ever-increasing art as a teller of tales. His magazine debate with Mrs. Mary Roberts Rinehart, "Oh, Well, You Know How Women Are!" was also published, with her reply, "Isn't That Just Like a Man!" in a little book in 1920. 'The Abandoned Farmers,' in which his homeseeking adventures, beginning at Yonkers, his first real home in New York, and done in his characteristic humorous style, was followed by two smaller books, 'A Plea for Cap Collier,' a defense of the dime-novel, and 'One-Third Off,' his efforts at reducing his poundage, with fine glimpses of his ability as a writer and eater of food. 'Sundry Accounts,' a book of short stories, and 'J. Poindexter, Colored,' his nearest approach to a full-length novel (65,000 words), will be published by Doran in 1922.

Cobb lives on the outskirts of Ossining, New York, where he converted a small farm, once abandoned, into a country home, which he calls "Rebel Ridge." He is fond of hunting, fishing, camping, baseball, Democratic National conventions, and favorable book reviews; proud of the dozen or more literary and political organizations with which he is affiliated, his colonelcy in the Southern Confederate Veterans Association—he is the Confederacy's biggest voice in current literature—and of his position on the staff of the Governor of Kentucky; his honorary degree, LL.D., from Dartmouth and the University of Georgia—with a backward glance at his ap-

petite for food and (soft music, lights low, please! as this is in the past tense strictly) mint juleps. He smokes, perhaps, too many black cigars and "cusses" right out in meetin' when the occasion demands it. All of which is set down merely to reveal a big-hearted, many-sided man, a national institution, creating literature for the human you, the human me.

As a humorist he has been more often compared with Mark Twain than with any other man; as a short-story writer with Bret Harte, Jack London, and O. Henry in the local color field, and with Poe as a writer of horror tales. There may be touches in his work that remind one of those writers, but he makes me think oftener of Joseph Conrad than of any other author save himself, of whom he has created a lasting picture in his many books.



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JUDGE PRIEST'S JEFF AT THE COUNTY TROT.

From 'Back Home.' Copyright, 1912, George H. Doran Co., and used here by permission of the author and the publishers.

JUDGE PRIEST'S JEFF was a small, jet-black person, swift in his gait and wise in his generation. He kept the wool cropped close and made the part in it with a razor. By some subtle art of his own he could fall heir to somebody else's old clothes and, wearing them, make them look newer and better than when they were new. Overcome by the specious wiles of Jeff some white gentleman of his acquaintance would bestow upon him a garment that seemed shabby to the point of open shame and a public scandal. Jeff would retire for a season with a pressing iron and a bottle of cleansing fluid, and presently that garment would come forth, having undergone a glorious resurrection. Seeing it, then, the former proprietor would repent his generosity and wonder what ever possessed him to part with apparel so splendid.

For this special and gala occasion Jeff wore a blue-serge coat that had been given to him in consideration of certain acts of office-tending by Attorney Clay Saunders. Attorney Clay Saunders weighed two hundred and fifty pounds if he weighed an ounce, and Jeff would never see one hundred and twenty-five; but the blue-serge was draped upon Jeff's frame with just the fashionable looseness. The sleeves, though a trifle long, hung most beautifully. Jeff's

trousers were of a light and pearly gray, and had been the property originally of Mr. Otterbuck, cashier at the bank, who was built long and rangy; whereas Jeff was distinctly short and ducklike. Yet these same trousers, pressed now until you could have peeled peaches with their creases and turned up at the bottoms to a rakish and sporty length, looked as if they might have been specially coopered to Jeff's legs by a skilled tailor.

This was Judge Priest's Jeff, whose feet would fit anybody's shoes and whose head would fit anybody's hat. Having got his money safely down on Flitterfoot to win, Jeff was presently choking a post far up the homestretch. With a final crack of the starter's coiling blacksnake and a mounting scroll of dust, the runners were off on their half-mile dash. While the horses were still spattering through the dust on the far side of the course from him Jeff began encouraging his choice by speech.

"Come on, you little red hoss!" he said in a low confidential tone. "I asks you lak a gen'leman to come on and win all that money fur me. Come on, you little red hoss—you ain't half runnin'!! Little red hoss"—his voice sank to a note of passionate pleading—"whut is detainin' you?"

AN OCCURRENCE UP A SIDE STREET.

From 'The Escape of Mr. Trimm.' Copyright, 1913, by George H. Doran Company, New York, and used here by permission of the author and the publishers.

"SEE if he's still there, will you?" said the man listlessly, as if knowing in advance what the answer would be.

The woman, who, like the man, was in her stocking feet, crossed the room, closing the door with all softness behind her. She felt her way silently through the darkness of a small hallway, putting first her ear and then her eye to a tiny cranny in some thick curtains at a front window.

She looked downward and outward upon one of those New York side streets that is precisely like forty other New York side streets; two unbroken lines of high-shouldered, narrow-chested brick-and-stone houses, rising in abrupt,

straight cliffs; at the bottom of the canyon a narrow river of roadway with manholes and conduit-covers dotting its channel intermittently like scattered stepping-stones; and on either side wide, flat pavements, as though the stream had fallen to low-water mark and left bare its shallow banks. Daylight would have shown most of the houses boarded up, with diamond-shaped vents, like leering eyes, cut in the painted planking of the windows and doors; but now it was nighttime—eleven o'clock of a wet, hot, humid night of the late summer, and the street was buttoned down its length in the double-breasted fashion of a bandmaster's coat with twin rows of gaslamps, evenly spaced. Under each small circle of lighted space the dripping, black asphalt had a slimy, slick look like the sides of a newly caught catfish. Elsewhere the whole vista lay all in close shadow, black as a cave-mouth under every stoop front and blacker still in the hooded basement areas. Only half a mile to the eastward a dim, distant flicker showed where Broadway ran, a broad yellow streak, down the spine of the city, and high above the broken skyline of eaves and cornices there rolled in cloudy waves the sullen red radiance, born of a million electrics and the flares from gastanks and chimneys, which is only to be seen on such nights as this, giving to the heaven above New York that same color tone you find in an artist's conception of Babylon falling or Rome burning.

From where the woman stood at the window, she could make out the round, white, mush-room top of a policeman's summer helmet as its wearer leaned back, half sheltered under the narrow portico of the stoop just below her; and she could see his uniform sleeve and his hand, covered with a white cotton glove, come up, carrying a handkerchief, and mop the hidden face under the helmet's brim. The squeak of his heavy shoes was plainly audible to her also. While she stayed there, watching and listening, two pedestrians—and only two—passed on her side of the street: a messenger boy in a glistening rubber poncho going west and a man under an umbrella going east. Each was hurrying along until he came just opposite her and then, as though controlled by the same set of strings, each stopped short and

looked up curiously at the blind, dark house and at the figure lounging in the doorway, then hurried on without a word, leaving the silent policeman fretfully mopping his moist face and tugging at the wilted collar about his neck.

After a minute or two at her peephole behind the window-curtains above, the woman passed back through the door to the inner, middle room where the man sat.

"Still there," she said lifelessly in the half whisper that she had come to use almost altogether these last few days; "still there and sure to stay there until another one just like him comes to take his place. What else did you expect?"

The man only nodded absently and went on peeling an overripe peach, striking out constantly, with the hand that held the knife, at the flies. They were green flies—huge, shiny-backed, buzzing, persistent vermin. There were a thousand of them; there seemed to be a millon of them. They filled the shut-in room with their vile humming; they swarmed everywhere in the half light. They were thickest, though, in a corner at the back, where there was a closed, white door. Here a great knot of them, like an iridescent, shimmering jewel, was clustered about the keyhole. They scrolled the white enameled panels with intricate, shifting patterns, and in pairs and singly they promenaded busily on the white porcelain knob, giving it the appearance of being alive and having a motion of its own.

It was stiflingly hot and sticky in the room. The sweat rolled down the man's face as he peeled his peach and pared some half-rotted spots out of it. He protected it with a cupped palm as he bit into it. One huge green fly flipped nimbly under the fending hand and lit on the peach. With a savage little snarl of disgust and loathing the man shook the clinging insect off and with the knife carved away the place where its feet had touched the soft fruit. Then he went on munching, meanwhile furtively watching the woman. She was on the opposite side of a small center-table from him, with her face in her hands, shaking her head with a little shuddering motion whenever one of the

flies settled on her close-cropped hair or brushed her bare neck.

He was a smallish man, with a suggestion of something dapper about him even in his present unkempt disorder; he might have been handsome, in a weakly effeminate way, had not Nature or some mishap given his face a twist that skewed it all to one side, drawing all of his features out of focus, like a reflection viewed in a flawed mirror. He was no heavier than the woman and hardly as tall. She, however, looked less than her real height, seeing that she was dressed, like a half-grown boy, in a soft-collared shirt open at the throat, and a pair of loose trousers. She had large but rather regular features, pouting lips, a clear brown skin and full, prominent brown eyes; and one of them had a pronounced cast in it—an imperfection already made familiar by picture and printed description to sundry millions of newspaper readers. For this was Ella Gilmorris, the woman in the case of the Gilmorris murder, about which the continent of North America was now reading and talking. And the little man with the twisted face, who sat across from her, gnawing a peachstone clean, was the notorious "Doctor" Harris Devine, alias Vanderburg, her accomplice, and worth more now to society in his present untidy state than ever before at any one moment of his whole discreditable life, since for his capture the people of the state of New York stood willing to pay the sum of one thousand dollars, which tidy reward one of the afternoon papers had increased by another thousand.

Everywhere detectives—amateurs and the kind who work for hire—were seeking this pair who at this precise moment faced each other across a little center-table in the last place any searcher would have suspected or expected them to be—on the second floor of the house in which the late Cassius Gilmorris had been killed. This, then, was the situation: inside, these two fugitives, watchful, silent, their eyes red-rimmed for lack of sleep, their nerves raw and tingling as though rasped with files, each busy with certain private plans, each fighting off constantly the touch of the nasty scavenger flies that flickered and flitted iridescent-

ly about them; outside, in the steamy, hot drizzle, with his back to the locked and double-locked door, a leg-weary policeman, believing that he guarded a house all empty except for such evidences as yet remained of the Gilmorris murder case.

. . . . . .

It was one of those small, chancy things that so often disarrange the best-laid plots of murderers that had dished their hope of a clean getaway and brought them back, at the last, to the starting point. If the plumber's helper, who was sent for to cure a bathtub of leaking in the house next door, had not made a mistake and come to the wrong number; and if they, in the haste of flight, had not left an area-door unfastened; and if this young plumbing apprentice, stumbling his way upstairs on the hunt for the misbehaving drain, had not opened the white enameled door and found inside there what he did find—if this small sequence of incidents had not occurred as it did and when it did, or if only it had been delayed another twenty-four hours, or even twelve, everything might have turned out differently. But fate, to call it by its fancy name—coincidence, to use its garden one—interfered, as it usually does in such cases as this. And so here they were back.

The man had been on his way to the steamship office to get the tickets when an eruption of newsboys boiled out of Mail Street into Broadway, with extras on their arms, and shouted out certain words that sent him scurrying back in a panic to the small, obscure family hotel in the lower thirties where the woman waited. From that moment, it was she, really, who took the initiative in all the efforts to break through the doubled and tripled lines that the police machinery looped about the five boroughs of the city.

At dark that evening "Mr. and Mrs. A. Thompson, of Jersey City," a quiet couple who went closely muffled up, considering that it was August, and carrying heavy valises, took quarters at a dingy furnished-room house on a miscalled avenue of Brooklyn not far from the Wall Street ferries and overlooking the East River waterfront from its bleary back windows. Two hours later a very different-

looking pair issued quietly from a side entrance of this place and vanished swiftly down toward the docks. The thing was well devised, and carried out well too; yet by morning the detectives, already ranging and quartering the town as bird-dogs quarter a brier-field, had caught up again and pieced together the broken ends of the trail; and, thanks to them and the newspapers, a good many thousand wide-awake persons were on the lookout for a plump, brown-skinned young woman with a cast in her right eye, wearing a boy's disguise and accompanied by a slender little man carrying his head slightly to one side, who when last seen wore smoked glasses and had his face extensively bandaged, as though suffering from a toothache.

Then had followed days and nights of blind twisting and dodging and hiding, with the hunt growing warmer behind them all the time. Through this they were guided and at times aided by things printed in the very papers that worked the hardest to run them down. Once they ventured as far as the outer entrance of the great, new uptown terminal, and turned away, too far gone and sick with fear to dare run the gauntlet of the waiting room and the trainshed. Once—because they saw a made-up Central Office man in every lounging longshoreman, and were not so far wrong either—they halted at the street-end of one of the smaller piers and from there watched a grimy little foreign boat that carried no wireless masts and that might have taken them to any one of half a dozen obscure banana ports of South America—watched her while she hiccoughed out into midstream and straightened down the river for the open bay—watched her out of sight and then fled again to their newest hiding place in the lower East Side in a cold sweat, with the feeling that every casual eye-glance from every chance passer-by carried suspicion and recognition in its flash, that every briskening footstep on the pavement behind them meant pursuit.

Once in that tormented journey there was a sudden jingle of metal, like rattling handcuffs, in the man's ear and a heavy hand fell detainingly on his shoulder—and he squeaked like a caught shore-bird and shrunk away from under the

rough grips of a truckman who had yanked him clear of a lurching track horse, tangled in its own traces. Then, finally, had come a growing distrust for their latest landlord, a stolid Russian Jew who read no papers and knew no English, and saw in his pale pair of guests only an American lady and gentleman who kept much to their room and paid well in advance for everything; and, after that, in the hot rainy night, the flight afoot across weary miles of soaking cross streets and up through ill-lighted, shabby avenues, to the one place of refuge left open to them. They had learned from the newspapers, at once a guide and a bane, a friend and a dogging enemy, that the place was locked up, now that the police had got through searching it, and that the coroner's people held the keys. And the woman knew of a faulty catch on a rear cellar window, and so, in a fit of stark desperation bordering on lunacy, back they ran, like a pair of spent foxes circling to a burrow from which they have been smoked out.

Again it was the woman who picked for her companion the easiest path through the inky-black alley, and with her own hands she pulled down noiselessly the broken slats of the rotting wooden wall at the back of the house. And then, soon, they were inside, with the reeking heat of the boxed-up house and the knowledge that at any moment discovery might come bursting in upon them—inside with their busy thoughts and the busy green flies. How persistent the things were—shake them off a hundred times and back they came buzzing! And where had they all come from? There had been none of them about before, surely, and now their maddening, everlasting droning filled the ear. And what nasty creatures they were, forever cleaning their shiny wings and rubbing the ends of their forelegs together with the loathsome suggestion of little gravediggers anointing their palms. To the woman, at least, these flies almost made bearable the realization that, at best, this stopping point could be only a temporary one, and that within a few hours a fresh start must somehow be made, with fresh dangers to face at every turning.

. . . . . .

It was during this last hideous day of flight and terror that the thing which had been growing in the back part of the brain of each of them began to assume shape and a definite aspect. The man had the craftier mind, but the woman had a woman's intuition, and she already had read his thoughts while yet he had no clew to hers. For the primal instinct of self-preservation, blazing up high, had burned away the bond of bogus love that held them together while they were putting her drunkard of a husband out of the way, and now there only remained to tie them fast this partnership of a common guilt.

In these last few hours they had both come to know that together there was no chance of ultimate escape; traveling together the very disparity of their compared appearances marked them with a fatal and unmistakable conspicuousness, as though they were daubed with red paint from the same paintbrush; staying together meant ruin—certain, sure. Now, then, separated and going singly, there might be a thin shred of hope. Yet the man felt that, parted a single hour from the woman, and she still alive, his woefully small prospect would diminish and shrink to the vanishing point—New York juries being most notoriously easy upon women murderers who give themselves up and turn state's evidence; and, by the same mistaken processes of judgment, notoriously hard upon their male accomplices—half a dozen such instances had been playing in flashes across his memory already.

Neither had so much as hinted at separating. The man didn't speak, because of a certain idea that had worked itself all out hours before within his side-flattened skull. The woman likewise had refrained from putting in words the suggestion that had been uppermost in her brain from the time they broke into the locked house. Some darting look of quick, malignant suspicion from him, some inner warning sense, held her mute at first; and later, as the newborn hate and dread of him grew and mastered her and she began to canvass ways and means to a certain end, she stayed mute still.

Whatever was to be done must be done quietly, without a struggle—the least sound might arouse the policeman at the door below. One thing was in her favor—she knew he was not armed; he had the contempt and the fear of a tried and proved poisoner for cruder lethal tools.

It was characteristic also of the difference between these two that Devine should have had his plan stage-set and put to motion long before the Gilmorris woman dreamed of acting. It was all within his orderly scheme of the thing proposed that he, a shrinking coward, should have set his squirrel-teeth hard and risked detection twice in that night, once to buy a basket of overripe fruit from a dripping Italian at a sidewalk stand, taking care to get some peaches—he just must have a peach, he had explained to her; and once again when he entered a dark little store on Second Avenue, where liquors were sold in their original packages, and bought from a sleepy, stupid clerk two bottles of a cheap domestic champagne—"to give us the strength for making a fresh start," he told her glibly, as an excuse for taking this second risk. So, then, with the third essential already resting at the bottom of an inner waistcoat pocket, he was prepared; and he had been waiting for his opportunity, from the moment when they crept in through the basement window and felt their way along, she resolutely leading, to the windowless, shrouded middle room here on the second floor.

. . . . . .

How she hated him, feared him too! He could munch his peaches and uncork his warm, cheap wine in this very room, with that bathroom just yonder and these flies all about. From under her fingers, interlaced over her forehead, her eyes roved past him, searching the littered room for the twentieth time in the hour, looking, seeking—and suddenly they fell on something—a crushed and rumpled hat of her own, a vast "picture creation," laden with florid millinery, lying almost behind him on a couch-end where some prying detective had dropped it, with a big, round black button shining dully from the midst of its damaged tulle crown. She knew that button well. It was the imita-

tion-jet head of a hatpin — a steel hatpin — that was ten inches long and maybe longer.

She looked and looked at the round, dull knob, like a mystic held by a hypnotist's crystal ball, and she began to breathe a little faster; she could feel her resolution tightening within her like a turning screw.

Beneath her brows, heavy and thick for a woman's, her eyes flitted back to the man. With the careful affectation of doing nothing at all, a theatricalism that she detected instantly, but for which she could guess no reason, he was cutting away at the damp, close-gnawed seed of the peach, trying apparently to fashion some little trinket — a toy basket, possibly—from it. His fingers moved deftly over its slick, wet surface. He had already poured out some of the champagne. One of the pint bottles stood empty, with the distorted button-headed cork lying beside it, and in two glasses the yellow wine was fast going flat and dead in that stifling heat. It still spat up a few little bubbles to the surface, as though minute creatures were drowning in it down below. The man was sweating more than ever, so that, under the single, low-turned gasjet, his crooked face had a greasy shine to it. A church clock down in the next block struck twelve slowly. The sleepless flies buzzed evilly.

"Look out again, won't you?" he said for perhaps the tenth time in two hours. "There's a chance, you know, that he might be gone—just a bare chance. And be sure you close the door into the hall behind you," he added as if by an afterthought. "You left it ajar once—this light might show through the window draperies."

At his bidding she rose more willingly than at any time before. To reach the door she passed within a foot of the end of the couch, and watching over her shoulder at his hunched-up back she paused there for the smallest fraction of time. The damaged picture hat slid off on to the floor with a soft little thud, but he never turned around.

The instant, though, that the hall door closed behind her the man's hands became briskly active. He fumbled in an inner pocket of his unbuttoned waistcoat; then his right hand, holding a small cylindrical vial of a colorless liquid,

passed swiftly over one of the two glasses of slaking champagne and hovered there a second. A few tiny globules fell dimpling into the top of the yellow wine, then vanished; a heavy reek, like the smell of crushed peach-kernels, spread through the whole room. In the same motion almost he recorked the little bottle, stowed it out of sight, and with a quick, wrenching thrust that bent the small blade of his penknife in its socket he split the peach-seed in two lengthwise and with his thumbnail bruised the small brown kernel lying snugly within. He dropped the knife and the halved seed and began sipping at the undoctored glass of champagne, not forgetting even then to wave his fingers above it to keep the winged green tormentors out.

The door at the front reopened and the woman came in. Her thoughts were not upon smells, but instinctively she sniffed at the thick scent on the poisoned air.

"I accidentally split this peach-seed open," he said quickly, with an elaborate explanatory air. "Stenches up the whole place, don't it? Come, have this other glass of champagne—it will do you good to——"

Perhaps it was some subtle sixth sense that warned him; perhaps the lightning-quick realization that she had moved right alongside him, poised and set to strike. At any rate he started to fling up his head—too late! The needle point of the jet-headed hatpin entered exactly at the outer corner of his right eye and passed backward for nearly its full length into his brain—smoothly, painlessly, and swift. He gave a little surprised gasp, almost like a sob, and lolled his head back against the chair-rest, like a man who has grown suddenly tired. The hand that held the champagne glass relaxed naturally and the glass turned over on its side with a small tinkling sound and spilled its thin contents on the table.

It had been easier than she had thought it would be. She stepped back, still holding the hatpin. She moved around from behind him, and then she saw his face, half upturned, almost directly beneath the low light. There was no blood, no sign even of the wound, but his jaw had dropped down unpleasantly, showing the ends of his lower front teeth, and

his eyes stared up unwinkingly with a puzzled, almost a disappointed, look in them. A green fly lit at the outer corner of his right eye; more green flies were coming. And he didn't put up his hand to brush them away.

With her eyes still fixed on his face the woman reached out, feeling for her glass of the champagne. She felt that she needed it now and at a gulp she took a good half of it down her throat.

She put the glass down steadily enough on the table; but into her eyes came the same puzzled, baffled look that his wore, and almost gently she slipped down into the chair facing him.

Then her jaw lolled a little too, and some of the other flies came buzzing toward her.

SMOKED - HOG - JOWL - AND - TURNIP - GREENS (KENTUCKY STYLE).

From 'One-Third Off.' Copyright, 1921, by George H. Doran Co., New York, and used here by permission of the author and the publishers.

I SHALL not deny that in the second week I did some backsliding. The swing of the tour carried me into the South. It was the South in the splendor of the young springtime when the cardinal bird sang his mating song. With brocading dandelions each pasture gloriously became even as the Field of the Cloth of Gold; and lo, the beginning of the strawberry shortcake season overlapped the last of the smoked-hog-jowl-and-turnip-greens period, and the voice of the turtle was heard in the land. Figuratively, I was swept off my feet when a noble example of Southern womanhood put before my famished eyes the following items, to wit: About half a bushel of newly picked turnip greens, rearing islandwise above a sloshing sea of pot licker and supporting upon their fronded crests the boiled but impressive countenance of a hickory-cured shote, the whole being garnished with paired-off poached eggs like the topaz eyes of beauteous blond virgins turned soulfully heavenward; and set off by flankings of small piping-hot corn pones made with meal and water and salt and shortening, as Providence intended a proper corn pone should be made. Then the years rolled away like a scroll and once again was I back in the Kentucky foothills, a lean and lathy sprout of a kid, a limber six-foot length of perpendicular appetite; and it was twelve o'clock for some people, but it was dinner time for me!

My glad low gurgle of anticipatory joy smothered the small inner voice of caution as I leaped, as it were, headlong into that bosky dell of young turnip greens. So, having set my feet on the downward path I backslode some more —for behold, what should come along then but an old-fashioned shortcake, fashioned of crisp biscuit dough, with more fresh strawberries bedded down between its multiplied and mounting layers than you could buy at the Fritz-Carlton for a hundred and ninety dollars.

Right then and there was when and where I lost all I had gained in a fortnight of stalwart self-disciplining; rather

it was where I regained all I haply had lost. When, gorged and comatose, I staggered from that fair matron's depleted table I should never have dared to trundle over a wooden culvert at faster than four miles an hour. Either I should have slowed down or waited until they could put in some reenforced-concrete underpinnings. I was right back where I had started, and for the moment didn't care a darn, either. Sin is glorious when you sin gloriously.

But I rallied. I retrieved myself. However, I do not take all the credit to myself for this; circumstances favored me. Shortly I quitted the land of temptation where I had been born, and was back again up North living on dining cars and in hotels, with nothing more seductive to resist than processed pastry and machine-made shortcakes and Thousand Island dressing; which made the fight all the easier to win, especially as regards the last named. I sometimes wonder why, with a thousand islands to choose from, the official salad mixer of the average hotel always picks the wrong one.

GEORGE GRAHAM CURRIE

[1867—]

RUBY EDNA PIERCE

GEORGE GRAHAM CURRIE was born on a farm in a country village in the province of Quebec, Canada, on June 6, 1867. He is of Scotch-Irish parentage. His father, Francis Phillip Currie, was a native of Scotland. His mother, Ellen Hanna, was herself born in Canada. His grandparents on his mother's side were from Ireland and endowed him with the Irish humor and characteristics that appear prominently in his writings.

At the age of 19 it was his greatest desire to travel and starting out to fulfill that desire he visited many parts of North America—sometimes going afoot. Later he spent two years in visiting historical points in Europe. One of the most interesting adventures he had as a youth was that of a 500 mile canoe trip from Juneau, Alaska, to the Skeena River, British Columbia.

At the age of 27 he went to Florida and settled in West Palm Beach where he has since spent a very busy existence. Mr. Currie studied law after his arrival in Florida and was admitted to the Florida bar in the year 1897. Those who have had dealings with him have ever found him to be a man of tender feelings, of unquestioned generosity, and one who believes in the brotherhood of man. He assisted in founding the West Palm Beach Public Library and has served as its secretary for many years without remuneration. Among other generous deeds he gave to the city of West Palm Beach for park purposes "Currie Common," a four acre tract of land with riparian rights within the city limits beautifully situated on the shores of Lake Worth across from the church of Bethesda-by-the-Sea.

Coming to West Palm Beach the year after it was incorporated he has always stood in the forefront of any work calculated to improve the city and surrounding country. He has himself developed several town sites which have been the means of bringing many people to Palm Beach County from other states. It was through his personal efforts that the Palm Beach County Fair Association was organized by whom a structure was erected where all the products raised in the county are annually exhibited.

He has spent thousands of dollars in advertising the advantages of the lower East Coast, has been responsible for a large share

of the progress of that part of the state, and has never failed to be among the foremost as a public spirited citizen. For a number of terms he served as Mayor of West Palm Beach and at one time was Treasurer of his County. He was the organizer and first president of the Farmers Bank and Trust Company of West Palm Beach and at the present time is president of the Currie Investment and Title Guaranty Co.

For many years he published a page in each of the several newspapers printed on the lower East Coast of Florida which he called "Currie's Megaphone" and which dealt with items of interest about Florida in general and was a great asset to the boosters of Palm Beach County.

Mr. Currie was married to Miss Irene Rickards in the year 1901 but two months later after a sudden illness she passed away. In the year 1906 he married Miss Lulu Angevine and by that union he is now the proud father of two very bright children, Francis Angevine born in 1907, and Margaret Imogene born in 1909.

Mr. Currie has during his life made the writing of poetry a hobby and recreation. At the early age of 16 he wrote a poem entitled "Ode to a Skull," and at the age of seventeen his poem "Mother" in honor of one who had died three years after his birth is a beautiful and worthy tribute.

A prayer, written sometime later, shows that he is a God-fearing man and the last verse of that prayer,

> And if, O God, Thou art supreme,
> And rulest all that's here;
> May I be taught to do, not dream;
> Pray make me ever what I seem,
> And keep my soul sincere. Amen,

shows the bent of the young author's mind, and to those who have known him in his maturity it would seem as though his prayer had been answered.

In the allegory (written in blank verse) "Lily and the Angel," Earth is imprisoned by Winter, and being rescued becomes the bride of her rescuer Spring. There are then born to them Lily, Pansy, and Rose. Rose is wooed by Summer, Pansy by Autumn, and Lily by the Angel. The underlying thought is, we grow like what we love.

A musical comedy in four acts found in Mr. Currie's writings is entitled "Tenderfoot in Alaska" or "Scared by Miners' Yarns."

Among his efforts in lighter vein may be mentioned "The Battle of the Queens," a poem representing the rivalry between two

tourist towns of Florida—St. Petersburg and Palm Beach; and "Father Knickerbocker on Chickens," describing in bewildering double entendre both the kinds of "chickens" daily met with on Broadway and the farm. "My Mistake and Her Treat" gives many of the Indian names of Florida towns and as one reads them for the first time in the order in which they are placed by the poet it gives the impression of a foreign language.

As a sonneteer Mr. Currie is in his element and nothing he has written excels his 'Sonnets on Westminster Abbey,' which forms a part of 'Sonnets and Love Songs,' 'Sonnets of the Southland,' included in 'Songs of Florida,' is a most ambitious work taking in all the states south of the Mason and Dixon Line and giving a full historical sketch of each state. Mr. Currie is what Ian MacLaren would call "a man o' pairts". He has written many love songs, playful, pathetic, and sentimental, and whoever reads them will detect in matter and manner a resemblance to Robert Burns.

He has thus far produced four epic poems, tragical in the extreme, dealing with the white slave traffic, lynching bees, strikes, boycotts, etc., all of which go to show the broad scope of Mr. Currie's vision.

There is no style of verse that he has not attempted. His technique is correct and his imagination flits from lyric to elegy, from ode to ballad, from sonnet to epic, with equal versatility. Whether he is dealing with satire or sentiment, with song, descriptive or didactic verse, his thought is always clear and there is never any doubt as to his meaning. The influence of the older poets is visible in many of his productions and perhaps no former poet has quoted so liberally in his own poems from the poems of the Masters. Moore, Burns, Whitman, Longfellow, Shelley, Poe, Goldsmith, Byron, Shakespeare, seem as familiar to the author as his Bible, from which he also quotes.

His general message to the world gathered from a perusal of his work indicates that he would make us all more genial, more tolerant, and more sincere in our efforts to practice the Golden Rule. While the best of his work was done in the South, his ideas are not provincial or confined to any locality.

Ruby Edna Pierce

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BIG BEN STRIKING THE MIDNIGHT HOUR.

From "The Seamy Side of Strikes," from 'In the Other Man's Place.' All selections are reproduced with permission of author and publisher.

One—there are echoes of fear in that throb;
Two—or is sorrow thus solemnly pealing?
Three—now dim shapes take the place of each sob,
Four—and distinct to the cadence are reeling;
Five—hear them shudder—Six—haggard and stark—
Seven—to demons they turn in the dark;
Eight—what a hailstorm of chatter and chaff,
Nine—as they chuckle and rattle and laugh;
Ten—but again all is sorrow and tears;
Eleven—and heaven re-echoes with fears.
  Black silences follow
  Each Death Warning Hollow,
Till Midnight's weird passing with portent imperial,
Is finished when Twelve rolls its accents funereal.

ADDRESS TO WINE.

From "Helen; a Story of Four Partings," from 'In the Other Man's Place.'

O Wine, thou deceiver—whose flattering smile,
So many have trusted, till fearless of guile
They bowed at thy shrine but to suffer disgrace—
How long must we yield thee the pick of our race?
How long must our poets—our heroes—our kings—
With the fame of whose actions the universe rings,
But be slaves at thy footstool and dying at length,
Fill the numberless graves that are proof of thy strength?
How long must the weak ones, already too low,
Be lured by thy wiles to embrace their worst foe?
Or the rich in thy worship lose all they possess,
And when beggared, still serve thee to soothe their distress?
'Tis true that the victims of sickness and grief,
By flying to thee may gain present relief;
But Death and Despair when they forego their prey
Too often but gild a less merciful sway.
And, once in thy power, oh what wrecks we become!
Forgetful of family—of duty we roam;
Still, feebly pretending to guide our affairs,
We sing thee the solace—not source of our cares.

GOD RULES.

From "The Passing of Uncle Sam," from 'In the Other Man's Place.'

Republican or Democrat! What matter which has sway?
Or Populist or Socialist—give every dog his day.
Their reigns will be like puffs of smoke that partly hide the sun:
And while they wrangle o'er the spoils—behold their day is done!
Each foolish set gives place in turn to other sets of fools:
But Heaven be praised above them all, unmoved by mobs,
GOD RULES.

The Prohibitionist expands by one wholesale restraint;
The Independent vaunts his fill of lack of party taint;
The Suffragette would lead the land—if once her sex could vote;
And Labor Parties fair or foul would clutch their country's throat:
But give each time and soon or late they'll fail like other tools,
And on the tomb wherein they lie we'll read the words:
GOD RULES.

It matters not what name we give to temporary place:
All human systems must result in near or far disgrace:
Just give them vent and uncurbed rein, and lo! their boasted strength
Will be the very stumbling block that trips them up at length.
Above the din, above the strife, above the bloody pools,
Thank God loved Truth must win at last and prove to man:
GOD RULES.

Vain prejudice of race and class, vile lust for graft and power;
Base arrogance of petty wealth—each has its short-lived hour;
And even Law, man's greatest pride, in turn grows weak and fails—
ALL, all are parts of one great whole whose end faint hope appals:
Eternal mills are grinding slow our laws, our creeds, our schools,
Till each gives place to higher things—for over all, GOD RULES.

INVOCATION.

From 'Sonnets and Love Songs.'

Genius of Minstrelsy! Spirit of Song!
My life—my all—are consecrate to thee.
With thy sweet winsome grace envelop me;
Make me thine own for I have loved thee long
I do not ask to marshal conquering band
To victory or to fame-enlaureled tomb;
I ask no riches; I could face my doom
Though poverty stalked 'round on every hand:
But God can witness how I fain would sing:
A note of comfort to the aching heart;
A chord of hope no misery could thwart;
A tune to lead gay youth in guileless dance;
A lullaby for age of life's romance;—
A song celestial crowning honor KING.

THE LOVELY IRENE—A TOAST.

From 'Sonnets and Love Songs.'

Let all who would worship at Venus's shrine,
Now fill up a bumper with generous wine;
And join me in drinking a toast to my queen—
The modest, the dainty, the lovely Irene.

For once I'll forget she is promised to me;
For once I'll let others partake of my glee;
For once I'll be gracious and share in her sheen:
So drink with me deep to the lovely Irene.

Ask not why I love her; nor if I have right:
Ask not why in darkness I fly to the light;
Ask not why she dazzles with ray so serene;
But toast without question the lovely Irene.

There are others, perhaps, who have qualities rare
There are others as wise, and as true and as fair;
Yet such gems are so few and so distant between—
'Tis a boast to know ONE like the lovely Irene.

And if you should know one so gentle and kind;
Let mention of my love call yours to your mind:
Then offer libations with heartiest mien:
Paying tribute to both in "the lovely Irene."

So all who would worship at Venus's shrine,
Fill to flowing your glasses with soul-stirring wine;
And help me do honor to her I own queen,
By drinking the health of THE LOVELY IRENE.

HER BREATH IS LIKE THE PERFUME OF THE ROSE.

From 'Sonnets and Love Songs.'

There's a dainty little maiden,
Who is all the world to me,
And for whom my grateful heart with love o'erflows;
For her panting breast and blushes,
And her clasp speak love for me,
And her breath is like the perfume of the rose.

She is sweet and neat and lovely;
She is gentle, pure, and true;
This maid whose virtue every action shows;
And I see myself engraven
In her tender eyes of blue,
While her breath is like the perfume of the rose.

And this little maiden dainty—
This enchantress fair and free,
Whose perfection on my fancy daily grows,
Through her lips so ripe and clinging,
Breathes her preference for me,
And her breath is like the perfume of the rose.

THE CITY OF FLOWERS.

From 'Epitaphs, Epigrams, and Other Ephemera.'

All you who dread Winter with what it implies,
In the far away realms of Jack Frost;
And you who are stricken when Dame Nature dies,
And would fly from her snows at all cost;
And you, too, who toil, yet are tired of the strife,
And think you've earned leisure to spare;
And you who are seeking a new lease of life
But can find no environment fair;

Oh, say, won't you come to our City of Flowers—
To our homes amid greensward and bloom;
Where, while o'er your bleak land the blizzard cloud lowers,
We are basking in bowers of perfume?
Oh, say, won't you come where the palms whisper low,
And the tall oleanders wave free;
Where the royal poincianas, in scarlet aglow,
Are bowing and beckoning to thee?

Oh, say, won't you come and enjoy, while you may,
The enchantment of tropical skies;
And see the famed sunsets that hallow our day,
And the love-storied moonlight we prize?
Oh, say, won't you come and breathe zephyrs of health,
In a bourne where youth ceases its flight;
Where the days creep upon us with unperceived stealth,
And we dream away care in a night?

O come, and be charmed with our redbird's bright wing,
With the plumes of the lovely bluejay;
And list to the songs that the mocking birds sing—
Feel the throb of our whippoorwill's lay.
Oh, say, won't you come and be clasped in the brine,
Of the Southland's warm billowy wave,
As it flashes and glints in the merry sunshine,
Or breaks at our feet as we lave?

Won't you come and hook "Kings" from our ocean-swept
pier?
Won't you troll for lake trout as we sail?
Won't you follow the fawn in our Everglades near;
And encamp on the Seminole's trail?
Or come, if you will, and be one at the feast,
That we offer of grapefruit and pine;
Of the orange, banana, and mango—nor least,
Of the pear avocado divine.

Oh, say, won't you come—or if Fashion's the wile
That must lure you from Boreal Blast;
We can boast in "The Season" society's smile
And of "functions" a daily repast.
Then come! Oh, do come! To our City of Flowers,
And partake of our bliss, we beseech!
In the North leave Earth's storms and exchange them for
showers
Of the Heaven that you'll find at Palm Beach.

FLORIDA MY HOME.

From 'Songs of Florida.'

Eternal Summerland! To thee
My dragging mem'ry strays,
To revel near thy Southern sea
And stretch my honeyed days;
Thy silv'ry springs, thy silent streams
Are mirrored on my heart
Tho' far I toil, my faithful dreams
Refuse from thee to part.

I love each lake and evergreen
From Suwannee to the Keys,
I love each piney woodland scene—
E'en wastes of sand can please;
Romance and legend win applause
For many a mound and glade;
While sentiment fills ev'ry pause
Thy mocking birds have made.

Sweet land of flow'rs and whisp'ring palms,
Of oleanders fair,
Thy fragrance and thy healing balms
Relieve me of my care;
Till all forgot the fleeting years
And aging limbs uncouth;
De Leon's quest in thee appears—
Thou bourne of endless youth!

What matter if mere wealth takes wing;—
To live is riches there.
The luscious fruits thy gardens bring
Are feasts the gods might share.
I need not fear the Northern blast
When thro' thy groves I roam;
So take me back for aye to rest
In Florida, my home.

SAY IT WITH FLOWERS.

From 'Songs of Florida.'

If within the world arena he has won a hero's fame;
If his efforts have been worthy and enlaureled is his name;
And you're proud indeed to know him and you want to tell him so,
But you cannot find a sentence that will half express your throe:

Tell him with flowers—upstanding flowers;
With true, unsullied, fragrant flowers;
These tell a tale beyond your powers—
Tell him with flowers—with fresh, sweet flowers.

If, while ev'ry other creature that surrounds you in the strife
Has exposed a streak of yellow, she has made you glad of life;
If her gentle ministration—if her noble sacrifice—
Has made eloquence seem paltry and no words you know suffice:

Tell her with flowers—with tender flowers;
With passionately glowing flowers;
These tell a tale beyond your powers—
Tell her with flowers—with fresh, sweet flowers.

If their way till now so pleasant has been darkened by a death,
And the clouds with distant rumble put to rout their former faith;
If the passing of a loved one has made life a prospect drear,
And you want their load to lighten with a message that will cheer:

Tell them with flowers—with glistening flowers—
With lovely, sympathetic flowers;
These tell a tale beyond your powers—
Tell them with flowers—with fresh, sweet flowers.

In the Wisdom of His Mercy the Great Power that dwells on high
Knows the limit of our weakness and takes pity from the sky;
And for aid to us in craving to portray our happiest hope,
He bestows on us the flowers that enlarge our spirit scope.

And since His Flowers—inspiring flowers—
Speak with such superhuman powers,
All that we'd say in earnest hours,
Say it with flowers—with fresh, sweet, flowers.

ANYWHERE WITH YOU.

From 'Songs of Florida.'

Anywhere with you, Dear Heart!
My feet are prone to go,
There is no lure, can long endure,
If you My Love say no;
There is no corner in the world
I would refuse to view:
For anywhere is free from care—
Anywhere with you.

Chorus:
Anywhere with you, Dear Heart
Anywhere with you
Anywhere—yes, anywhere,
Anywhere with you.

Anywhere with you, Dear Heart!
To me means heavenly joy;
The mountain sere, the desert drear,
Is bliss without alloy;
Your presence by my faithful side,
Your eye my pilot true,
Tho' all alone, Love must atone—
Anywhere with you.

Anywhere with you, Dear Heart,
I question not the place,
To mansion bright, to slum by night
I go with equal grace;
The light of love within my soul,
Makes ev'ry sky look blue:
So fondly brave I'd gladly slave—
Anywhere with you.

MARIA THOMPSON DAVIESS

[1872—]

LIBBIE LUTTRELL MORROW

A WRITER who has made a distinct contribution to Southern literature is Maria Thompson Daviess, to whom both Kentucky and Tennessee can lay claim. Some one has said that a biographical sketch of Miss Daviess reads like a very human comedy with a tremendous heart interest, and this will give especial value to the autobiography on which Miss Daviess is engaged at the time this sketch is written.

Miss Daviess, who was the daughter of John Burton Thompson Daviess and Leonora Hamilton Daviess, was born in Harrodsburg, Ky., on Thanksgiving Day, 1872, in an old brick house built on the town corner of the thousand-acre farm of her grandfather, Major William Daviess. This land was a colonial grant from Virginia to one of Miss Daviess' forebears. Miss Daviess is descended from illustrious Tennessee and Kentucky ancestors, who played a prominent part in the building of the nation, in fighting its battles and making its laws. She has the distinction of coming from pure American stock. On her family tree there is no branch which does not lead back directly to an ancestor who came to America before the Revolutionary War.

On the paternal Kentucky estate and at the home of her maternal grandparents in Nashville, Tenn., both of which were centres for social life in their communities, Miss Daviess' early life was spent. She was prepared for Wellesley College at Science Hill, Shelbyville, Ky., but she spent only one year at college, where, as during her earlier school days, she showed such marked talent for writing that specialization along that line was urged. Even earlier, in her mud-pie period, she had shown a gift for art.

Family duties rather than a career, however, first called this many-talented young girl, and she returned from Wellesley to Nashville, which had been the family home since the death of her father in her seventh year. For the next few years she devoted herself to her mother, whose health was frail, spending many months with her in the far South and in the Tennessee mountains. In intervals between, she enjoyed the good times which are the rightful heritage of the fortunate girls of high degree of the Bluegrass region of both Kentucky and Tennessee.

After her mother's death, Miss Daviess, who was then in her late twenties, with characteristic resolution and quickness of decision, determined to take up art as a vocation. Two years in the art school of Peabody College in Nashville further fired her ambition, and she went abroad for three years of study. Her Latin Quarter experiences in Paris and sketching tours on the Continent and in England were full of inspiration. She enjoyed the delightful companionship of a number of other "beginning" artists, who have since achieved renown.

Some of Miss Daviess' miniatures were hung on the line at the Paris Salon for two successive years, a coveted honor often unachieved by others who have given long years of devotion to art. She also studied artistic photography and returned to Nashville to set up in a charming studio her inherited Lares and Penates and the art treasures she had acquired abroad with rare discrimination. Here she filled miniature commissions and took photographs which were so full of character and poetic feeling that they fully merited the prefix "artistic."

From this studio Miss Daviess went to fill very ably for two years the position of art director at Belmont College, Nashville. During this period the artist tried her hand at crafts work. She designed and made jewelry which won a gold medal at an important arts and crafts exhibit. It was at this time that the call to authorship became insistent, and Miss Daviess gave up, without regret or misgiving, a successful art career for an untried field. Her apprenticeship was remarkably brief, for the technique acquired in one art served her in good stead in her new calling. She brought to the profession which was now to prove her life calling a capacity for sincere and hard work, and a maturity of thought that had come from a singularly full, free, and interesting life.

To the literary critic who has also some knowledge of art, it is interesting to trace some similarity between the technique of the painter on canvas and ivory, and the writer. One significant fact is that the two miniatures which first gained recognition at the Salon for Miss Daviess were of a Hollandish mother and baby, and of a young boy, subjects which might have been expected to appeal to the future creator of Miss Selina Lue, supreme lover of children and mistress of homely humor and wisdom.

This first novel, published in 1909 after one year's literary apprenticeship, principally spent in writing juvenile stories, brought its author instant recognition. It was quickly followed by other literary successes in the same vein, tales so sweet and wholesome, so buoyant and cheery that after much of the fiction of that period

they came like a refreshing breath of country air down a crowded city street. These stories of the Harpeth Valley, of Providence Road, of Paradise Ridge, put the Tennessee country communities they depicted on the literary map of America. More than once some enthusiastic reader, a would-be immigrant to these pictured havens, has written Miss Daviess for traveling directions assuring safe arrival.

In the Daviess books many roly-poly babies and children tumble through the pages—lovely, fascinating little folks who are true to child life and character. It is this intense love for children which makes all the juvenile characters the author has drawn so real and so charming. The Daviess books written especially for children and young girls, 'The Treasure Babies,' 'Sue Jane,' and 'Phyllis,' have a wide appeal, as well, to older readers. Miss Daviess has often said that one of the happiest experiences of her life was when, a veritable Pied Piper, she stood outside the door of a large auditorium, in her home city, and saw hundreds of children coming happily from far and near, to see a stage version of 'The Treasure Babies,' and later to watch the rapt faces of the young audience.

If a love for young life is a ruling personal and literary passion of this well known writer, still another is an abiding faith in women and in human nature. Some one has criticized one of Miss Daviess' loveliest heroines as too "saccharine" to be true, and to this carping critic an answer could be made closely akin to the famous one Turner gave to the person who declared he had never seen such a sunset as blazed on a Turner canvas—"Don't you wish you could?" The kindly folk who live in Miss Daviess' novels are not mere lay figures on which to hang a manufactured sunny optimism. They are absolutely true to human nature. The women, young and old, whom Miss Daviess has drawn in her stories of rural and small town life, are all heart kindred, whether they come from an humble walk of life or are fine ladies. Even the heroines of the more sophisticated society stories are sisters, under their satin skins and fine apparel, to the calico clad plain people whom Miss Daviess knows so well and loves to write about.

The reason that the little Belgian refugee countess in 'Out Of a Clear Sky,' seeking safety in the Tennessee hills, loves and clings to her adopted home is not due entirely to the fact that she found romance there, and to her recollections of the horrors of war in her ravaged country, but also because she was in nature akin to the people who befriended her. In the Daviess fiction society and simple country folk are linked together in true sympathy and community of interest. To the seeing eye 'Bluegrass and Broadway' need not

be so very far apart after all. Miss Daviess' version of common clay may be a bit idealized, but it is a stimulus to right living, to wholesome thinking, and to a warm human brotherhood.

Much of Miss Daviess' best work has been done in the Harpeth Valley at her country home, Sweetbriar Farm, a low white farm house, with spreading wings and huge stone chimneys. Her study is a quaint log cabin, nestling under the hill crest of her farm, commanding a beautiful valley view. At Sweetbriar Farm Miss Daviess leads a life which makes her a worthy descendant of the remarkable grandmother whose full name she bears, who ran her great Kentucky farm, was "ole miss" in ante-bellum times to more than two hundred slaves, who fulfilled her obligations to her ten children and all her community duties, and still found time to write a history of her native state, and contributed regularly to an agricultural journal to the time of her death at an advanced age. This Southern grand dame was a pioneer grower of sorghum, south of Mason and Dixon's line, and she was awarded a silver pitcher from the Kentucky State Agricultural Society in 1857 for an essay on this theme, setting forth its possibilities as a syrup producer. A similar spiritual as well as flesh and blood lineage is set forth in the delightful account of how Betty the heroine of 'Over Paradise Ridge' reverts to type and becomes a real farmer.

Some of the author's farming ventures are recorded in other of her novels and stories, notably her poultry farm experiments. The highly pedigreed Sweetbriar fowls failed to become paying propositions, but in 'The Golden Bird' they proved layers of golden eggs. Several of the novels written at Sweetbriar Farm became best sellers, notably the captivating 'Melting of Molly,' a little masterpiece of human life with an unexpected turn to the plot which would have done credit to O. Henry. This novel was dramatized by its author for a well-known American actress, and later was used as the foundation for a musical comedy, which had a New York run. That Miss Daviess' books have dramatic value is evidenced by the fact that three have already been filmed for movie stars, besides those which have been dramatized for the legitimate theatre.

In Miss Daviess' later novels a distinct advance in her art is noted. Some of these have been inspired by great movements of the day and events which shook this generation. Thus in 'The Tinder Box' Miss Daviess, who is one of the South's most effective suffragists, set forth her views on the woman question. It was done in an easy colloquial fashion, quite in keeping with the author's buoyant personality, and it undoubtedly caused many who ran to stop

and read who would have passed by more serious literature. Telling shots need not always be fired by heavy artillery.

When 'The Tinder Box' was published Alice Stone Blackwell said that nothing better could have happened for the suffrage cause at that time than to have had a comedy written on votes for women. There is no sex antagonism in Miss Daviess' fiction. Evalina of 'The Tinder Box' says: "And, truly, if the world is in the dusk of the dawn of a new day, what can men and women do but cling tight and feel their way together?" Samuel Crittenden, of Paradise Ridge, who chooses as his career to do his bit toward helping feed the world, says to the woman of his heart: "A man must plow his field of life deep, Betty, but if a woman didn't trudge 'longside with her hoe and seed-basket, what would the harvest be?"

In 'Over Paradise Ridge' is reflected the back-to-the-farm movement which the world war brought to a climax. The beauty and dignity of life on the land rightly lived has been set forth with conviction and power. Some of its passages might be described as Millet pictures done in terms of fiction. Here also is set forth the belief in America as not only able to feed the world but to be a spiritual ministrant. This book was written in 1915 and its heroine says: "It was while hearing all those Scotchmen and Englishmen talk about statesmanship and jurisprudence and international law that I realized how America would need great brains later on, more and more, as she would have to arbitrate, maybe, for the whole world."

'The Heart's Kingdom' is a religious novel setting forth its author's beliefs. Miss Daviess' short stories have the same qualities which give her novels value, and of these, "Love by Lightning" is accounted by many critics her best. She has also written some poetry which might be classified as belonging to the new school of verse.

Miss Daviess' last novel, 'The Matrix,' published in 1920, was written just before the author's entrance into long invalidism due to arthritis, from which she has just emerged, to resume her literary activities. This novel is on a theme particularly congenial to the writer. It is the life and love story of the parents of Abraham Lincoln, Nancy Hanks and Thomas Lincoln. It is founded on some true and little known incidents in the life of the forebears of the greatest of all Kentuckians.

Mary Austin, noted novelist and critic, says of 'The Matrix': "The book should be called 'The Saga of Nancy Hanks.' Miss Daviess has gone at her work in the spirit and method of the folk tale, building it up out of the fireside reminiscences of the utterly simple folk among whom the greatest American grew up,

reminiscences which Miss Daviess heard in her own youth. If 'The Matrix' had no other merit, it would deserve attention for this one service which it performs, of preserving the direct, colorful, and rugged, but seldom uncouth, speech of the Lincoln strain."

This novel is not only a contribution to Lincolnia, but it shows such a broadening of Miss Daviess' art that the critic feels that Southern literature is fortunate to have her just now only at mid-channel in her literary work.

Libbie Luttrell Morrow.

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THE MATRIX.

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A GREAT love is nourished by the ebb and flow of the race blood in the generations before it, and when it becomes an iridescent matrix it is very apt to produce the pearl of price. The great twilight stars watched when her father lifted wee Nancy Hanks down from a pack-saddle, in which he had brought her along the Wilderness Trail from Virginia to Kentucky, into the strong, awkward, eager arms of young Thomas Lincoln.

"Careful, Tom; the little maid is asleep," cautioned the father. "Since we got her away from the redskin devils back on the trail a month ago, she starts in her rest to fair break your heart."

Even at her father's low-voiced caution the long black lashes lifted from the big purple eyes, which were as dark as the twilight shadows coming down through the branches of the tall oaks that covered the Lincoln cabin, and a little shudder began to thrill through the small body, which subsided at the cradling of the boy's strong arms.

"Hush-e, hush-e, honey bird," the boy crooned in a voice of the husky softness of adolescence, as he hugged her closer with a strange hunger in his serious, strong face, with its dark eyes and square jaw, surmounted by a shock of black hair.

Young Nancy took one look at her protector, snuggled her head close under his chin, and fairly melted away into the depths of sleep.

"They ain't no kind of baby Tom won't mother, from a nigger to a skunk," said Mordecai Lincoln, as he watched

the boy go slowly, crooning to his burden, into the cabin. "Since Pa and Ma died last year, looks like his grieving has sorter set him on pitiful things."

"He can't look after my Nancy none too particular, since we so near lost her," answered big Joseph Hanks, as he followed the boy and the child with keen, watchful, tender eyes.

* * *

The last rays of the departing sun were falling across Tom Lincoln as Nancy entered the shop, and he lifted his head from the drawing knife with which he was making pink cedar shavings curl off the rounded sides of the pigging, to smile at her with a gravity that made the smile seem a very personal gift. In the years that had passed since wee Nancy had been lowered into his arms and life, Tom had grown from a loose-jointed awkward boy into a very tall, strong youth, still awkward but powerful as any man. His hands and feet were enormous and his chest was arched like a bellows. His head was broad-browed and fine, and was poised with an uncouth grace on a long neck from which his sweaty brown hickory shirt fell back half way down his hairy breast. His leathern apron was girded about his slender, lithe waist and his serious face was smudged with dirt and sweat. His thick black hair rose in a shock that defied the ministrations lavished on it by Nancy since the time of the sacrifice of the brown bear. His eyes lost their smile and regarded Nancy seriously as he began to run his huge skilled hand over the surface he was polishing.

"What you want, honey bird? I'm busy," he said.

"Joe says you can stop work and come right with me, Tom," Nancy both cajoled and commanded.

"Joe Hanks ain't makin' this piggin, and I gave my own promise to Mrs. Hendricks. A promise is a promise. What do you want of me anyway? Can't you let me be, Nancy?" Tom began with defiance and ended with a faltering plea to continue his business in hand.

"This is singing school night and I want to—that is you oughter fix up, Tom." Nancy had begun her answer with

direct enthusiasm for her task, but had paused midway to inject what she considered the necessary amount of cajoling.

"Oh, shoo, I can do that in ten minutes after I eat my supper," Tom answered, as he began once more to make the pink curls fall to the floor.

"No, you can't, Tom," Nancy declared. "You are just awful and—and I'm going to fix you up myself. I just love that Miss Sallie Bush, and I want you clean and nice to sing with her. Please, Tom."

Did not the love in Nancy's child heart for Sallie Bush but justly bear interest in the older girl's faithful cherishing of the National Treasure she was to leave in her hands years later?

"I'm no baby. I guess I can wash and comb myself," Tom growled while his big ears grew firy red at the bare mention of the enchanting Sallie.

"I just ask you please, please, Tom, and you don't want me to cry, do you?" The little tremor that Nancy, aged nine and six months, threw into her voice, was worthy of twenty years' practice. "Gus Hardin greases his boots until they shine for singing school and Joe puts on a white shirt, and Dave Hall's mother has made him a red silk sash to put around his neck, that he calls a tie. I don't want to be ashamed of you, Tom."

"Oh, blame it, Nancy, what do you want me to do?" Tom growled as he threw down his knife and surrendered.

* * *

All eyes were turned on Nancy as she decided the question of the present residence and activity of Thomas.

"I'll let him stay this winter, but when leaves bloom out again, he'll have to come where I am," Nancy decided thoughtfully. "You'll come to me, Tom, won't you?"

"Yes, I'll come after you," Tom promised, with relief written all over his somber face, for the removal into a strange community would have tried his bashful soul beyond measure. His ponderous imagination had not shown him a world devoid of Nancy. It was only dimly revealed to him the next day, when he put her down in the straw in the

wagon bed in which she was to be sledded away from him through the great forest, over whose white blanket of snow rested a gray veil of mist, lined with the black of the tree-trunks and boughs and twigs.

"Don't forget me, honey bird," he said, and then as Richard Berry stood up and cracked his whip over the backs of the two horses hitched to the sled, he put his rough cheek against hers and held her close.

"Never, Tom," she said quietly as she clutched at him for a second before the plunging horses tore her away from him.

It was well that neither Tom nor Nancy knew that their separation was to last a dozen years.

* * *

The mother of Abraham Lincoln was probably the first woman in Kentucky to enter trade and secure her own financial independence. By the time she was sixteen, Nancy Hanks was dyeing and weaving fabrics that competed with those of the mule pack and prairie schooner merchants. At that age of feminine enchantment she was very tall and broad and high-headed and clean-limbed. She clothed her beautiful budding young body in her own choicest weaves, and their cut was so suited to her lithe young lines that she strongly resembled a lady of very high degree as she went along her independent course of existence in and out and around and about Elizabethtown, into which she rode whenever she chose. And nobody could deny that she was one of the small metropolis' most prominent citizens. Where Nancy Hanks happened to be, there was the center of interest.

* * *

The final red gold rays of the sun were being sifted out of the first beams of the full moon and the opal glow wrapped Nancy around like the veil of a bride. When she turned from the last operatic flight of the small feathered lover, she turned into the arms of Clinton Meriweather, which closed on her hungrily.

"Nancy, Nancy Hanks," he murmured, as he pressed her lithe, strong body to his and tried to find her lips with

his own. And the riot of youth in his veins called to the youth in hers as she yielded to his pressure and raised her face to his hunting. What Nancy Hanks saw in the eyes of Clinton Meriweather made her draw away from him and lay her hand on his breast to hold him back from her.

"Don't, Clint, don't," she commanded, trying to draw completely out of his arms.

But she was trying to stay a flood with a woman's words, and his response to her sharp command, in which there was also appeal, was to force down her arm with his left, while his right was sweeping her to him. What the polished man of the world intended to do to the homespun woman nobody ever knew but himself, for the stout hickory stick cut a gash across his blond head and felled him like a slaughtered ox. Nancy Hanks could defend herself.

* * *

And the wager on the subject between Mr. Robinson and Tom Sparrow was not the only one laid in Elizabethtown as to whether or not Nancy Hanks would marry the banker she had assaulted. By Saturday afternoon, May fifteenth, the tension had become like unto that out at the trotting track, which had been laid down two years before, where roan two-year-olds could race bays of like years.

And it was upon that date that the young banker got into his small clothes and upon his feet again. Looking very pale and interest-inspiring, with the scar across his temple, he stood taking the air upon the steps of the Elizabethtown Tavern, and also taking the congratulations of his friends, masculine and feminine, who began to congregate around him. Dame Evelyn stood beside him, while Jean and Breckenridge had paused to greet him and chaff with Milly Hume, Buford Clark, and several more young bloods with elaborately dimity-clad girls on their arms. And if the world of fashion was well represented on the Square, so also was the world of homespun. Aunt Lucy Berry and Aunt Elizabeth Sparrow were down with Mrs. Sam Hardstay, trading at the Clairbourne store, and Mrs. Lytsie and Mrs. Hull were on the same errand, having their daughters with them. In fact representative

Elizabethtown was congregated when Nancy Hanks and Mrs. Charlie Friend turned into the Square at the corner on which the Elizabethtown Tavern stood, thus reaching the very center of the stage before they knew they had made their entrance.

When Nancy Hanks suddenly looked up to see Clinton Meriweather, with her and his world as background, gazing down at her with his heart in his handsome eyes, the moment was, to say the least, dramatic.

For a long moment they stood taking each other's measure, and who shall say what the result of their regard would have been, if Thomas Lincoln hadn't walked from out the forest, around the corner and stopped ten paces from Nancy, his eyes on her face and the rest of the world outside of the range of his consciousness.

Even in the group of large pioneer men he loomed tall and broad. His deerskin trousers were stuffed into rawhide boots and girted in the one white shirt he had ever possessed, which Nancy had made for him, and which had been a cherished treasure. It was open away from his brawny throat as usual, and upon the shock of black hair, stiff from a ten years' lack of greasing, was a coonskin cap, from which dangled behind the long bushy tail of the animal. In the hollow of one arm rested his rifle and his other balanced his bundle of carpenter's tools, wrapped in his leathern apron, on his broad shoulder. On his square-jawed, clean-cut face there was the quiet of the wilderness, until his dark eyes focused themselves on Nancy, as she stood poised towards him with a flame of delight in her black-rimmed purple eyes.

"Nancy," he said as a great, hungry smile spread all over his somber, still face. "Nancy, Nancy!"

"Tom, oh, Tom," was Nancy's answer with the lilt of mocking bird in her white throat, as she flew to him and clung to his arm and the old gun.

* * *

"I bet Tom have gone clean back to Lincoln Settlement, and if you say so, Nancy, I'll get on a mule and drag him back for you," Uncle Tom Sparrow teased.

"Tom will be here," Nancy answered, with a soft laugh in her throat and in her eyes. She knew so well what Tom was undergoing, but she dared not go to him and leave the guests.

The family and the near of kin and friends who had been helping prepare the "infair," were just about done with their task, and the sun had sunk almost to the tree-tops, from which height he grants to the earth the witching hour, when Elder Head arrived and gave the signal for the wedding array. The men washed up at the pump in the backyard and assumed their decorous Sunday coats, of either broadcloth or homespun, while the women took off the aprons that had shielded their festive dimity, shook out their ruffles, smoothed water-waved and banded hair, and began to ask if the bride needed assistance in her toilet.

It was the custom in the pioneer life to have the actual wedding ceremony performed with only the family and next of kin and friends as witnesses, just before the waves of the infair were scheduled to break over the then already married pair. There were not more than two dozen well-beloved "folks" in the long, low-roofed Berry living-room to witness the marriage ceremony of Nancy Hanks and Thomas Lincoln, and their eyes were dim as Nancy came into the room in her soft white gown, with a rose in her red-gold hair, seeming somehow to their tenderness as the woman incarnate. She walked over to the fireplace, before which sat Elder Head back of a table, on which lay the large Bible sweet, dead Nancy Shipley had brought with her as she followed big Joseph Hanks into the Wilderness, and herself lighted from the flint box two tall candles of her own dipping, and with her own steady hand opened the Book at the verses she wanted read to begin her marriage ceremony:

"Set me as a seal upon thine heart, as a seal upon thine arm; for love is strong as death — many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it—"

Then she turned, and with the love light of the ages on her face, held out her hand to Tom, who had been standing in the doorway watching her. He came straight to her

with his fine head held high, and the freedom of a woods animal in his lithe stride. Then, with his solemn eyes sunk deep in hers, he stood before Elder Head and made his marriage vow:

"I, Thomas, take thee Nancy, to have and to hold, until death us do part."

And Nancy answered him with her eyes and with her lips:

"I, Nancy, take thee Thomas, to keep to, only as long as we both do live."

Both vows were kept and the result was justified.

The "infair," which followed immediately, at which the whole countryside was present, was such a notable occasion that Daniel Bishop, then twenty, when nearing a hundred years of age, compared most unfavorably all the like functions he had attended in the eighty years that passed from that date, with "the infair at Nancy and Tom Lincoln's wedding."

* * *

Then just before the dawn of Sunday, February 12th, 1809, Nancy's hour came upon her and her son, Abraham Lincoln, opened his big gray eyes to the first clear sunrise in two weeks.

"Shoo, Nancy, I never did see such a child, he's as big as a yearling now," Thomas, the father, said, after he had performed the simple birthrights for his son under Nancy's directions, for neither of them had thought of calling for assistance through the dark cold forest.

"He's a-looking right into my heart, Tom," Nancy said, as she watched a pair of big gray eyes open over the rim of her white breast, and seem to look up straight into hers for a second before they flickered and shut.

"He'll never look into a purtier sight," Tom answered, as he kissed Nancy gently and drew the moleskin around mother and son, both of whom were immediately asleep after the trying ordeal of introduction to each other.

* * *

"Now I suppose you'll come with me away from the half-wit who can't take care of you. I'll take you and the

children to your aunt's, until we can get rid of him and I can marry you," Clinton Meriweather said, as he stood in front of the logs smouldering in the fire-place. "You've suffered enough poverty and disgrace with him. Now you shall have what you deserve." As he spoke the will of the handsome, strong man of the world went forth to do battle with that of the homespun, pioneer woman whom he had promised himself he would somehow take and hold.

"It's the God's truth, Nancy, and you had better go back to your folks," came an interruption before Nancy could make her answer, and Tom Lincoln stood in the door.

"I got away but they are a-going to come to shiveree me in less than an hour, and I want to go out into the woods and lose myself from people who hunt humans like critters." As he spoke the fire of what the world then called fanaticism, a fanaticism which later involved the whole world, flamed in his eyes and his black hair stood up like the crest of a charger in a holy war. "Freedom is all that's worth living for!"

Standing with Abraham on her breast, Nancy Hanks Lincoln made her choice between the two men, one offering all that the world could give her and the other—nothing, seemingly.

"I'm sorry, Clint, but I hold with Tom, and good-by," she said with a smile that shone round and across her son's head.

Then she turned from him to her husband and said: "Pack little Nancy and as much as you can on the horse, and drive the stock along after me, Tom. I'm going to take myself and you and our children back into the woods on Noland Creek. The Lord will guide us to freedom."

And out into the wilderness she went with Abraham. Tom followed.

THE MELTING OF MOLLY.

From 'The Melting of Molly.' Copyright, the Bobbs-Merrill Co., 1912, and used here by permission of the author and the publishers.

YES, I truly think that in all the world there is nothing so dead as a young widow's deceased husband, and God ought to give His wisest man-angel special charge concerning looking after her and the devil at the same time. They both need it! I don't know how all this is going to end and I wish my mind wasn't in a kind of tingle. However, I'll do the best I can and not hold myself at all responsible for myself, and then who will there be to blame?

There are a great many kinds of good-feeling in this world, from radiant joy down to perfect bliss, but this spring I have got an attack of just old-fashioned happiness that looks as if it might become chronic.

I am so happy that I planted my garden all crooked, my eyes upon the clouds with the birds sailing against them, and when I became conscious I found wicked flaunting poppies sprouted right up against the sweet modest clover-pinks, while the whole paper of bachelor's-buttons was sowed over everything—which I immediately began to dig right up again, blushing furiously to myself over the trowel, and glad that I had caught myself before they grew up to laugh in my face. However, I got that laugh anyway, and I might just as well have left them, for Billy ran to the gate and called Doctor John to come in and make Molly stop digging up his buttons. Billy claims everything in this garden, and he thought they would grow up into the kind of buttons you pop out of a gun.

"So you're digging up the bachelor-pops, Mrs. Molly?" the doctor asked as he leaned over the gate. I went right on digging without looking up at him. I couldn't look up because I was blushing still worse. Sometimes I hate that man, and if he wasn't Billy father I wouldn't neighbor with him as I do. But somebody *has* to look after Billy.

I do believe it will be a real relief to write down how I feel about him in his old book and I shall do it whenever I can't stand him any longer, and if he gave the horrid, red leather thing to me to make me miserable, he can't do it; not

this spring! I wish I dared burn it up and forget about it, but I don't! This record on the first page is enough to *reduce* me—to tears, and I wonder why it doesn't.

I weigh one hundred and sixty pounds, down in black and white, and it is a tragedy! I don't believe that man at the grocery store is so very reliable in his weights, though he had a very pleasant smile while he was weighing me. Still I had better get some scales of my own, smiles are so deceptive.

I am five feet three inches tall or short, whichever way one looks at me. I thought I was taller, but I suppose I will have to believe my own yardstick.

But as to my waist measure, I positively refuse to write that down, even if I have promised Doctor John a dozen times over to do it, while I only really left him to *suppose* I would. It is bad enough to know that your belt has to be reduced to twenty-three inches without putting down how much it measures now in figures to insult yourself with. No, I intend to have this for my happy spring.

Still, that letter was enough to upset anybody, and no wonder I ran right across my garden, through Billy's hedge-hole and over into Doctor John's office to tell him about it; but I ought not to have been agitated enough to let him take the letter right out of my hand and read it.

"So after ten years Al Bennett is coming back to pop his bachelor's-buttons at you, Mrs. Molly?" he said in the deep drawling voice he always uses when he makes fun of Billy and me and which never fails to make us both mad. I didn't look at him directly, but I felt his hand shake with the letter in it.

"Not ten, only *eight!* He went when I was seventeen," I answered with dignity, wishing I dared be snappy at him; though I never am.

"And after eight years he wants to come back and find you squeezed into a twenty-inch-waist, blue muslin rag you wore at parting? No wonder Al didn't succeed at bank clerking, but had to make his hit at diplomacy and the high arts. Some hit at that to be legationed at Saint James! He's such a big gun that it is a pity he had to return to his

native heath and find even such a slight disappointment as a one-yard waist measure around his—his—"

"Oh, it's not, it's *not* that much." I fairly gasped and I couldn't help the tears coming into my eyes. I have never said much about it, but nobody knows how it hurts me to be all this fat!

"Stop crying this minute, Molly," said Doctor John suddenly in the deep voice he uses to Billy and me when we are really sick or stump-toed. "You know I was only teasing you and I won't stand for—"

But I sobbed some more. I like him when his eyes come out from under his bushy brows and are all tender and full of sorry for us.

"I can't help it," I gulped in my sleeve. "I did used to like Alfred Bennett. My heart almost broke when he went away. I used to be beautiful and slim, and now I feel as if my own fat ghost has come to haunt me all my life. I am so ashamed! If a woman can't cry over her own dead beauty, what can she cry over?" By this time I was really crying.

"You foolish child," he said in the deepest voice I almost ever heard him use. "You are just a lovely, round, luscious peach, but if you will be happier to have Al Bennett come and find you as slim as a string-bean I can show you how to do it. Will you do just as I tell you?"

"Yes, I will," I sniffed in a comforted voice. What woman wouldn't be comforted by being called a "luscious peach."

"Now," he said in his most business-like voice, as cool as a bucket of water fresh from the spring, "it is no trouble at all to take off your surplus avoirdupois at the rate of two and a half pounds a week if you follow these directions. As I take it you are about twenty-five pounds over your normal weight. It will take over two months to reduce you and we will allow an extra month for further beautifying, so that when Mr. Bennett arrives he will find the lady of his adoration in proper trim to be adored. Yes, just be still until I copy these directions in this little, red leather blank-book for you, and every day I want you to keep an exact

record of the conditions of which I make note. No, don't talk while I make out these diet lists!"

* * *

"The juice of a lemon in two glasses of cold water, to be drunk immediately on wakening!" Page eleven! I've handed myself that lemon every morning now until I am sensitive with myself about it. If there was ever anybody "on the water wagon" it's I, and I have to sit on the front seat from dawn to dusk to get in the gallon of water I'm supposed to consume in that time. Sometime I'm going to get mixed up and try to drink my bath if I don't look out. I dreamed night before last that I was taking a bath in a glass of ice-cream soda-water and trying to hide from Doctor John behind the dab of ice-cream that seemed inadequate for food or protection. I haven't had even one glass for two months and I woke up in a cold perspiration of embarrassment and raging hunger.

I don't know what I'm going to do about this book and I've got myself into trouble about writing things beside records in it. He looked at me this morning as coolly as if I was just anybody and said:

"I would like to see that record now, Mrs. Molly. It seems to me you are about as slim as you want to be. How did you tip the scales last time you weighed, and have you noticed any trouble at all with your heart?"

"I weigh one hundred and thirty-four pounds and I've got to melt and freeze and starve off that four," I answered, ignoring the heart question and also the question of producing this book. Wonder what he would do if I gave it to him to read just as it is?

"How about the heart?" he persisted, and I may have imagined the smile in his eyes for his mouth was purely professional. Anyway, I lowered my lashes down on to my cheeks and answered experimentally:

"Sometimes it hurts." Then a cyclone happened to me:

"Come here to me a minute!" he said quickly and he turned me around and put his head down between my shoulders and held me so tight against his ear that I could hardly breathe.

"Expand your chest three times and breathe as deep as you can," he ordered from against my back buttons. I expanded and breathed—pretty quickly at that.

"Now hold your breath as long as you can," he commanded, and it fitted my mood exactly to do so.

"Can't find anything," he said at last, letting me go and looking carefully at my face. His eyes were all anxiety; and I liked it. "When does it hurt you and how?" he asked anxiously.

"Moonlight nights and lonesomely," I answered before I could stop myself, and what happened then was worse than any cyclone. He got white for a minute and just looked at me as if I was a bug stuck on a pin, then gave a short little laugh and turned to the table.

"I didn't understand you were joking," he said quietly.

That maddened me and I would have done anything to make him think I was not the foolish thing he evidently had classified me as being. I snatched at my mind and shook out a mixture of truth and lies that fooled even myself and gave them to him, looking straight in his face. I would have cracked all the ten commandments to save myself from his contempt.

"I'm not joking," I said jerkily; "I *am* lonesome. And worse than being lonesome, I'm scared. I ought to have stayed just the quiet relict of Mr. Carter and gone on to church meetings with Aunt Adeline and let myself be fat and respectable; but I haven't got the character. You thought I went to town to buy a monument, and I didn't; I bought enough clothes for two brides, and now I'm scared to wear 'em, and I don't know what you'll think when you see my bankbook. Everybody is talking about me and that dinner-party Tuesday night, and Aunt Adeline says she can't live in a house of mourning so desecrated any longer; she's going back to the cottage. I can't help Judge Wade's sending me flowers and Tom's sitting on my front steps night and day. I'm not strong enough to carry him away and murder him. I am perfectly miserable."

* * *

I think it would be a good thing just to let Aunt Bettie

blindfold every unmarried person in this town and marry them to the first person they touch hands with. It would be fun for her and then we would have peace and apparently as much happiness as we are going to have anyway. Mrs. Johnson seemed to be in somewhat the same state of mind as I found myself.

"Humph," she said as we went up the front steps, "I'll be glad when you are married and settled, Molly Carter, so the rest of this town can quiet down into peace once more, and I sincerely hope every woman under fifty in Hillsboro who is already married will stay in that state until she reaches that age. But I do believe if the law marched widows from grave number one to altar number two they would get into trouble and fuss along the road. But come on in, both of you, and help me get this marriage feast ready, if I must! The day is going by on greased wheels and I can't let Mr. Johnson's crotchets be neglected, Al Bennett or no Al Bennett!"

And from then on for hours and hours I was strapped to a torture wheel that turned and turned, minute after minute, as it ground spice and sugar and bridal meats and me relentlessly into a great suffering pulp. Could I ever in all my life have hungered for food and been able to get it past the lump in my throat that grew larger with the seconds? And if Alfred's pudding tasted of the salt of dead sea-fruit this evening, it was from my surreptitious tears that dripped into it.

It was late, very late before Mrs. Johnson realized it and shooed me home to get ready to go to the train along with the brass band and all the other welcomes.

I hurried all I could, but for long minutes I stood in front of my mirror and questioned myself. Could this slow, pale, dead-eyed, slim, drooping girl be the rollicking child of a Molly who had looked out of that mirror at me one short week ago? Where were the wings on her heels, the glint in her curls, the laugh on her mouth and the devil in her eyes?

Slowly at last I lifted the blue muslin, twenty-three-inch waist shroud and let it slip over my head and fall slimly

around me. I had fastened the neck button and was fumbling the next one into the buttonhole when I suddenly heard laughing excited voices coming up the side street that ran just under my west window. Something told me that Alfred had come on the five-down train instead of the six-up and I fairly reeled to the window and peeped through the shutters.

They were all in a laughing group around him, with Tom as master of ceremonies, and Ruth Chester was looking up into his face with an expression I am glad I can never forget. It killed all my regrets on the score of his future.

It took two good looks to take him all in and then I must have missed some of him, for all in all, he was so large that he stretched your eyes to behold him. He's grown seven feet tall, I don't know how many pounds he weighs and I don't want anybody ever to tell me!

I had never thought enough about evolution to know whether I believed in it and woman's suffrage, but I do now! I know that millions of years ago a great, big, distinguished hippopotamus stepped out of the woods and frightened one of my foremothers so that she turned tail and fled through a thicket that almost tore her limb from limb, right into the arms of her own mate. That's what I did! I caught that blue satin belt together with one hand and ran through my garden right over a bed of savage tiger-lilies and flung myself into John Moore's office, slammed the door and backed up against it.

"He's come!" I gasped. "And I'm frightened to death, with nobody but you to run to. Hide me quick! He's fat and I hate him!" I was that deadly cold you can get when fear runs into your very marrow and congeals the blood in your arteries. "Quick, quick!" I panted.

He must have been as pale as I was, and for an eternity of a second he looked at me, then suddenly heaven shone from his eyes and he opened his arms to me with just one word.

"Here?"

I went.

ON A SUN-DIAL.

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WHEN the Earth lifts her garment of midnight,
Making her broad breast bare,
She offers this boon to her nurslings,
A day—
Love,
Laughter,
Tears,
Then a prayer.

BYRD SPILMAN DEWEY

[18——]

JOSEPH LEOPOLD BORGERHOFF

BYRD SPILMAN DEWEY, daughter of the Reverend J. E. Spilman and of Eliza Sarah Taylor, and grand-niece of Zachary Taylor, was born at Covington, Kentucky. She spent part of her girlhood at Maysville, Kentucky, where she attended the Maysville Academy, Maysville College, and Maysville Institute, completing her education at Lexington, Kentucky.

After her marriage to Frederick S. Dewey, a veteran of the Civil War, she went to live for a time at Salem, Illinois, but on account of Mr. Dewey's health, the young couple moved to Florida where they led for a while the life of pioneers, for in the year of grace 1881 Florida was neither so accessible nor so thickly populated as it is today. Their venture in fruit growing not being so successful as they had hoped for, they abandoned the plantation in the course of time and went farther north to the metropolis of the state, Jacksonville. For the last twenty-five years our author has lived at Palm Beach where many northern and southern visitors have often enjoyed the charming hospitality of the hostess of *Ben Trovato.*

Mrs. Dewey has achieved one of the most difficult things in life, if not the most difficult, namely happiness. Whether this is due to her inherent sunny and ever young nature, to the lifelong devotion of a husband who shared all her joys and sorrows, to a peacefully active life in a beautiful country whose every charm and mood she so well knows, or to all those things combined, it is not for the writer of this brief sketch to say. At any rate, her cheerfulness and perennial youthfulness radiate from everything she ever wrote. This is all the more remarkable since a life of comparative solitude such as she necessarily led in her pioneering days is as likely as not to beget exaggerated introspection and not infrequently morbid brooding. But though dwelling far from the world's bustle, Mrs. Dewey never knew loneliness. She had her dreams, she had nature, and she had her dumb friends, flowers, birds, dogs, and cats. All of these she knew intimately and loved tenderly. She endowed them with her own cheerful personality and no doubt she is convinced that all possess reasoning and sentient souls.

In 'Bruno' Mrs. Dewey gives us a delightful picture of her first dog. It is skilfully interwoven with the record of her early

struggles, joys, and adventures in her adopted state. It is rather a series of pretty sketches of a happy home of three, Julius, Judith, and Bruno. Only once was this happiness broken by poignant grief, and that was when Little Blossom who had scarcely made her entrance into life, flitted out again like a white butterfly.

Bruno was half setter and half water spaniel with beautiful wavy auburn hair. As already hinted, the story is in part autobiographic, although the center of the stage is always taken by friend Bruno. There is plenty of humor, and a modicum of pathos, but interest never flags for a moment. Mrs. Dewey's English is simple and direct; she knows the secret of saying things in a quaint and picturesque way; hers is a style with a merry twinkle.

Aside from the pleasure always inherent in a well told story, there is a good deal of information to be gathered in 'Bruno' about living conditions in Florida during the eighties when traveling in those parts was slow and places were remote that are now within easy reach from anywhere.

Lovers of dogs frequently share their pets' traditional aversion for cats. That may be merely the result of ignorance as most aversions are. The true cat lover will bring forward argument upon argument to prove that felines are as capable of unselfish devotion, faithfulness, and intelligence as are dogs.

The 'Blessed Isle and Its Happy Families' is in a way a pendant to 'Bruno.' It deals, however, mainly with cats owned by the author at one time or another. But there are also dogs in the family as well as in the neighborhood: the Bob-tailed Pup—a fox terrier—Foozle, the "Bull-Pointer," the Curly Dog, and the aristocratic Van, a collie bred in the purple. All with the exception of the Bob-tailed Pup live on the best of terms with the other "cattle," the cats and General Bragg, the turkey gobbler; and the usual cat-and-dog-life finds no counterpart in the Blessed Isle. Among the other characters, the "colored folk" and *Calamity Jane* deserve at least mention; the latter is a motor boat that would not motor and had a knack of leaving its occupants in the lurch fifteen or twenty miles from home, hence the name. The volume is agreeably enlivened with pictures of the various characters and with bits of Florida scenery taken on the Blessed Isle.

These stories of Catsie, Roi, Deedie, the Robber Cat, the Twins, Peterkin, and others are told with much detail both interesting and amusing, and a great deal of cat lore and cat psychology is to be found in them. Mrs. Dewey, for all her merry humor and wit, is a realist and not a nature faker. The book is one that, like 'Bruno,' must delight the hearts of children while many grownups will relish it

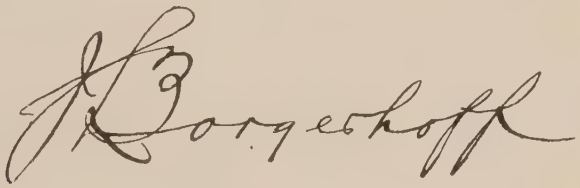
equally. The first four chapters of the 'Blessed Isle' were first published in *Vogue*. The 'Tale of Satan,' 'Peter the Tramp,' and 'Rebecca,' a postscript to 'Bruno,' are more cat stories published in booklet form. 'Flying Blossom' is the story of a red bird who lost a leg in a possum trap.

It was most appropriate that an ardent lover of animal life in all its manifestations should have been appointed field secretary of the Florida Audubon Society, a post Mrs. Dewey resigned to engage in independent lecturing on the preservation of bird and tree life.

'Who Seeks Finds' is a fairy tale, the moral of which is contained in the title, namely, that in life we find what we are looking for, weeds or flowers, evil or good.

'O Youth Eternal!' is a bit of philosophy, the author's own, born of experience lived. It breathes a wholesome spirit of optimism and hopefulness and it loses nothing of its force for being written in beautiful language.

Mrs. Dewey's literary baggage, as the French say, is not voluminous, but such as it is it will occupy an honorable place among the products of Southern writers. 'Bruno' will always rank as a fine dog story. It has the added value of being the artistic expression of an interesting personality and of an interesting inner life.



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Also numerous contributions to *Vogue, Good Housekeeping, Home Journal, Housekeeper, Outlook,* and many Florida local newspapers.

BRUNO'S FIRST TASTE OF SEA-WATER.

From 'Bruno,' with kind permission of the publishers, Little, Brown & Co.

We made but a short stay in Jacksonville, then hurried on to St. Augustine, where a former acquaintance of Julius's was living with his family. We had to take a river steamer to Tocoi,—called Decoy by many, for obvious reasons,—then journey across to the coast on a tiny railway.

The steamboat on the St. John's was a first experience of the kind for Bruno, who seemed to enjoy it greatly, for the boat had but few passengers beside ourselves, and we went up and downstairs at will, making him several visits in his quarters on the lower deck.

Things were even more informal on the little railway. There was no one about when we boarded the train; so Bruno followed us into the passenger coach, crept under the seat, doubling himself up like a shut knife, and, totally effaced by the time the conductor came around, rode first-class for once. It seemed such a treat for us all to be together as we journeyed, that our short ride across from "Decoy" to the coast stands out in memory as the pleasantest part of the journey.

We were met at St. Augustine by Julius's friend, and, as he bore a pressing invitation for us from his family, we stopped that first day with them, so that they might have their fill of news from their friends and relatives whom we had seen just before starting to Florida.

They kindly urged us to stay longer, but we thought that two people and a dog made a formidable party to entertain as visitors; so we hunted up a pleasant boarding-house and settled ourselves for a two weeks' stay.

All three of us found much to surprise us in the old town; but by far the greatest sensation was Bruno's when we first took him out for a run, and he promptly made a dash into one of the creeks as the tide was flowing in, and took a big drink. He was warm with running, and the water looked so inviting that he had taken a number of swallows before he tasted it. Then his antics were most comical. He snorted and shook his head till his ears flap-

ped again, and rubbed at his nose, first with one paw and then with the other. After that one lesson he never again drank from a strange pool or stream without first tasting it very gingerly, then waiting a few seconds to make sure of the after taste. But if he objected to the taste of salt water, he found no flaw in the feeling of it.

BRUNO'S DISAGREEABLE ENCOUNTER.

From 'Bruno,' with kind permission of the publishers, Little, Brown & Co.

ONE moonlight night we three had walked over to the post-office for the mail. As Julius and I were slowly sauntering homeward, enjoying the night air, while Bruno made little excursions in all directions, he suddenly came up in front of us, and paused in that questioning way which showed he had found something of which he was not quite sure.

"What is it, Boonie?" asked Julius.

Bruno made a short run, then came back, pausing as before, and glancing first in the direction he had started to go, then at Julius.

"It is probably a 'possum," I suggested.

Bruno had shown himself to be very careful about attacking strange animals. He seemed to remember our adventure with the hens, his first meeting with Rebecca, and some of his other experiences.

Julius answered his evident question with,—

"Yes. It's Boonie's 'possum. Go get him!"

Off he sprang, dashing into a little clump of trees, about a bow-shot from us, then with a yelp retreated, throwing himself on the ground, uttering short cries, rubbing and rooting his nose down into the grass and sand. Alas, poor Bruno! We knew what it was. We did not see it, we did not hear it, but we knew. He felt that he had been a victim of misplaced confidence; but we suffered with him, for it was days before he got rid of the "bouquet." Then it was as if by an inspiration. He seemed, all at once, to remember something. There was a tiny lake near our place, that was going dry. Day by day its waters had receded, until

it was a mere mud-hole. Bruno went down to it, and buried himself up to the eyes in the black mud.

He lay there until late afternoon, then trotted off to a wet lake near by, and took a thorough bath. With this, he regained his lost self-respect, but he never forgot the experience. It was only necessary to say,—

"Kitty, kitty, where's kitty?" to make his ears and tail droop in the most dejected manner; then he would creep away, out of sight, till some more agreeable topic of conversation was broached.

THE ADOPTED KITTEN.

From 'The Blessed Isle and Its Happy Families.' The Record Company, St. Augustine, Florida.

Mrs. Helen had promised me a daughter of her old Tabby, and when I received a note from her saying that Madam had ascended the kitten-tree, I was delighted.

The kitten-tree was a large Banyan, or rubber tree back of Mrs. Helen's house in which Tabby had discovered a natural cat-nursery. A hollow had formed high up in the trunk, sheltered overhead by a branch, and screened all about by the large, thick leaves which rubber trees always produce in such profusion. Crumbled bark, dry leaves and other debris had accumulated in the bottom of the hollow, forming an ideal cat-boudoir. To this delightful retreat Madam Tabby always retired at the crises in her domestic affairs. Here she welcomed the visits of the stork; remaining in this upper chamber, except for brief trips below in search of food and drink, until her kits were so mature that they could scramble down with her.

It does not require many weeks for kittens to grow large enough to leave their mother, so I was soon gladdened by a sight of the mail-sloop tacking up to land at the wharf of our Blessed Isle with a promising-looking box stowed in the shelter of the boom against the mast. When its slatted top was lifted, I found that Mrs. Helen had been even more generous than her promise. She had sent a pair of kittens —perfect little beauties. The male jet-black, with a glossy

coat like silk plush; and the other, black with white markings.

The black kit was at once christened Satan, in memory of another black Satan-cat, the chronicle of whose happy days here on The Blessed Isle must make another story.

The little girl-kit nestled up to me with a wide-eyed, comprehensive glance of affection which brought a response from the same heartstring that had vibrated for Catsie, the kitten beloved of Bruno, so we named her Catsie the Second.

Anyone who has grown cat-hungry, through long months of catlessness, will understand how our joys were more than doubled by the charms of these two lively little creatures scampering about. They would frolic around me as I sat busy with sewing or books, springing on and over me in their games of tag; stopping to investigate my book, or to study with lively interest the mysterious movements of pen or needle; toying with the little curls they dragged from confining hair-pins with their mischievous claws, and sent into an ecstasy of delight if they could succeed in dislodging all the pins and bring down an avalanche of locks in which they could—lying meanwhile on their backs in my lap or on the work-table—claw, with delightful abandon until chaos was the result; then perform a war-dance around me when I remonstrated, and deposited them on the floor that I might rise to repair damages.

VAN'S DEATH.

From 'The Blessed Isle and Its Happy Families.'

THE days and nights dragged along. Endless hours of weariness or of pain for Van; and of ceaseless watchfulness for me.

Some days our patient seemed to be so much better and so happy in realizing that he had my exclusive care and attention, that we were all full of hope and began to believe he would soon be again on his feet.

Then would come a back-set and I watched beside him expecting that every spasm would end the pain and leave him lifeless.

Early in his malady the gentle patient had won the heart of his physician; and Van soon learned to watch for the coming of the kind stranger who was accepted as a friend to be greeted with a flop of the tail and an out-stretched paw.

During the third week pain and weakness took another form, which resulted in paralysis, and he began to lose consciousness.

Then he fell asleep.

As we brushed his coat for the last time—arranging the long wavy hair on the form now become so strangely large, heavy and unresponsive—the same question was in both our hearts. Where was now that gentle dog-soul so faithful, so loving and so devoted?

The clay we placed in the box was not Van. He was not there. Then, where was he?

* * * * * * * *

Pondering these things, we arrive at the truth, old as human feeling, that the only realities of life are the things that do not exist.

What are called realities—life's necessities—these never quicken the pulses, nor choke the breath with hurried heart-beats.

But the intangibles—love, art, beauty, music, and again love; for love, in all its many kinds and degrees, is what gives meaning to art, beauty, and music—these are the things that stir us to the depths—these are the things that grasp us with resistless power, dragging us up by the roots to throw us down quivering where we perish; or else take hold anew with our soul-fibers.

These non-existing realities make of earth a garden of delight; or a desert swept by simoons and scorched by droughts.

Nothing else really matters—or rather, everything else follows as the non-existing verities set the pace.

* * * * * * * *

Adieu, Little Comrade, we made a brave fight; but we lost.

O YOUTH ETERNAL!

(Privately Printed.)

On the shores of the Infinite towers the glorious city of achievements. Its slender spires glisten in the morning sunlight—for there it is always morning and always Spring. Each mortal who has a spark of the divine fire in his soul has helped to build this city inspired by life's twin angels of construction—Hope and Love.

As the old year dies the new year is born.

The hour of passing from old to new is one of vigil—of remembrance—of hope. From a dawn sky, gilded by the sun's first ray, comes the glad new year—a boat sailing wing-and-wing loaded down to the water's edge with gifts. It speeds us-wards dashing up the spray with its golden prow, leaving in its wake a ruffled track of sparkling light. Turquoise and emerald set in dancing points of gold and silver. Onward, at a merry clip it comes.

Welcome new year! Thy packages are so enfolded in mystery we cannot divine their contents; but we fearlessly receive and unwrap them knowing all to be gifts with a purpose; some will charm us at first glimpse, others set us guessing what they may be—what may be their meaning and mission.

New Year is re-birth—a fresh beginning. The heart stirs—goes out to its new gifts. Life has yet something to offer. We hold upturned hands—perhaps feel misgivings—tempted to let fall some of the offerings; or, reach joyfully to take those that please the eye; but all are good, whether or no they seem acceptable to finite limitations of understanding.

Life's joys are cumulative. Maturity is better than immaturity. Young-in-years has only the present, tumultuous and happy though it be. Maturity has both past and present, each supplementing the other—balancing, explaining, reflecting—the present experience, a mirror of what is, reflecting what was, the two blending to make new joy which partakes of both and is more than either. "The tender grace of a day that is dead" is ours again. We laugh, we weep, we glow, responsive to the voice of memory. The

bright never fades—the sweet is never lost. Any joy once grasped is ours forever. In nightwatches—in twilight musings—memory prompts recollection to search for and bring us all the flowers which in the past have bloomed for us; and they come with all their tender fragrance. Dreams bring them, without waiting memory's invitation. We awaken from sleep with fingers still tingling from the warm clasp of what was only a dream-hand. It has reached out from the past throbbing with vital magic to claim the unbroken—the unbreakable—tie 'twixt soul and soul. The darkness is peopled with dream faces, and a radiance—not of earthly light—glorifies the silence. An angel whose name is Youth, is beside the couch, holding in her hand the torch of memory—of vibrant life. Oh, Youth, Youth! In thine other hand is the horn of plenty which ever pours out and is never emptied! Give us again that faith, and that innocent trust, Youth's sword and shield!

But, says Doubt, will not the world rob us of all we possess if we enter the lists armed only with faith and trust?

Nay, why question? The strong man, filled with the conqueror's pride, armed for victory, stalks the beast of the forest. Aggressive strength is met with cunning, the beast springs out to tear him limb from limb, staining the earth's brown bosom with his life-blood. The straying infant wanders through the forest of dangers, fearlessly brushing the serpent, the ravaging beast, the prowling marauder. It finally stumbles into the lair of the tigress. Fearless, it reaches out tiny hands in gleeful greeting, approaches the ferocious mother with joyful babblings. Does the beast fall on the youngling to rend and devour? Hear her purring to the fearless innocent! See her curve out the velvet paw of mute invitation, as the human babe nestles down to join the wild cubs in their sheltered nest. Knowing no fear, it passes all dangers guarded by the lion of its own disarming trust. This is life. Attack, and the whole world threatens; trust, and all nature purrs. Then is there nothing in life to fear? Only our own unfaith. If we become as little children, we are safe. 'Tis only untrusting age, with fear in his heart, which sees danger everywhere, and is there-

by conquered. Youth—gentle, gay, and trustful—passes by unharmed, not knowing there are teeth, claws, and venom.

In welcoming the fulfilment of maturity, we lose not the garment of youth. We hold fast, with loving trust, to the joy of living. Youth of the year—youth of life—youth of the heart—trinity of happiness. Everything gilded by life's sunshine, which is power to love, a happy trust in The Angel of Destiny, a loving tenderness for all created life. And this is the spirit of youth—unfading youth—the guardian angel leading us through life's mysterious mazes to the draped doorway which opens into that vast region beyond peopled with our loved ones—a country glorified with the radiance of Youth Eternal.

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JOHN BRECKENRIDGE ELLIS

[1870—]

FLOYD C. SHOEMAKER.

ONE of the most beloved men of letters produced in recent years by Missouri is J. Breckenridge Ellis. His success has been built on the foundation of careful preparation, tireless industry, faith in self, and patience in results. It is, therefore, logical and natural that his literary work has steadily advanced in quality as well as in quantity with each succeeding year. None of the books of Mr. Ellis represents a radical departure from the general style and treatment of former publications by the same author. This is to be expected from the nature of Mr. Ellis's literary ability. Mr. Ellis is not a literary genius, his work is not erratic, and his productions naturally tend to rise in quality.

The city of Hannibal, Missouri, the home or birthplace of a galaxy of such great men in the field of letters and art and war as Mark Twain, Carroll Beckwith, and Robert E. Coontz, was also the birthplace of J. Breckenridge Ellis. Here Mr. Ellis was born on February 11, 1870. His parents were John William and Sally (Breckenridge) Ellis. The family home was in St. Louis where the father, Dr. J. W. Ellis, practiced law. Here the son spent his first six years. Dr. Ellis then moved to Plattsburg, Clinton County, Missouri, and became president of Plattsburg College. J. Breckenridge Ellis obtained his education in this institution, graduating at the age of sixteen. From this institution he holds the degrees of A.B. and A.M. He was given the chair of English literature in Plattsburg College and taught there until 1897. He later taught two years in Central Christian College at Albany, Missouri.

The collegiate education of J. Breckenridge Ellis has been continued and broadened through home study, close observation, travel at home and abroad, and concentrated application. The possessor of one of the finest private libraries in the state, he is afforded opportunity for broad self-culture. In this library Mr. Ellis spends most of the winter day. It is perhaps the cosmopolitan character of his collection of books which explains the diversity of the subject-matter in his novels. No two of his novels are alike and this range in subjects is perhaps the unconscious result of Mr. Ellis's reading, as well as his own conscious purpose.

As a complement to this scholarly training has been the practice of Mr. Ellis to make careful and close observation of persons and things. Companionable by nature, he has made many friends, both in his home town and over the State of Missouri at large. These friends find sociability and hospitality in his home. The cosmopolitan character of the visitors is equalled only by the variety of conversation. Possessing a remarkable memory retentive of the smallest incident and slightest phrases, Mr. Ellis has filled his mind with a wealth of material. It is from this treasure, almost inexhaustible, that the author is able to make continuous drafts in compiling his works. Moreover, he is either by nature or training a good judge of human nature. This statement is made both on the judgment of others and on personal observation. He has learned to listen intently and to observe with concentration. These powers are among his greatest assets.

Broadening in experience and knowledge have been the travels at home and abroad taken by Mr. Ellis. He knows well his own State which in some ways is one of the most representative commonwealths in population and resources. Missouri is neither southern nor northern today; it is neither eastern nor western. Missouri is a central state. And Mr. Ellis knows Missouri from its loess soil in the northwest to its Ozark highlands in the south. He has also traveled extensively over the United States and has toured Mexico and Europe.

Concentrated application has perhaps been the greatest developer of Mr. Ellis as an author. When he works he works with intensity, permitting no interruption or diversion. Each morning except the Sabbath belongs to the author. Combined with this habit of industry, followed for forty years, has been joined the attribute of patience. Mr. Ellis began writing early in life. Before he had completed his elementary education, he was writing stories and attempting novels. Aside from the publication in a country newspaper of two or three productions, his literary life during the first thirty years, from the standpoint of financial success, was a failure. At the age of twenty-eight he had had only one book accepted.

These years of failure increased his determination to succeed. And success came in unlimited measure with the publication of 'Fran' in 1912. 'Fran' became the best seller in America. It called attention to former works of the author and created a wide reading public for the books that followed it.

One of the best characterizations of Mr. Ellis appeared in the *Midwest Bookman*. The sketch is here produced:

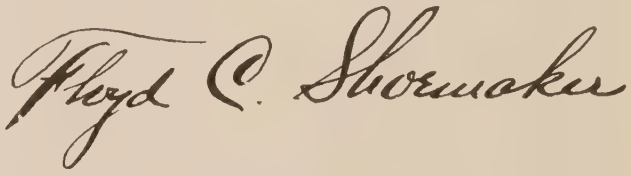
"No galaxy of midwestern authors would be complete or even interesting which did not contain John Breckenridge Ellis, of Plattsburg, Missouri. This man in his personality, the habits of his daily life, his mental angle on men and events, is so typically of the Mississippi Valley as to seem a very part of the country itself. Mr. Ellis's writings are wholesome, romantic, and of the people. He does not believe in the new so-called realism, which is anything but real; nor in the modernism which does not belong to any age. He has a sane viewpoint on things, and when he talks his hearers want to have it, too, and get ashamed if they have it not. That's the kind of a man J. Breckenridge Ellis is. He was born in Hannibal, Missouri, but Hannibal needn't get puffed up about that, for it was what you might call an accident; his mother was there on a visit. The family residence was in St. Louis, where his father was engaged in successful law practice. They lived in St. Louis until Breckenridge was eight years old. Then they moved to Plattsburg where Doctor Ellis became president of Plattsburg College. So it will be seen that Breckenridge came by his literary bent in a perfectly natural way. Even now, his most exacting literary critic is his mother. Past eighty years old she is, but with a splendid fighting spirit which refuses to acknowledge defeat at the hands of a little thing like time. To her Mr. Ellis reads his manuscripts and at her sharp criticism the chapters are cut and rewritten until they meet with her approval. The relationship between these two is as beautiful as a flower and as stable as the hills.

"When J. Breckenridge Ellis was about two years old he had an attack of spinal meningitis which left him so crippled that he even yet has to go about in a wheel chair. Yet, in this chair he has toured the United States, Europe, and Mexico, and he has his daily life like other men, going about as he pleases and working in the grounds of his home, the gardens of which are his especial pride. How kind is nature, that when she takes something from a man usually gives something splendid and unusual in its place!

"Mr. Ellis says he always intended to be a writer, and has written since before he can remember. When other boys, normal in physique, were engaged in boyhood sports, he was writing or weaving tales in his imaginative mind. At fifteen he had written a story, 'John Richmond,' which he submitted to *The Egerton Courier-Journal*. The editor read it and thought it a good one and agreed to run it as a serial but said he had no money to pay for it. All writers know that desire to see one's stuff in print; so the story was run. After that Mr. Ellis wrote steadily for thirteen years before he had a thing accepted. When he was twenty-nine years old he sold his

first novel, 'Shem,' a Biblical story. For this he received six dollars in royalties. All this struggle can be told lightly now when success has finally come. In 1912 his 'Fran' was the best seller in America, and book after book he has written besides. Among his other gifts Mr. Ellis is a composer of music. It is his custom when writing a book to compose something on the piano every day. This is his source of inspiration. Once when writing where he had no piano, he strung rubber bands of different lengths and on these he improvised his tunes. He composes both words and music, and so easily that it is not unusual for him to entertain his friends in this manner.

"Financial independence has come to him through his efforts, along with his literary success. His royalties make him independent, for he not only has written best sellers but scenarios as well. How much this man makes us think of Stevenson, the beloved! The same invincible spirit that will know no defeat, the same kindly personality and wholesome, loving philosophy, even the same natural gifts. We need more such men."



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A DISTURBING LAUGH.

From 'Fran,' Chapter II. Copyright, Bobbs-Merrill Co., 1912, and used here by permission of the author and the publishers.

A LONG stretch of wooden sidewalks with here and there a leprous breaking out of granitoid; a succession of dwellings, each in its yard of bluegrass, maple trees, and whitewashed palings, with several residences fine enough to excite wonder—for modest cottages set the architectural pace in the village; a stretch of open country beyond the corporate limits, with a foot-bridge to span the deep ravine—and then, at last, a sudden glow in the darkness not caused by the moon, with a circle of stamping and neighing horses encompassing the glow.

The sermon was ended, the exhortation was at the point of loudest voice and most impassioned earnestness. A number of men, most of them young, thronged the footpath leading from the stiles to the tent. A few were smoking; all were waiting for the pretty girls to come forth from the Christian camp. Fran pushed her way among the idlers with admirable nonchalance, her sharp elbow ready for the first resistive pair of ribs.

The crowds outside did not argue a scarcity of seats under the canvas. Fran found a plank without a back, loosely disposed, and entirely unoccupied. She seated herself, straight as an Indian, and with the air of being very much at ease.

The scene was new to her. More than a thousand villagers, ranged along a natural declivity, looked down upon the platform of undressed pine. In front of the platform men and women were kneeling on the ground. Some were bathed in tears; some were praying aloud; some were talk-

ing to those who stood, or knelt beside them; some were clasping convulsive hands; all were oblivious of surroundings.

Occasionally one heard above the stentorian voice of the exhorter, above the prayers and exclamations of the "seekers," a sudden shout of exultation—"Bless the Lord!" or a rapturous "A-a-men!" Then a kneeling figure would rise, and the exhorter would break off his plea to cry, "Our brother has found the Lord!"

From the hundred members of the choir, Fran singled out the man she had been seeking for so many years. It was easy enough to distinguish him from the singers who crowded the platform, not only by his baton which proclaimed the choir-leader, but by his resemblance to the picture she had discovered in a New York Sunday Supplement.

Hamilton Gregory was clean-shaved except for a silken reddish mustache; his complexion was fair, his hair a shade between red and brown, his eyes blue. His finely marked face and striking bearing were stamped with distinction and grace.

It was strange to Fran that he did not once glance in her direction. True, there was nothing in her appearance to excite especial attention, but she had looked forward to meeting him ever since she could remember. Now that her eyes were fastened on his face, now that they were so near, sheltered by a common roof, how could he help feeling her presence?

The choir-leader rose and lifted his baton. At his back the hundred men and women obeyed the signal, while hymn-books fluttered open throughout the congregation. Suddenly the leader of the choir started into galvanic life. He led the song with his sweet voice, his swaying body, his frantic baton, his wild arms, his imperious feet. With all that there was of him, he conducted the melodious charge up the ramparts of sin and indifference. If in repose, Fran had thought him singularly handsome and attractive, she now found him inspiring. His blue eyes burned with exaltation while his magic voice seemed to thrill with more than human ecstasy. The strong, slim, white hand tensely grasping

the baton, was the hand of a powerful chieftain wielded in behalf of the God of Battles.

On the left, the heavy bass was singing,

"One thing we know,
Wherever we go—
We reap what we sow,
We reap what we sow."

While these words were being doled out at long and impressive intervals, like the tolling of a heavy bell, more than half a hundred soprano voices were hastily getting in their requisite number of half notes, thus —

"So scatter little, scatter little, scatter little,
Scatter little,
Scatter little seeds of kindness."

In spite of the vast volume of sound produced by these voices, as well as by the accompaniment of two pianos and a snare-drum, the voice of Hamilton Gregory, soaring flute-like toward heaven, seemed to dart through the interstices of "rests," to thread its slender way along infinitesimal crevices of silence. One might have supposed that the booming bass, the eager chattering soprano, the tenor with its thin crust of upper layers, and the throaty fillings of the alto, could have left no vantage points for an obligato. Yet it was Hamilton Gregory's voice that bound all together in divine unity. As one listened, it was the inspired truth as uttered by Hamilton Gregory that brought the message home to conscience. As if one had never before been told that one reaps what one sows, uneasy memory started out of hidden places with its whisper of seed sown amiss. Tears rose to many eyes, and smothered sobs betrayed intense emotion.

Of those who were not in the least affected, Fran was one. She saw and heard Hamilton Gregory's impassioned earnestness, and divined his yearning to touch many hearts; nor did she doubt that he would then and there have given his life to press home upon the erring that they must ultimately reap what they were sowing. Nevertheless she was

altogether unmoved. It would have been easier for her to laugh than to cry.

Although the preacher had ceased his exhortations for the singing of the evangelistic hymn, he was by no means at the end of his resources. Standing at the margin of the platform, looking out on the congregation, he slowly moved back and forth his magnetic arms in parallel lines. Without turning his body, it was as if he were cautiously sweeping aside the invisible curtain of doubt that swung between the unsaved and the altar. "This way," he seemed to say. "Follow my hands."

Not one word did he speak. Even between the verses, when he might have striven against the pianos and the snare-drum, he maintained his terrible silence. But as he fixed his ardent eyes upon space, as he moved those impelling arms, a man would rise here, a woman start up there—reluctantly, or eagerly, the unsaved would press their way to the group kneeling at the front. Prayers and groans rose louder. Jubilant shouts of religious victory were more frequent. One could now hardly hear the choir as it insisted—

"We reap what we sow,
We reap what we sow."

Suddenly the evangelist smote his hands together, a signal for song and prayer to cease.

Having obtained a silence that was breathless he leaned over the edge of the platform, and addressed a man who knelt upon the ground:

"Brother Clinton, can't you get it?"

The man shook his head.

"You've been kneeling there night after night," the evangelist continued; "don't you feel that the Lord loves you? Can't you feel it? Can't you feel it *now?* Can't you get it? Can't you get it *now?* Brother Clinton, I want you to get through before these revival services close. They close this night. I go away tomorrow. This may be your last opportunity. I want you to get it now. All these waiting friends want you to get it now. All these praying neigh-

bors want to *see* you get it. Can't you get through tonight? Just quietly here, without any excitement, without any noise or tumult, just you and your soul alone together—Brother Clinton, can't you get through tonight?"

Brother Clinton shook his head.

Fran laughed aloud.

The evangelist had already turned to Hamilton Gregory as a signal for the hymn to be resumed, for sometimes singing helped them "through," but the sound of irreverent laughter chilled his blood. To his highly wrought emotional nature, that sound of mirth came as the laughter of fiends over the tragedy of an immortal soul.

"Several times," he cried, with whitened face, "these services have been disturbed by the ungodly." He pointed an inflexible finger at Fran: "Yonder sits a little girl who should not have been allowed in this tent unaccompanied by her parents. Brethren! Too much is at stake, at moments like these, to shrink from heroic measures. Souls are here, waiting to be saved. Let that little girl be removed. Where are the ushers? I hope she will go without disturbance, but go she shall! Now, Brother Gregory, sing."

The corps of ushers had been sadly depleted by the young men's inclination to bivouac outside, where one could see without being obliged to hear. As the song swept over the worshipers in a wave of pleading, such ushers as still remained, held a brief consultation. The task assigned them did not seem included in their proper functions. Only one could be found to volunteer as policeman, and he only because the evangelist's determined eye and rigid arm had never ceased to indicate the disturber of the peace.

Fran was furious; her small white face seemed cut in stone as she stared at the evangelist. How could she have known she was going to laugh? Her tumultuous emotions, inspired by the sight of Hamilton Gregory, might well have found expression in some other way. That laugh had been as a darting of tongue-flame directed against the armored Christian soldier whose face was so spiritually beautiful, whose voice was so eloquent.

Fran was suddenly aware of a man pausing irresolutely at the end of the plank that held her erect. Without turning her head, she asked in a rather spiteful voice, "Are you the sheriff?"

He spoke with conciliatory persuasiveness: "Won't you go with me, little girl?"

Fran turned impatiently to glare at the usher.

He was a fine young fellow of perhaps twenty-four, tall and straight, clean and wholesome. His eyes were sincere and earnest yet they promised much in the way of sunny smiles—at the proper time and place. His mouth was frank, his forehead open, his shoulders broad.

Fran rose as swiftly as if a giant hand had lifted her to her feet. "Come on, then," she said in a tone somewhat smothered. She climbed over the "stringer" at the end of her plank, and marched behind the young man as if oblivious of devouring eyes. The men at the tent-entrance scurried out of the way, scattering the shavings and sawdust that lined the path!

As they passed the last pole that supported a gasolene-burner, Fran glanced up shyly from under her broad hat. The light burned red upon the young usher's face, and there was something in the crimson glow, or in the face, that made her feel like crying, just because—or so she fancied—it revived the recollection of her loneliness. And as she usually did what she felt like doing, she cried, silently, as she followed the young man out beneath the stars.

WRITING HOME.

From 'Lahoma,' Chapter XIV. Copyright, Bobbs-Merrill Co., and used here by permission of the author and the publishers.

"Dear Brick and Bill:

"I don't know what to tell first. It's all so strange and grand—the people are just people, but the things are wonderful. The people want it to be so; they act, and think according to the things around them. They pride themselves on these things and on being amongst them, and I am trying to learn to do that, too. When I lived in the cove—

it seems a long, long time ago—my thoughts were always away from dirt-floors and cook-stoves and cedar logs and wash-pans. But the people in the big world keep their minds tied right up to such things—only the things are finer —they are marble floors and magnificent restaurants and houses on what they call the 'best streets.' At meals, there are all kinds of little spoons and forks, and they think to use a wrong one is something dreadful; that is why I say the forks and spoons seem more important than *they* are, but they want it to be so.

"They have certain ways of doing everything, and just certain times for doing them, and if you do a wrong thing at a right time, or a right thing at the wrong time, it shows you are from the West. At first, I couldn't say a word, or turn around, without showing that I was from the West. But although I've been from home only a few days, I'm getting so that nobody can tell that I'm more important than the furniture around me. I'm trying to be just like the one I'm with, and I don't believe an outsider can tell that I have any more sense than the rest of them.

"Miss Sellimer is so nice to me. I told her right at the start that I didn't know anything about the big world, and she teaches me everything. I'd be more comfortable if she could forget about my saving her life, but she never can, and is so grateful it makes me feel that I'm enjoying all this on false pretenses for you know my finding her was only an accident. Her mother is very pleasant to me—much more so than to her. Bill, you know how you speak to your horse, sometimes, when it acts contrary? That's the way Miss Sellimer speaks to her mother, at times. However, they don't seem very well acquainted with each other. Of course if they'd lived together in a cove for years, they'd have learned to tell each other their thoughts and plans, but out in the big world there isn't time for anything except to dress and go.

"I'm learning to dress. I used to think a girl could do that to please herself, but no, the dresses are a thousand times more important than the people inside them. It wouldn't matter how wise you are if your dress is wrong,

nor would it matter how foolish, if your dress is like everybody else's. A person could be independent and do as she pleased, but she wouldn't be in society. And nobody would believe she was independent, they would just think she didn't know any better, or was poor. Because, they don't know anything about being independent; they want to be governed by their things. A poor person isn't cut off from society because he hasn't money, but because he doesn't know how to deal with high things, not having practiced amongst them. It isn't because society people have lots of money that they stick together, but because all of them know what to do with the little forks and spoons.

"It is like the dearest, jolliest kind of game to me, to be with these people, and say just what they say, and like what they like, and act as they act—and that's the difference between me and them; it's not a game to them, it's deadly earnest. They think they're *living!*

"Do you think I could play at this so long that one day I'd imagine I was doing what God had expected of me when he sent me to you, Brick? Could I stay out in the big world until I'd think of the cove as a cramped little pocket in the wilderness with two pennies jingling at the bottom of it named Brick and Bill? If I thought there was any danger of that, I'd start home in the morning!

"We are in a Kansas City hotel where all the feathers are in ladies' hats and bonnets instead of in the gentlemen's hair. To get to our rooms you go to a dark little door and push something that makes a bell ring, and then you step into a dugout on pulleys, that shoots up in the air so quick it makes you feel a part of you has fallen out and got lost. The dugout doesn't slow up for the third story, it just stops *that quick*—they call it an 'elevator' and it certainly does elevate! You step out in a dim trail where there are dusky kinds of lights, although it may be the middle of the day, and you follow the trail over a narrow yellow desert, turn to your right and keep going till you reach a door with your number on it. When you are in your room, you see the things that are considered more important than the people.

"There's an entire room set apart for the sole purpose

of bathing!—and the room with the bed in it is separate from the sitting-room. You can go in one and stay a while, and go in another and stay a while, and then go in the third—and you have a different feeling for each room that you're in. I'd rather see everything at once, as I can in my cabin. And that bed! If my little bed at home could be brought here and set up beside this hotel wonder, the very walls would cry out . . . I wish I could sleep in my little bed to-night, and hear the wind howling over the mountain.

"The dining-room is the finest thing I ever saw; I doubt if the kings and queens of old times ever ate in richer surroundings. There are rows of immense mirrors along the wall and gold borders—and then the tables! I wonder what would happen if anybody should spread newspapers on one of these wonderful tables and use them for a table-cloth? At home, we can just reach out and take what we want off the stove, and help our plates without rising. It's so different here! After you've worried over crooked lists of things to eat that you've never heard of, and have hurried to select so the waiter won't have to lose any time, the waiter goes away. And when he puts something before you, you don't know what to call it, because it's been so long, you've forgotten its name on that awful pasteboard. But there's something pleasant when you've finished, in just getting up and walking away, not caring who cleans up the dishes!

"I've been to the opera-house, but it wasn't an opera, it was a play. That house—I wish you could see it!—the inside, I mean, for outside it looks like it needs washing. The chairs—well, if you sent that stool of ours to a university you couldn't train it up to look anything like those opera-chairs. And the dresses—the diamonds . . . . Everything was perfectly lovely except what we had come to see, and my party thought it was too funny for anything; but it wasn't funny to me. The story they acted was all about a young couple fooling their parents and getting married without father and mother knowing, and a baby brought in at the last that nobody would claim though it was said to be somebody's that shouldn't have had one—the audience just screamed with laughter over that; I thought they never

would quiet down. Out in the big world, babies and old fathers and mothers seem to be jokes. The star of the evening was a married actress with 'Miss' before her name. You could hear every word she spoke, but the others didn't seem to try to make themselves plain—I guess that's why they aren't stars, too.

"I've lived more during the last week than I had the previous fifty-one. We must have been to everything there is, except a church. Yesterday was Sunday, and I asked Mrs. Sellimer about it, but she said people didn't go to church any more.

"Maybe you wonder why I don't tell you about our crowd, but I guess it's because I feel as if they didn't matter. I wouldn't say that to anybody in the world but to you, Brick and Bill, and if I hadn't promised to write you every single thing, I wouldn't even tell you, because they are so good to me. It sounds untrue to them, doesn't it? But you *won't* tell anybody, because you've nobody to tell! And besides, they could be different in a minute if they wanted to be; it isn't as if they were helpless.

"Miss Sellimer is witty and talented, and from the way she treats me, I know she has a tender heart. And her mother is a perfect wonder of a manager, and never makes mistakes except such as happen to be the fad of the hour. And Mr. Edgerton Compton could be splendid, for he seems to know everything, and when we travel with him, or go to the parks and all that, people do just as he says, as if he were a prince; he has a magnificent way of showering money on porters and waiters and cabmen that is dazzling; and he holds himself perfectly *without trying,* and dresses so that you are glad you're with him in a crowd; he knows what to do *all* the time about *everything.* But there he stops. I mean, he isn't trying to do anything that matters. Neither are any of the rest.

"What they are working at now, is all they expect to work at as long as they live—and it takes awfully hard work to keep up with their set. They call it 'keeping in the swim,' and let me tell you what it reminds me of—a strong young steer out in a 'tank,' using all the strength he has

just to keep on top of the water, instead of swimming to shore and going somewhere. Society people don't go anywhere; they use all their energy staying right where they are; and if one of them loses grip and goes under—*goodness!*

"I know what Mrs. Sellimer has set her heart on, because she has already begun instructing me in her ideals. She wants her daughter to marry a rich man, and Mr. Edgerton Compton isn't rich, he only looks like he is. Mrs. Sellimer feels that she's terribly poor, herself; it's the kind of poverty that has all it wants to eat and wear, but hasn't as many horses and servants as it wants. It's just as hard on her as it would be on you if the bacon gave out and you couldn't go for more. Annabel—that's Miss Sellimer—likes Mr. Compton very, very much, but she feels like her mother about marrying a rich man, and I don't think he has much chance. One trouble is that he thinks he must marry a rich girl, so they just go on, loving each other, and looking about for 'chances.'

"I feel like I oughtn't to be wasting my time telling about my friends when there are all these wonderful lights and carpets and decorations and conveniences, so much more interesting. Whenever you want hot water, instead of bringing a bucketful from the spring and building a fire and sitting down to watch it simmer, you just turn a handle and out it comes, smoking; and whenever you want ice-water, you touch a button and give a boy ten cents.

"The funny thing to me is that Annabel and Mr. Compton both think they *have* to marry somebody rich, or not marry at all. They really don't know they *could* marry each other, because imagining they would be unable to keep the wolf from the door. That's because they can't imagine themselves living behind anything but a door on one of the 'best streets.' We know, don't we, Brick and Bill, that it takes mighty little to keep the coyote from the dugout! And there's something else we know that these people haven't dreamt of—that there's happiness and love in many and many a dugout. I don't know what's behind the doors on the 'best streets.' "

THOUGHTS TENDING TO AMBITION.

From 'The Soul of a Serf,' Chapter I. Copyright, Laird & Lee, 1908, and used by permission of the author and the publishers.

The chill September day was drawing to a close, but Usfrey remained motionless, his eyes riveted upon the tossing waves, his thin lips compressed, his strong arms folded. Among the women working in the meadowlands of the village, there was a ceaseless murmur of low voices.

"Look at Usfrey!" said one, pointing her bare arm. "He is always standing idle, gazing out to sea."

Another laughed spitefully, and said loudly, "He wishes himself a boat, that he might row to the great Western Island before Folkmoot."

A third, who was young and pretty, muttered cautiously, "Not he,—a boat is seen too easily. He would like to be a fish, so he could swim beneath the surface, and no eye could follow him; for Usfrey is secret. No one knows the thoughts in his sullen head."

"See the hunger pinching his lips," another girl murmured. "Do you think him in love?"

"Not unless it be with a sea-sprite. He has no word or look for any maid of his own condition."

The first speaker bent to her mattock and shook her great shoulders impatiently. "I would he were my slave!" she said, as her huge arms tore up a mass of rock. "If his master would give him to me, I'd teach him better than to stand at ease while the wives of freemen toil!"

Usfrey, paying no attention to the hostile glances and mutterings, stared gloomily down upon the North Sea. He beheld it from no great elevation, for the Baltic coast, flat and naked, stretched as far as the eye could reach. The yellow waves, always troubled, always threatening, burst over the narrow spits, and came swirling and foaming toward the village. Their writhing arms of foam pushed in advance new walls of sand and stone and shell. Often, in time of tempest, it seemed that the rushing tide would surely sweep over the deep ditch and rude, thick barricade that protected Strangtun, and sweep every hut and croft, yes, even the great meadhall, from the memory of men. Thus Us-

frey's native village had disappeared. But though the sea was always threatening the village of Strangtun it had not yet overcome. Like a pack of wild beasts, half-famished with blood-lust, yet too craven to seize the prey, the broken waves now sprang with the howl of the north wind over the dreary waste toward the settlement, raged at the sand-dunes below the fortifications, then, whimpering, crept back to the caves of the vast deep.

Somewhat in like manner, Usfrey's soul beat against the wall that shut him out from his desire. He was young, he was strong; but he was not free. The sea was to him as an elder brother. It had won much, and it had lost perhaps as much. He had known it to deluge proud islands, to sweep thousands away in the darkness of a single night, to obliterate entire villages in one long burst of fury. But the islands had reappeared, bright and smiling with verdure; other tribes of Angles and Saxons had settled in the homes of the dead; and freshly built boats had turned their curved necks toward the tranquil waters beneath which mermaids and sea-nickers concealed their charnel-houses.

But the sea, though for a time subdued, would burst forth again, unconquerable; even so would the soul of the serf.

Usfrey's family were freemen. His grandfather had been one of the Wise Men who went up to the Hundred-moot, to assist in its deliberations. But one night the Baltic swept the entire village away—father with his strength, mother with her love, grandfather with his wisdom, brothers and sisters with their laughter—their fate was the same; and the only voice in the world was the shout of the storm.

Of all his tribe, only Usfrey was saved. Perhaps he was stronger than others, and quicker to use his strength; perhaps the accident of a floating tree counted more for him than any resource of his own. He would have said it was his *weird* to be preserved. The morning after the storm, he was picked up by a fisherman of Strangtun, a freeman, named Port.

Usfrey became Port's tenant, his unfreeman. He was called, in those days, a "ceorl." In after years, when the

conditions of society in the wilds of Germany had become crystallized by laws, he would have been termed a "serf." He was, in truth a serf, though the word itself was yet to be born. His condition was better than the slave. It is true that he could never leave his lord's land; it is true that, should the land be sold, he would be included in the sale, just as any beech or oak rooted in the soil. But, on the other hand, he could not be driven forth from his hut, nor slain at a mere whim; and, should he fall into danger, his master was bound to lend him protection.

These advantages, however, did not content the young serf. Freedom called in his blood, and his ears ever heard the cry. He trusted in his youth and strength—what need could he have for protection?—and he desired over him no lord save the warrior-chieftain.

Moreover, as one of the field-girls had hinted, he was in love. His strong face showed not only the restlessness of an imprisoned spirit fretting at its bonds, but an intense yearning for different chain. Every drop of his blood tingled with the craving for liberty; but every beat of his heart was the inarticulate cry of his soul for the tyranny of Cuthberga.

But the young man was not all revolt and longing. He had that within which sustained him in quick moments of sudden peril, and long days of dreary dullness; it was an invulnerable belief in himself. Hopeless as his condition might have seemed to others, it was not hopeless to him, for he felt himself to be goodfellow with the future. To those who knew Usfrey—and it must be confessed, few knew, or cared to know—he was a lout, an unfreeman, not far above the vile degradation of a slave. But, in his own eyes, he was already a great leader of the war-host; there were no kings among the proud Saxons in these days, else he would doubtless have seen a crown glittering upon his yellow hair. He did see himself a powerful ealdorman, such as Hengist and Horsa had been a century and a half before. Their voyage to the Western Island had caused their names to linger in the minds of men for at least a hundred and sixty years. Suppose they had staid in their native village! No

one remembers men who stay where they were born. Usfrey, too, would cross that yellow water with its seams of irregular white lines where the waves wrote tales of romance that only the daring might understand.

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FRANCES NIMMO GREENE

MAY HARRIS

VERY often in the past, the question has been raised by critics as to the integral part played by the South in American literature. Also, there has been some criticism of sectionalism, which the conditions of Southern history had fostered. There are many graceful writers of prose and verse throughout the Southern states, but only a few, in the list of Alabama writers, have struck the strong, individual note; and fewer still, stand out clearly to take their definite place in our national literature.

That the work of Frances Nimmo Greene does this is a source of pride to the people of Alabama. Local fame, along with the appreciation of devoted friends, has been hers in fullest measure; but she has also the rarer accolade of success for achievement from the reading public of America, to whom her name has become increasingly familiar during the past twenty years.

The fine sincerity and gracious spirit of Miss Greene's personality is reflected in her work, bringing to mind the saying, "What a man writes is himself." In this case, it is a woman, and a most womanly woman, who has put herself on record, and who embodies in her character and her work inherited ideals of Southern tradition.

Miss Greene was born in Tuscaloosa, one of the oldest towns of Alabama, and once the capital of the state. Her old home was a very beautiful one, surrounded by the magnificent oaks for which Tuscaloosa is famous. Her father, Thomas Finley Greene, was a clergyman of eloquence and power, and her mother, Virginia Owen, was of Virginian birth, giving through her gifted ancestry, the Owen and Nimmo families of Virginia, the inherited strain of literary talent to her children.

The Greenes were a "literary" family from their nursery days. The three sisters and their brother scribbled as children, and all, more or less, continued to write in after years, but little Frances Nimmo showed from the first her mastery of the gift. She read widely, and she inherited from her mother a passionate love for Virginia and its history—a love that has evolved significantly in her work.

Miss Greene's versatility has been remarkable. Almost immediately after leaving school, she began to teach, and her record as a teacher was a notable one. Along with this work, during her early girlhood, she was writing poems and stories, many of which were pub-

lished in the *Philadelphia Times* and various Southern papers. Her talent was recognized from the first by editors, and their encouragement stimulated her desire to write.

She resigned as a teacher to become assistant in the Department of Archives and History, in Montgomery, Alabama, and during that time her enthusiastic spirit and vigorous personality roused a very necessary interest in the library conditions of the state. In recognition of her ability, she was elected secretary of the Alabama Library Association, and later director of the Birmingham Library, and Birmingham remembers with gratitude the reforms she instituted, and that its vigorous growth dates back to her *régime*. Always, though, in the midst of these activities, the literary career called her, and during her stay in Birmingham, she became an editorial writer for the *Birmingham News*. Her work on that paper was unusual and brilliant; her keen, analytical mind took hold of social and economic problems, and always "swung the lantern higher."

Miss Greene's first novel, 'Into the Night,' published by the Crowells, was a story of modern New Orleans, dealing with a Mafia mystery. It was her first sustained piece of fiction, and its success was immediate and flattering. In an article written about Miss Greene's work some years ago by Mrs. Marie Bankhead Owen, the statement is made: "At the time of its publication, the magazine and press comments were favorable without exception, and the verdict was often expressed by the reviewers that 'Into the Night' was the best novel the Crowells had ever brought out."

Miss Greene's other novels followed in quick succession: 'The Right of the Strongest,' 'One Clear Call,' 'The Devil to Pay,' all published by Scribner's. All her fiction has been popular; she is a born story-teller, and her plots are vivid and absorbing. 'The Right of the Strongest' is her most notable novel. The scene is laid in the mountains of North Alabama, and her fidelity of description and character-drawing has been praised by discriminating critics. The story interest never flags, and the simple and pathetic side of the life of the mountaineer is presented with realism and understanding. The superstitious customs are touched with ready humor, and her dramatic power is strongly felt in the development of the story.

The field of the novel, limitless as it is, has never engaged Miss Greene's entire interest. It was only one phase of her literary expression. She is modern to her finger-tips in her vivid and gracious inquiry of spirit, but always, along with the modern note, is interwoven a strong feeling for the beauty of a chivalrous past. This past, she has re-created in two of her books for young people, 'King Arthur's Court,' and 'With Spurs of Gold.'

Versatile as she has been—novelist, playwright, journalist, poetess—the phase of her work in literature that stands out pre-eminently is that of her books for children. In these books, her splendid determination to develop a higher national consciousness in the mind of the child becomes clear. It was as if from her intuition as a teacher a vision had come to her of youth as a Golden Stair—not of the Burne-Jones nymphs—but of eager children's faces; children who would be the American men and women of the future. This vision was intensified, fused to white heat by the years of the Great War, as the very titles of her lately published books show—'My Country's Voice,' 'America First,' and 'American Ideals.' Besides the war work, which she did with patriotic devotion, she put aside fiction and play-writing to give herself thoroughly to this great need of developing the love of country in the mind and heart of the child—in effect, the evolution of national character and patriotic spirit.

She was already most favorably known in the field of children's literature by 'King Arthur's Court,' a book which sprang up into favor as soon as it was published, and which has held its place with honor for more than a decade. Libraries and schools, in England, as well as in America, have given interesting testimony to its value. Through this book, thousands of children have become familiar with the Arthurian legends, and have had the path back to Tennyson and Malory pointed out for their future enjoyment. The popularity of this book on the chivalry of "le temps jadis" was so great that Miss Greene and her brilliant cousin, Dolly Williams Kirk, whose charming poems have had magazine publication through recent years, brought out in collaboration, a volume of stories of chivalry, 'With Spurs of Gold.' This book has received high praise from discriminating readers, and has been used in college courses. The old stories of the Troubadours, of Roland, the Cid, Bayard, etc., are re-told in its pages with grace of expression and literary skill.

To make the long backward vista of history into a vivid pageant of interest to the beginning mind of the child, is no small achievement; to turn the child's mind by ringing verse and splendid story, to the love of country as of home, is a greater one still. It is stirring to the heart.

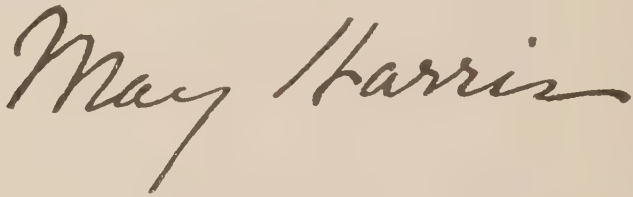
Viewed as a synthetic whole, and taken in conjunction with her earlier books on chivalry, the scope of her series of readers, 'American Ideals, is of an educative value beyond anything ever done before in this line. This series, now in course of publication by Scribner's, contains in the 'Colonial' volume, a vivid chapter, "Virginia and the Ideal of Civil Liberty," which presents Virginia's

place in history with a justice and a clarity that the subject has failed to receive at the hands of most historians.

It is a big and beautiful effort—this work of hers; planned with the sincerity of purpose that is characteristic of all her work. She is Southern in every fibre; her love for the South is apparent in every line she writes; but she is also vividly American; alive to every stirring claim of her country's history. She captures the imagination of her youthful readers with her short stories. There is the zest of adventure, the swift movement of events, the vital climaxes, that call young hearts like the flash of banners and the noise of bugles.

At present, she is engaged in collaborating with her sister, Mrs. Annie Greene Brown, on a volume of short stories, soon to be published by Scribner's.

Miss Greene divides her time between New York and her brother's home in Montgomery. It is a busy life she leads. Two of her novels have been recently picturized with great success; the production of a play is imminent, and she has varied social and club interests. But she is always accessible to her friends, and most kind and encouraging in her attitude to literary beginners.



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THE SETTIN' UP WITH GRANDMA THAGGIN.

From 'The Right of the Strongest.' Copyright, 1913, by Charles Scribner's Sons. Used by permission of the publishers.

One bleak morning, when the rains had ceased through sheer exhaustion, the news was carried about by a young Thaggin on horseback that grandma was dead, and there would be a "settin'-up" that night at the Thaggin homestead. Every face in the valley waxed solemn at the announcement, and every tongue grew glib with expressions of sympathy; but all the same, a thrill of something that was not sorrow ran through the neighborhood. From end to end it passed, and it came to a head in the cabin of Dilsey Sellers and the blind Lil.

Of all the social functions of a backwoods settlement a "settin'-up" is the most enjoyable. It has the quilting bee and the picnic beat so far that there is really no comparing them, and it can give even the camp-meeting cards and spades and come out ahead. Everybody goes to a settin'-up, menfolks and all, and nobody has to provide any of the victuals except the bereaved, who always lays in a bountiful supply. The settin'-up has no religious responsibilities like the camp-meetin', and it is an all-night performance—then, there's the corpse.

Yes, the neighborhood was thrilled; and as for Dilsey —why, Dilsey drew a long, injured sigh of relief at the prospect of receiving justice at the hands of her neighbors at last. It had all been very well for Uncle Beck Logan to pat her on the back and admonish her not to let a coffin come between her and her neighbors as long as she could help it, but Dilsey had felt it—this having to keep the thing month in and month out, a-bankin' up lint under the bed and a-devilin' Lil,—and her blind, at that!

Grandma was dead. Those living nearest hurried to the scene to "wash" and lay out the corpse, and remained to help Melissa get ready for the supreme function. All the neighbors, near and far, or at least a representative from each household, found a means of coming over some time during the day to express sympathy with the Thaggins in their deep bereavement.

Mary Elizabeth heard the news, and promptly closed school out of respect.

John Marshall at the haunted house heard it, somehow, and without a moment's delay rode hard to the nearest railroad and wired somebody to "come at once."

Everybody heard it and got ready for the night watch.

Scarcely had the winter twilight gathered her robes about her and stolen into the west, before the guests began to gather at the Thaggin home, to be received at the threshold by certain other guests who had been there all day helping, and who took charge of the new-comers with a tingle of self-importance at being "on the inside."

Everything was ready. The feather beds were puffed up with pride at being decked out in two of grandma's best quilts, and the red and white of the hospitably inclined pillow-shams had been rendered redder and whiter by another laundering that very day. The whole room had been redded-up for the occasion.

Grandma lay in state in the centre of the room on a bier improvised from the borrowed door of the hen-house. Melissa's one pair of bleached sheets—it was the only time grandma had ever been allowed to sleep between them—draped the bier above and below the wasted alabaster figure. The top sheet was turned back midway, that the arriving guests might sate their morbid curiosity on the face of the dead. A saucer of salt had been placed on the stomach of the corpse to keep it from swelling. Thanks to Melissa, grandma was decked out in her best bib and tucker. Shan had growled at the extravagance of burying such good clothes, but for once Shan had been overruled. Melissa had made up her mind to give grandma a good send-off, and she had carried her every point. There was the matter of the coins on the eyes, for instance. Shan had actually been mean enough to suggest that nickels would do the work, but Melissa had put quarters there, and that in the full knowledge that it would be unspeakably unlucky to spend them after they had been dedicated to such a use! But the most thrilling thing of all was when Melissa took Shan's white silk handkerchief—the one he had bought to stick out of his

pocket when they were married, and the very one he had "had on" when their tintypes were taken together—and sacrificed it, too. Bringing its neat catacornered folds under the old woman's sagging jaw, Melissa had knotted the long ends over her thin gray hair, effectually shutting up grandma for the last time—and she tied it good and tight!

But Shan had one consolation—he made up for this prodigal waste of Melissa's by his trade for Dilsey Sellers's coffin. To begin with, Dilsey had bought the thing on the bargain counter and had herself got a sensational reduction on the first price of it; in the second place, Shan beat Dilsey down shamefully from the cost to herself on the plea that the coffin was second-hand. But "shamefully" is perhaps too strong a term to use in the light of what really transpired. The truth is, Dilsey tried to make Shan pay the first cost of the coffin to herself, plus the discount that the undertaker had made to her, on the theory that this wasn't bargain day. And she further contended that she ought to have some return for housing it so long, and for all the trouble she had had in keeping the peace between it and Lil.

The two had wrangled a good three-quarters of an hour over the trade—Shan finding every conceivable flaw in the casket from lack of durability to uncomfortable knots in the padding, and beating Dilsey down, down, down, till she struck what she thought was bottom rock in the original seventeen dollars and ninety-eight cents. When this point was reached, Shan offered to close the trade for twelve dollars, cash. Dilsey held out for her price as long as she dared, and then named fourteen as the lowest depths to which any woman with self-respect could afford to fall. At this point Shan flung out of the house with the last word, that when she got ready to take twelve dollars for her old clothes-box, she could come and tell him. But he went triumphing, nevertheless. He knew perfectly well that he would be saving money to meet Dilsey's price of fourteen dollars, and he intended fully to do this, if her self-respect should refuse to slump further. In the meantime, he had twelve hours before he would be forced to come to terms with her.

After his sparring match with Dilsey, Shan had taken a circuitous and sheltered ride through the woods, and had brought up at the haunted house with his limbs shaking and his teeth chattering, for the black dark had crept out of its hiding-places and enveloped the face of the hills.

The stranger had met him at the door and the two had gone into the haunted house together, and shut out the rest of the world from them for one long, mysterious hour.

When Shan got home from his secret interview with the stranger, he found that Dilsey and Lil Sellers had beaten him to his abiding-place. Dilsey had come to say that on account of her step-mother's being second cousin to Melissa, and on account of the coffin's being originally bought for her—the step-mother—she would let Shan have it for twelve dollars, though she still thought it no part of a Christian to beat her down like that. In point of fact, however, Dilsey had come because she couldn't stay away from the settin'-up. And Lil had come because she simply would not submit to being shut up alone at night with what still lurked under the bed.

Dilsey and Shan met in the entry and had it out, after which two kind neighbors were despatched with the wagon to fetch the coffin.

The settin'-up was in full swing. Nearly every family in the valley had furnished at least one representative, and there were present, also, a few more distant neighbors who had come from over the ridge.

Everybody had duly said how "natural" grandma looked—but in God's mercy she didn't—and they had told each other, over and over, that there never would be such another quilt-piecer while the world stood. Grandma's notorious stubbornness had become "firmness," her vindictiveness of tongue, "outspoke honesty," and her lifelong cupidity, a "thrifty savin'ness of nature that ought to be a lesson to ever'body."

When Shan arrived and passed through the big room, the voices of the watchers grew low and reverent, but he paid no heed to his sympathizing friends except to growl out some sort of greeting from under the flapping eaves of

his old wool hat. He did not so much as glance at what lay in state in the centre of the apartment, but sulked around it and disappeared into the shed-room immediately in the rear. Here he could hardly pass for the trundle-beds that had been added to the other rude furniture of the room, brought here to make space in the death-chamber.

A kerosene lamp on a tin rack at the side of the room threw a dim, uncertain light over the faces of the children who filled the beds to overflowing, and who had dropped asleep clasped in each other's arms for mortal terror of the thing that lay between the comp'ny sheets in the big room. Without a glance at the children, Shan went out into the entry and into the other front room in search of Melissa. Here he found her with several other women loading a bedecked table with "nourishment" for the watchers. And he stopped Melissa right in the middle of stacking up custards against the slicing of them, and drew her into the shed-room kitchen for a long, whispered interview.

In the big room, the talk had grown absorbing again. The oldest inhabitant related how grandma done her two twins—them that died—about the flour-sack shirts she had made 'em with the red and blue letters all down the front of 'em—of how, when the twins fought over the one that had the red letters on it, grandma jes' nachully took both shirts to the spring an' washed all the letterin' out. She was a smart woman in her mind, and a firm-handed one, grandma was.

There were other inhabitants, not so old, who remembered like it was yesterday what a powerful hand grandma used to be at meetin' before she was took down. Why, she shouted more fervent-like even than Millie Davis herself, though it wouldn't do to say it to Millie! Then some iconoclast recalled how Beck Logan, ridin' by meetin' one day with Darius Slaton, had remarked, "Ri, ol' Sister Thaggin's done treed the Lord agin, don't you hear her yelpin'?" Everybody was properly horrified at the iconoclast, and some one declared that Beck Logan was a kind-hearted critter but the devil had a mortgage on him, sure!

By eight o'clock, however, the unwonted stir about the house had quieted, and the settin'-up had begun to take on the real settin'-up feeling. The three men who were left, for two had gone for the coffin, had been persuaded by the sisteren to lie down and rest to make ready for their labors the next day. The Thaggins were all tucked away in the shed-room and in the smaller front room where the victuals were spread, leaving the two beds in the death-chamber to accommodate the watchers during alternate naps. On the two beds now lay the menfolks, snoring great heavy, reassuring snores, and leaving the coast delightfully clear for a quiet, gossipy dip by the sisteren. They were gathered about the fire—close together for more reasons than the inclement weather afforded; and they shivered every now and then for the same several reasons. Grandma's dark-brown snuff-bottle was passed ever and anon among them. Aunt Millie Davis had come over very late and was now the centre of the group. Bud, who had escorted her, was among the sleepers.

Bud's version of the rumor about John Marshall and Bud's idea of Mary Elizabeth's part in the drama had just been given by old Sister Davis, and her listeners were agape; there had been much of Uncle Beck's influence in the story as they had first heard it, but this was more to their taste.

"An' you say she jes handed him that thar place o' Silas's?—Land sakes! Viney, what was that?" It was Dilsey that questioned, and the assembled company demanded in one staccato stage whisper:

"What!"

"Sump'n mo-oaned," whimpered the blind Lil, and she pressed closer to her sister's side.

"Pshaw, hit's jes the wind!" exclaimed Aunt Millie, impatient at the interruption of the main theme, "Y' all done got so you air skeered o' the very mention o' that old place!"

"I ain't afeard nor a-skeered," retorted Dilsey, hotly, "I'm jes pestered, for I've done come to the p'int whar I almost b'lieve hit's onlucky to talk about hit.—Aunt Millie, I—I—wisht you'd a-let that sheet stay turned down. Somehow I'd ruther—see——"

"Thar ain't nothin' under the sheet but what I kivered up with hit, Dilsey."

"Wa-al, that's enough." And they all glanced again at the something that lay covered before them—which, though covered, supported the draping sheet here and there at little points of contact, giving ghastly suggestions out of which the imagination could easily construct the grewsome whole.

But the old woman reverted impatiently to Mary Elizabeth again:

"An' she's done got a notion that she can't eat none o' my victuals," she complained, treasuring against the girl that sin as unpardonable. "She's jes nachully nearly stopped eatin' altogether, an' Babe's takin' on 'bout hit tell I'm plum 'shamed o' him."

"What's that!" the assembled company exclaimed again, and with good reason. A long, low wail had risen from somewhere and trembled along the night. And for the space of that wailing, the watchers by the dead were as fixed as gravestones; but a familiar yap at the end of the long, low, horrible sound brought life into them again.

"Ah-h-h — that's Punchus Pilate a-howlin' under the house," explained some one. "That's the meanest cur dog in the valley, an' nobody but Shan Thaggin would have him skulkin' 'round."

"Hit's a mighty bad sign when they howl 'round dead folks like that," ventured another. "But speakin' o' Ma'y 'Lizbeth—Lord, why don't that dog hush?—did anybody git out o' Melissa what hit was that grandma said 'bout the gal when she was a-dyin'?"

"No, an' they never will. But hit wa'n't nothin' to Ma'y 'Lizbeth's credit, you kin be mighty sure, or Melissa'd a-told hit with her very next breath—she's that crazy 'bout her. Melissa an' Sue were the only ones with grandma at the last, an' only them two knows. Sue started to let hit out this mornin' when I was a-dressin' grandma, but Melissa made her shet her mouth, double quick." It was one of the nearest neighbors, the one who had reached the scene of interest first, who answered.

"Dyin' people knows," pronounced Aunt Millie with slow, impressive emphasis. The others looked at her and at each other with solemn, slow nods of agreement. Mary Elizabeth's fate was sealed, and sealed by that slight something that lay covered before them.

Old Mrs. Davis suddenly leaned forward in a most confidential attitude:

"I wouldn't have y'all to let hit git back to Babe for the world before hit comes off, but Bud an' Trav Williams have done agreed to turn Ma'y 'Lizbeth outen the school the first o' the month. Thar's jes three trustees in all, Beck Login bein' the third, but his vote don't count ef the other two air ag'in him."

There were exclamations of surprise and approval, but not one note of dissenting, unless, indeed, Pontius Pilate's voice, now borne on the night again, was raised in protest.

"But they've done signed up with her for nine months, ain't they, Aunt Millie?" Viney asked with hesitation.

"The law says they kin turn 'em out *for cause,*" the old woman answered firmly.

The weird, ominous howl of the dog rose again. Several looked toward the bed as if they would *have* to wake the sleepers if this thing kept up. But one of the number was just explaining that you can't keep a dog from howling when there's death in the air any more than you can keep a cat from scratching a corpse, when other sounds from the outer darkness began to mingle with the plaint of Pontius Pilate. At first they were weirdly indistinct sounds and might portend anything. At length, however, they began to gather definite meaning to themselves. And then the sound of horses' hoofs and of wheels became plain enough to the most nervous—and at last, voices. The coffin! It had arrived! The sound of shuffling feet on the porch outside told that something *heavy* was being handled. And now the door was opening, and a long, black something was being lifted in, feet foremost! If the thing had arrived of its own volition it could not have scared them worse!

In a few minutes, however, a fairly normal state of public mind had been established. Two tired, half-frozen men

were stamping their benumbed heels on the wide stone hearth, and shaking the sleet from their heavy jeans clothes; while the womenfolk, cheered and reassured by their welcome presence, gave back to allow them the benefit of the fire, and plied them with a volley of questions.

The coffin had been deposited on chairs beside the corpse, and the women had got familiar with it, and were now examining it minutely through their spectacles to judge for themselves the equity of the trade between Dilsey and Shan. Various were the conclusions arrived at, but as Shan was absent and Dilsey right there they all partook of a common bias.

The exception to the rule was, as usual, Aunt Millie Davis. Dilsey had just detailed to them again the ins and outs of the bargain, and explained how, on account of the coffin's being a sort of tie between herself and Melissa, she could afford to stretch her self-respect to the extent of two dollars more, when Aunt Millie remarked, incisively:

"Wa-al, you know, Dilsey, when all's said, the coffin *is* second-handed; an' Melissa told me that she told you with her own mouth not to consider *her* feelin's."

Pontius Pilate put in again at this juncture. He seemed to be forcing *his* feelings on their consideration. A shiver ran through the crowd, but Dilsey could not allow even this uncanny interlude to divert her from the last word.

"Wa-al, Melissa's awful high an' mighty about her feelin's lately," she snapped. "She didn't uster give herself no such airs before she got that orgin. I could a-had a orgin, too, I kin tell her, ef I'd a-been willin' to git Uncle Beck to take the wroppers off'n ever' bar o' soap he sold an' save hit for me, lessen the buyer kicked about hit!"

"La, Dilsey, ain't you got th'ough with them soap wroppers an' that orgin yet!" asked another, wearily.

There was something of a suppressed flurry among them when it came to getting grandma into Dilsey's step-mother's coffin, and it looked for a little while as if she were still not ready to relinquish her long-standing opposition to it. But

a little coaxing and a little crowding accomplished the work to the satisfaction at least of all who were on the outside, and a general sigh of relief after tension was sent up.

After that somebody suggested that they wake up the others and go in and get a "bite o' sump'n t'eat" just to keep up their strength. The suggestion was acted on with alacrity, and the "bite" multiplied itself manyfold under the temptation of Melissa's bountiful supply of soda biscuits and fried chicken and coffee.

Then they returned to the death-chamber again and to the insistent wailing of Pontius Pilate, for he had entrenched himself, so to speak, right under IT! But this was becoming intolerable, and one of the women exclaimed, impatiently:

"Lem, for goodness sakes, go out an' do sump'n to that air dog!"

"What?"

"Anything!"

The time came, however, when not even Pontius Pilate's unearthly wail, not the thing that they were watching, could avail to keep open the heavy eyes of the setters-up.

One after another they fell at their posts, and midnight found them sound asleep in their chairs, dead to the terrors that walked the night.

The next thing any of them knew, the morning sunlight was streaming in the unshaded window, and there were sounds of life in the other rooms. Then all had much ado pretending that they had not slept, but had just "rested" and kept quiet for the sake of the Thaggins. And they told each other what light sleepers they were, anyway, and how they had counted the long hours of that awful night. And then the breakfast bell rang.

VIRGINIA AND THE IDEAL OF CIVIL LIBERTY.

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On the morning of the thirteenth of May, 1607, the American continent when the sun rose belonged absolutely to Spain. When the sun set could the eyes of men have read the future, they would have seen that it belonged to England.—Thomas Nelson Page.

THE Virginians were the favored colonists of America —the younger sons of England's hope. They came to the New World chartered by the crown, and followed by the eager interest of the ruling classes of the Mother Country.

At the beginning of our story Spain was the greatest ruling power in the world, and the Roman Catholic Church—the church of Spain—was the ruling church.

Next to Spain in power, and very jealous of her, was England. And the Protestant "Church of England" was bitterly opposed to the Roman Catholic Church. It seems strange, doesn't it?—to us who can now build Catholic and Protestant churches side by side and love and respect both —I say, it seems strange to us to read of those fierce old church quarrels. But then, this all happened before America had developed for the world the ideal of religious freedom.

Now Catholic Spain had already planted strong colonies in America when Sir Philip Sidney, the great Protestant knight, and Sir Walter Raleigh, the chivalrous, became very much concerned for fear that Catholic Spain would spread her church influence and her power over all the newly discovered continent of America.

These two Protestant knights, then, loving the established "Church of England" quite as passionately as the Spanish loved the "Church of Rome," went to their Queen Elizabeth, and begged that she plant Protestant English colonies in America which might grow and wax strong against the Catholic power of Spain. And Queen Elizabeth consented.

The desire to spread the Protestant religion, then, was one of the causes behind the planting of the colonies of Virginia.

Another such cause was England's ambition for wealth —of which America was supposed to hold untold stores. Still another was the Englishman's dream of power—of an all-overshadowing Empire in the West.

By the English law of primogeniture—which means first birth—the oldest son of a family inherited the title, if there was a title to inherit, and along with the title, the family estate. Other older sons were given commissions in the army or the navy, political offices, or "livings" in the established church, while the younger sons were generally left to shift pretty much for themselves.

The new land promised to the younger son that prominence, power, and breadth of estate which the English law assured to his older brother.

But the new land held out her gift-laden hands not to the younger sons of ruling families only. To the poor, almost serf-like, tenant who had never dared to dream of owning an acre of English land she promised a foothold on God's green earth for himself and his children after him.

The first two Virginia colonies failed, history tells us, the first returning discouraged to England, and the second disappearing from off the face of the earth.

By the time the good Queen Elizabeth was succeeded by the tyrannous James the First, there arose another strong reason why Englishmen should settle in the New World. King James, consumed by the idea that he was "divinely appointed" to rule England, proceeded to do so with the hand of a despot. And Englishmen came shortly to see the generous rights which they had enjoyed under former rulers trampled in the dust.

Then rose the Patriot Party of England—a party designed to save, if possible, the cherished rights of British subjects. And this party at once flung all its power into the scheme to colonize America, and thus establish "a more free home for liberty-loving Englishmen."

And thus did the desire for the preservation of civil liberty become one of the causes for the settlement of the first permanent English colony in America—Jamestown, Virginia.

One of the things which the young student of history must remember is that the English settlers who came over here had no idea of making *another* and a *different* country. What they really did in Virginia was to transplant into the virgin soil of America "a little bit of England." The established church of England was established in Virginia, and by people who loved and preferred it. English laws and English customs were transplanted also, and since the settlers who came were proud of being Englishmen, these, too, were perfectly acceptable to them. The old cry, "For Church and King!" was wont to rouse the Virginian even as it roused his brother Englishmen across the sea.

But Virginia was to be "a more free home for liberty-loving Englishmen." *And that's where the trouble started.*

The charter under which the colonists sailed provided that the laws for the colony were to be made by a resident council whose members were chosen in England by the company which had sent out the colony—the London Company.

There must have been something in the atmosphere of the new land which was keenly stimulating to the spirits of men, for only two years later we find these Virginians and their friends clamoring for "more rights." In answer to this, the King gave them another charter (1609) in which he gave the control of the colony *to the company which had sent them out.* So far, so good, but the Virginians were still ruled from England.

Then the settlers took in a few more deep breaths of the stimulating air of America, and with the aid of the Patriot Party called for more rights still! This call was answered by still another charter—that of 1612.

This charter has been called the "Magna Charta" of American rights, not because its term granted self-government to Americans, but because by its terms the King authorized the London Company to grant to the people of Virginia leave to exercise every political power belonging to the people of England, *whenever it should please that company to do so.* It did not please the London Company to grant self-government to Virginia until seven years afterwards.

The year 1619 was the real birthday of civil liberty in America, for in that year was established in Virginia the "House of Burgesses," the first law-making body in America, to which the representatives were elected by the people.

From that moment the fight for American liberty was on. And the right of these first Americans to make laws for themselves was never yielded up, not even to a jealously repentant king.

"In 1624, the Virginia Assembly (the House of Burgesses) passed a law providing that no taxes should be levied or applied in Virginia without the consent of the Virginia Assembly. And this was the ground on which, one hundred and fifty years later, the American Revolution was based."

IDEALS.

(Boston Transcript.)

Like odors of old gardens blown
Across the changing years,
We come as spirit memories,
The soul our message hears—
"We are the faiths lost Eden gave,
We are the hopes the faithful save,

"The long forgotten truths which ring
From hill to hill on high,
In far, faint echoes failing here.
Ye mortals, ye that die,
Recalling Eden lost we come
To lead the exiled spirit Home!"

THE SOUL.

(Woman's Work.)

Ah, who shall span thy moments back,
Immortal Spirit! Who shall say
A child thou art of Time and Night,
Whose future is Eternal Day!

How knowest thou Him—the great I Am,
Imprisoned in thy sculptured clod,
Unless in cycling eons past,
Like Enoch thou hast walked with God!

CORRA HARRIS

[1869—]

AL HARRIS

CORRA HARRIS is able to translate the emotions of the human heart into words, which explains the popularity of her writings. This is also the reason so many readers, following the publication of one of her books, claim she has written the story of their lives. All of her material is gathered from that greatest of sources, the human heart, and if one pauses to think of it, Mrs. Harris' characters are remembered for what they think and say, not for what they do.

Mrs. Harris frankly admits that if she had to depend entirely upon the ability to tell a story she would have never succeeded in the world of fiction, because she makes no pretense at plotting; her forte is the ability to say the things you have often felt but never were able to express. It has been said that Mrs. Harris knows more about the spirit of man, the glorified thought of him, than any writer of the generation, and this is because she has learned to look at her fellowman through the eyes of human nature in her.

Corra Harris, the woman, worships God and man, and has learned a great deal about both of them. She does not think of God as a multiplicity of natural laws, but as a personal thing, a kind and all-powerful companion, and of man as a thing created in His image.

And Corra Harris, the writer, is brave enough to give expression to her conclusions about God and man. The admiration bestowed upon her is a tribute to this bravery. In the privacy of one's own room it is natural to gaze at one's self occasionally and meditate over the facial lines, to analyze them and mentally comment on them, and Corra Harris engages in this gazing in a greater sense; she looks at human nature in the mirror of her own experiences—and permits the world to peep over her shoulder.

Mrs. Harris is being educated in the school of life—that is, she is the graduate of no college, not even a high school. She has studied the hearts of men rather than books, although in the course of her studying she has found great comfort in books, and her memory of characters is remarkable. She remembers characters long after the stories in which they figure have been forgotten.

Perhaps this sounds affected to the cynic, but her favorite book is the Bible. "I read it not only for its religious significance," she once said, "but for the wonderful human nature it contains."

Whether she is writing about a circuit rider's wife or a modern-day flapper, Mrs. Harris always has the Bible near at hand. "It will be a thousand years before the beauty of the book of Genesis is appreciated!" is a favorite exclamation when she is discussing the characters and books in the Bible.

It might be proper to say here that Corra Harris, the writer, is an amateur when compared with Corra Harris, the conversationalist. As unconsciously as a child laughs, she speaks wisdom.

Corra May White was born at Farm Hill, Georgia, March 17, 1869, the daughter of Tinsley Rucker White and Mary Elizabeth (Matthews). Her father served in the Confederate army in the War Between the States, and is still living. He resides in Atlanta, Ga.

As a young child Mrs. Harris displayed the tendencies of authorship and even her parents referred to her as "a strange girl," for she was interested more in words and thoughts than in paper dolls and mud pies. On February 8, 1887, she married Rev. Lundy Howard Harris, a young Methodist circuit rider, and in the years of this union Mrs. Harris gathered much of the experience which has been pictured so graphically in her stories of the Methodist church and its affairs. "Lundy," as she called him, was highly intellectual and one of the deepest thinkers Southern Methodism has ever produced. Mrs. Harris attributes much of her success as a writer to the interest and counsel of her husband, who died September 10, 1910, a few weeks after the appearance of his wife's first really successful book, 'A Circuit Rider's Wife.'

William Albinus Harris, Lundy's younger brother, also a Methodist circuit rider, married Mrs. Harris' younger sister, Mildred Hope, and some of the experiences of this brother and this sister figure in Mrs. Harris' books relating to the church. Especially is this true in 'My Son,' for Mrs. Harris' only son, Lundy Howard, Jr., died in the early years of youth, while "Al" Harris and Hope Harris, both deceased, were father and mother of four sons, all now in young manhood.

In 1919 Mrs. Harris lost her other child, Faith Harris Leech, who, like her father, was a literary companion and counsellor. Mother and daughter were co-authors of 'From Sunup to Sundown,' which is an exchange of letters between an old-fashioned mother and a modern daughter, supposedly on the subject of farming, but in reality it is a contrast of two vivid minds on the subject of life.

In May, 1921, Oglethorpe University, Atlanta, honored Mrs. Harris with the degree of Doctor of Literature, the first Southern

woman to be so honored by a Southern university. Here, also, it might be said, Mrs. Harris is the only woman deputy sheriff in Georgia. She holds her commission in Bartow County.

"In the Valley," Mrs. Harris' home, is ten miles from the nearest railroad station—and not much further from the sky. It is in the mountains of Northwest Georgia, twenty miles from Cartersville, on an R. F. D. route from Rydal, ten miles away, which has a depot and one store, postoffice included.

The Valley is two hundred acres of farm land between two rows of mountains. In the center of the Valley is a high slate knoll, and on this the cabin sits. The cabin is of logs and was built and occupied by the Indians in the early days. Although Mrs. Harris has added more modern touches to the place, it still strongly reminds one of pioneer days. The study is located in a clump of pine trees, about a hundred yards from the cabin, and here Mrs. Harris does her work. She has been living in the Valley for almost ten years.

From her study window Mrs. Harris can overlook the Valley—her little kingdom—which is cultivated under her personal supervision. She speaks of the Valley as if it were a living thing—and it is a living thing to her! The grain, the trees, the flowers, and the vines, these Mrs. Harris guards with the tenderness of a mother. She loves them, for they are the dearer scenes of her life.

Year in and year out Mrs. Harris has four constant companions —Aunt Mary Carnes, a black mammy of the old school, who worships "Miss Corrie" and waits on her as if she were a helpless child; and three dogs—Busco, a great Dane; Rita, a German police dog; and Alcibiades, a bull dog. Of these Busco is the favorite. For eight years he has been Mrs. Harris' shadow and a marvelous understanding has developed between them. She often refers to Busco's "telepathic sympathy."

"He understands," she says, "which is a human quality."

When Mrs. Harris is in her study—and it is her habit to spend eight hours there each day—Busco remains outside, on guard, and, strange as it sounds, he knows when it is time for her to quit and announces it by vigorously rapping on the door with his tail.

In front of the cabin is a large circular lawn, surrounded by a roadway, and after the stars have come out in the evening Mrs. Harris strolls this roadway, sometimes hours at a time. It is her thinking path. Many of her brightest thoughts have been conceived on this road. And Busco walks alongside her, never in front, never

in the rear, never out of hand's reach. Occasionally she speaks to him; through understanding eyes he looks up to catch her expression.

It goes without saying that Mrs. Harris loves dogs. Numerous references are made to the dogs in letters to her intimate friends. This is one of the little incidents she tells about Rita: "She waits until James goes upstairs to get hay for the horses. Then she slips into the crib, making not a sound. She seizes an ear of corn, takes it to a certain place and hurries back for another one. By the time James gets down she has a pile in the corner beside the barn. And she invariably fusses when he moves them. She still barks at Aunt Mary and is mortally afraid of her. Otherwise she is a good little thing."

These things are mentioned because a biography of Mrs. Harris without mention of Aunt Mary and Busco and Rita and Alcibiades would offend her. They are fixtures in her every-day scenes of life. She knows they love her, and no one places a more sacred emphasis upon love than Corra Harris. She loves God, her fellowman, the creatures dependent upon her, all nature. Many of the things insignificant in the eyes of the world are manifestations of immortality to her. She worships the thought of the universe and lives in the belief that hope is the proof of everlastingness.

The Independent, which has been combined with another magazine, in 1899 accepted the first article from Mrs. Harris, and until publication of the magazine ceased she contributed articles on various subjects to it. Her first big success was 'The Circuit Rider's Wife,' which appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post* and later in book form and is still enjoying a substantial sale. Continuations of it rather than sequels are 'A Circuit Rider's Widow' and 'My Son.' Her books number in the neighborhood of a dozen, and short stories and articles have appeared by the scores in the leading magazines for the past ten years.

One of Mrs. Harris' books, 'Making Her His Wife,' was dramatized for the screen. The critics, however, pronounced it a failure, pointing out that Mrs. Harris writes of human thoughts, not of human actions.

In the early part of the World War Mrs. Harris went to Europe and wrote her impressions of the women of the warring nations for the *Saturday Evening Post.*

"When I die," Mrs. Harris says, "I don't want my funeral held in the middle of the day. I want it held in the evening, when every-

body that wants to can come, and I don't want anybody to come from a sense of duty. I don't want an oration delivered over my body; I just want the officiating minister to say, 'She was a good woman in the sight of God,' and those present to say amen in their hearts."

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HISTORY AND THE COMMON MAN.

From 'A Circuit Rider's Wife.' Copyright, 1910, by Henry Altemus Company. Used by permission of the author and the publishers.

WHAT we call history is a sorry part of literature, confined to a few great wars and movements in national life and to the important events in the lives of a few important people. The common man has never starred his rôle in it. Therefore, it has never been written according to the scien-

tific method. It is simply the spray—the big splash—humanity throws up as it goes down in the sea forever. It is what most of us do and what we think perishes with us, leaving not a record behind of the little daily deeds and wingflappings of our spirits that really make us what we are. This is why we make so little progress. The history of the great majority is never compiled for reference. We are always bunched in a paragraph, while the rest of the chapter is given to his Excellency the President, or some other momentary figure of the times.

Nobody knows exactly how the planters of Thomas Jefferson's day lived. We must depend upon fiction to give a sort of romantic impression of it. And fifty years from now no one will know how the farmers and brickmasons, grocers and merchants managed their affairs in our own times. We shall be obliged to accept the sensational accounts left by a few wild-eyed, virus-brained socialists.

IN THE COUNTRY GOD SEEMS NEAR.

From 'A Circuit Rider's Wife.' Copyrigh,t 1910, Henry Altemus Company.

I HAVE sometimes wondered how a fashionable person feels who is obliged even to die by the doctor's orders and according to convention, repressing to the last those great emotions that have made us men instead of clods.

Far away in the country death brings more distinction. There, men and women have walked a lifetime in the fields, they have seen the sun rise and set, the stars shine, the rain fall, the corn grow—all by the will of God. And at the very last they are crowded by their great thoughts of Him, excited by the encroaching fact of His tremendous nearness. They need a priest, some one who has been "ordained" to lead them into the Presence. They have a sense of their ruggedness, their unkempt earthiness, and their general unfitness for the great ceremony. The preacher must hold their hands until they cross the doorsill of the Audience Chamber.

IF DORCAS AND PHEBE AND SUSANNAH HAD WRITTEN—

From 'A Circuit Rider's Widow.' Copyright, 1916, Doubleday, Page & Co.

If the widow called Dorcas, and known as a "disciple" in the Church at Joppa, could have written one chapter of the Acts of the Apostles we should know more about church work among the laity of that period. If Phebe had written her experiences in the Church at Cenchrea we should know more than we do about Saint Paul. She would have made it her business to find out what that "thorn in the flesh" was which has puzzled so many commentators; and she would have told us. As the women in this church discuss our presiding elder, she would have written about Paul —how he looked; his favourite psalms; what the congregation thought of his sermon. But she never could have remembered what he said. This may explain why there is no Book of Dorcas, no Gospel According to Phebe—even in the Apocrypha. Being women, they would have told too much not essential to salvation but most awfully faithful to just the personal lives of the Apostles.

And I reckon this is the reason even to this day there are no church histories written by women. They know how too well. We should get the truth; all the thumb marks of human imperfections on the brethren's perfections. If Susannah Wesley had written the early history of Methodism she might have omitted John Wesley's rules, which are now the vows we take when we join the church; and she never would have thought of putting in his sermons, which all young itinerants must memorize before they are received into "full connections." But she would have told the troubles her son John had with his wife; how difficult he found it to curb the ardor of his field preachers; what an awful time her son Charles had when composing his hymns; how hard they both worked; what privations they endured —and so forth and so on. It would not have been a history of Methodism at all, but a tender biography of her sons.

I am not complaining, you understand. But I say it is queer. when you consider how much more active women are

and always have been in the service of the Christian religion, that they never do get the chance to tell what they know about the church and the brethren—which is a sight more than any one suspects—except the Almighty.

CHURCHYARD COMFORT

From 'A Circuit Rider's Widow.' Copyright, 1916, Doubleday, Page & Co. Used here by permission of the author and the publishers.

I WAS so worried over the feuds between the brethren, and the choir, and my own fault-finding spirit that I used to go round behind the church sometimes and sit down among the graves to comfort myself.

We have buried our people back there for sixty years. Men who never could get on with each other in the church are lying side by side, like brothers in the same bed. I say it encourages me to know that the time will come when we, too, will finish our day's work and the strife with which we test each other's spirits, and lie down out there, like the lion and the lamb together. But we shall be dead, which in my opinion is the only safe way for lions and lambs to lie down together.

I'd sit there and watch the fallen autumn leaves come whirling and tipping over the tombs like little brown spirits of the dust blown in the wind. I thought of what a good man old Amos Tell was, though nobody could get on with him in the church. But his contrariness didn't count now in my thoughts. I only remembered how he bore the burdens of the church; how cross but generous he was with the poor; how he made the coffin for Molly Brown's husband and didn't charge her for it. Then I'd bend down and pull a few weeds from among the violets that grew round his monument, as I'd have dusted his coat for him after a long journey. And I would walk over and look at John Elrod's fine tomb—John, who didn't know whether he was willing to be a fool for Christ's sake and who surpassed the wise in the simplicity of his faith.

I'd look down at Abbie Carmichal's grave as I passed—such a dingy little grave, with such a meek little monument

over it. We used to think she was a great trial in the Missionary Society, always wanting to turn it into a spiritual meeting instead of attending to the business and collecting dues. She was hungry for the bread of life from morning till night. Now she was satisfied, with her dust lying so close to the roots of the great trees. People look better when you remember them after they are gone, and you do not need to contend with just their mortal frailties; and you wonder why you ever put so much stress on them anyhow.

I always feel as if I can bear with the living more patiently after I've spent an hour in this churchyard and see how far removed the dead are from their transgressions.

PETER'S LETTER.

From 'My Son.' Copyright, 1921, George H. Doran Company, publishers. Used by permission of the author and the publishers.

When I had finished reading the letter I laid it on the window sill beside me and folded my hands. It was a warm spring day, but I felt the chill of winter in the air. The sun was shining, but the shades of twenty years gathered and darkened that room. Memories showed their faces in these shadows. I saw William, young and strong in the Lord, starting forth to walk to his appointment to preach on the Redwine circuit, which was our first work. I saw the mountains, bleak and cold, above the house where our first baby had been born dead. I remembered that Gethsemane night.

I saw the old brown altars filled with mourning penitents; I saw the dim faces of so many, many congregations William had served; I remembered the ones of them we had nursed, and the ones we had buried. And it had all been so hard, so barren of every comfort except the comfort of the Holy Spirit, which settled on William, never on me.

Looking back through this pale twilight of memory I knew now when the change came in William, when he really gave up his hopes as a man and ceased to expect better appointments. It was after a certain annual conference when he had been sent back to the same circuit, though he had ex-

pected to be moved to a station. He knew it then, but it was years before I realized that he would always be a circuit rider, never have any big church to serve.

The years stretched before me like weary roads on these circuits. How tired I used to get during the long revival seasons, always having to prepare a table for company, but always attending every service, hoping the penitents would come to the altar when at the end of the sermon William entreated them to come.

The wailing strains of that old hymn he used to give out then filled the room, faint and sad:

"Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!"

My eyes filled with tears. William used to look so sorrowful when nobody came. Then he would exhort again before we sang the next verse, while I held my breath in suspense, hoping this would move them. And so on it would go until William would say fatally, "Last stanza!" meaning: "You have denied your God, and some of you may be dead and lost before another day!"

Then they would begin to straggle down the aisle—ungainly youths, young girls suddenly serious. Then they crowded, hurrying to the altar, old and young together.

How my heart always lifted at this windfall of mourners beneath William's preaching! I could see him now in memory as I had seen him so many times lift his hand say, "Let us pray! Brother Rhuebottom, will you lead us in prayer?"

The rustling and scraping of heavy shoes as we went down on our knees! How the rafters seemed to shake above the roll and thunder of Brother Rhuebottom's prayer! He was a "valorous worm" storming the gates of God. He was Jacob wrestling with the pilgrim angel. And he would not let him go without the blessing he craved. Women sobbed, men shouted "Amen," and the mourners moaned.

These were the only moments of perfect joy I remember in all those years. How could I be happy, I asked myself

now, in the spiritual anguish of such scenes. They were terrible, even the souls born out of these travails. They were changed, these men and women who sprang up from these altars. They had a light on their faces. A great experience burned in their eyes.

But how we suffered, pinched, and prayed—William all for them, I all for William. Looking back I could see that he never really lived at all, that he spent his life praying for eternal life.

This was the life I had meant that Peter should escape. Peter was to be my own life restored to me.

Tears fell upon my folded hands. I felt like an old clock that has been going too fast which is suddenly turned back years and years.

I reached for his letter. But it was now too dark to read it. I had been there a long time. The sun had gone down. These were real shadows about me now. But it made no difference, I knew what was in this letter. I should never be able to forget or escape what was in it.

Peter wrote that he had decided to enter the ministry. Stripped of much he said before and much that he wrote afterward, this was the sentence that dimmed my light and set me back years in time.

WOMEN ARE LYRICAL.

From 'The Eyes of Love.' Copyright, 1922, by George H. Doran Company, Publishers.

WOMEN are by nature lyrical. They may become elegiac, plaintive, under oppression, but they never attain the great emotional stride that makes an epic. And not one of them ever wins from experience, however terrible, the mournful, rolling, drum-beating rhythm of tragedy. Some man must always furnish the lines spoken by a tragedienne from Lady Macbeth down. They can endure desolation, but they can not speak the Promethean tongue. They have a blissfully diminishing quality of the mind which corresponds to the tintinnabulating treble of the feminine voice, so that in their very thoughts they reduce their sorrows with

smaller terms, miss the awful dignity and the sonorous tones of despair. If the average man could endure the vicissitudes of the average woman's life we should have ten thousand volumes a year of Promethean poetry, and Sisyphus would become a national hero. To survive the tragedy of living one must not have a too lofty imagination. This is how women get away with it. Their very existence is tragic, but by the grace of God their nature is lyrical, not informed with the deeper sense of tragedy, never able to hold the note long enough, always breaking into hysterics before they reach the grand, dirgeful pitch.

Thus it happens that every woman is born with a gift for being a bride. She has a pretty talent for the light histrionics of love. And she could play that role until her hair turned gray and her face withered like a dead and dried rose but for the fact that no man can long bear the tender perfections of being a bridegroom to just one and the same woman. And no woman living can be a bride to a mere husband.

WHEN A MOTHER KNOWS A DAUGHTER.

From 'Sunup to Sundown.' Copyright, Doubleday, Page & Co.

No mother ever knows her own daughter, my dear, until she beholds the portrait the girl makes of her mind and heart in the home she creates after she is married. You know only her personal taste in clothes, desserts, and salads, her prejudices and whims. She may be neat as the proverbial pin then, only to become a careless housekeeper with no divine sense of herself as the tutelary deity of a house.

HENRY SYDNOR HARRISON

[1880—]

JAMES SOUTHALL WILSON

HENRY SYDNOR HARRISON, despite the accident of birth in another state, is by generations of ancestors as well as in the novels by which he won his fame, essentially a Virginian. His work reflects the manner and spirit of contemporary Virginia. There has usually been an aroma of romantic tradition, a touch of historic legend about Virginia novels, but the life reflected from Harrison's pages does not suggest that of any other novelist who has written of the state. The Scott influence has been dominant upon the imagination of the Southern writers of fiction. Harrison breaks with this tradition: he knows a different background. He does not belong in any group that would contain the Tuckers, or John Esten Cooke, Thomas Nelson Page and Mary Johnston, nor is there a touch in common in his methods with Ellen Glasgow, the Princess Troubetzkoy, or James Branch Cabell. If literary ancestry must be guessed at, it is perhaps to Dickens—and in a lesser degree, William De Morgan, to whom he owes most. Yet the essence of social life in Virginia breathes from every chapter.

Henry Sydnor Harrison was born February 12, 1880, in Sewanee, Tennessee. His father, Dr. Caskie Harrison, was at that time professor of Latin and Greek in the University of the South. Dr. Harrison was a scholar of the distinguished "old school." He had married Margaret Coleman Sydnor. Two years after Henry Sydnor Harrison's birth the family removed to the home place of Mrs. Harrison's father in Halifax County, Virginia. Dr. Harrison in 1883 founded the Brooklyn Latin School. In 1885 the family went to Brooklyn to live, and the son later entered his father's school to prepare himself for college. He studied at Columbia University, receiving the degree of bachelor of arts in 1900, and was awarded the master's degree thirteen years later. At college he joined the Sigma Alpha Epsilon Fraternity, and years later, after his novels had brought him recognition, he was elected for his distinction in letters to the mother chapter of the scholarly Phi Beta Kappa Society at William and Mary, and to the National Institute of Arts and Letters in America.

In 1902 Dr. Caskie Harrison died and the next summer the family went to live in Richmond, Virginia; here for a year or two the son tried his taste, in business first and then as an editorial writer on the Richmond *Times-Dispatch*. His daily *Rhymes for*

the Day became locally celebrated for apt and timely wit. To this period of training much of Harrison's later success is due; for not only did his pen practice a light and entertaining touch in his newspaper work, but the nights and odd hours were spent in writing fiction. Richmond was the background of his earliest successful novels, and the fidelity with which in these novels he created the life and manners of contemporary Virginia was an important part of his art. From 1910 when he gave up his newspaper work until 1917 his home was in Charleston, West Virginia, and for five of these years he spent his time in writing fiction. 'Queed' was published in 1911 and was immediately successful. Two years later followed 'V. V.'s Eyes,' and in 1915 'Angela's Business.' Meantime, too, the earlier story, 'Captivating Mary Carstairs,' was republished under its author's own name.

In March, 1915, Harrison joined the forces of the American Ambulance in France and served with them until June of the same year. Returning to America, he was active from the platform and through private influence in bringing what aid he could to the suffering people of France. In November, 1917, he volunteered for service and was commissioned lieutenant in the U. S. Naval Reserve. He was ordered to desk duty in Washington and served until February, 1919.

Since the close of the Great War, Henry Sydnor Harrison has made his home in New York City. Gradually he turned to his writing again. In November, 1919, he published 'When I Come Back,' a tribute to his brother who was killed in action in the Argonne. Signs of a return to his work were also seen when "Big People" was printed in the Thanksgiving number of the *Saturday Evening Post* of the same year, and an article in *Everybody's* for December, 1920. His definite return to the field of his success, however, was marked when his publishers announced for publication in March, 1922, his novel, 'Saint Teresa.'

Not to mention the innumerable verses which daily started a sparkle of laughter at breakfast tables throughout Virginia, Henry Sydnor Harrison has published a score of short stories and magazine articles, and at least one volume that is not fiction, the volume *in memoriam* to his brother. It is as a novelist, however, that his work has most significance.

His "first effort at a long story" resulted in the publication in 1911 of 'Captivating Mary Carstairs.' The book, first completed in 1908, was twice rewritten and by the time it finally found a publisher, 'Queed' was already done. So it happened that the first edition of the earlier book was published pseudonymously. "At that

time, be it said," wrote its author later, "with an optimism that now has its humorous side, I viewed myself prospectively as a ready and fertile writer, producing a steady flow of books of very various sorts. Hence it occurred to me that a pseudonym might have a permanent servicability." 'Captivating Mary Carstairs' is wholly different from Harrison's other novels. It is an extremely diverting, exciting narrative, touched with real humor and clever characterization. Had its author pursued the vein of this tale with ready invention, the possibilities of a golden-lined popularity might have proved alluring. There are in its incident-crammed pages of improbability no suggestions of the style or power of the creator of Queed and Dr. V. Vivian. The reader who might stumble upon this first story would have as little idea of the later writings of Henry Sydnor Harrison as one who had read only 'Buried Alive' of Bennett's novels would have of the author of 'The Old Wives' Tale.'

It was with 'Queed' that Harrison found himself. 'Queed' is a serious book, and bespectacled like its hero with long De Morganesque chapter-headings. Nevertheless its success dated from the day of publication. It won the voice of both "the general reader" and the "discerning critic." By it Harrison gained a place as one of the foremost American novelists of his day. The title character gave it its firmest hold upon the heart of the "general reader," but the book was cast upon big lines and built of solid material. Queed, himself, is one of those blundering, selfless heroes, with an instinct for being right, that are always loved, but his character is so skillfully developed through the course of the story that a delicate psychological interest is maintained. The background of the novel forms an intricate, if swift, study of journalistic and political intrigue in a Southern city. The characters that are shown in the realistic setting form an interesting and varied group. There is about it a human touch, an appeal to the elemental emotions, that approaches the sentimental, but its sentiment never quite overripens into sentimentality because it is true sentiment. Much of the incident and material of which it is made is the substance of realism, but the spirit that pervades is romance. A journalistic sprightliness enlivens the style—sometimes almost to cheapen it—but it is an effective style always, easy to read, interesting to follow, and at times invigorated by an elevated force and quick humor. 'Queed' is less adroitly constructed, less polished than its successors, but of the three it remains the strongest in invention and imaginative power.

In 'V. V.'s Eyes' Harrison achieved a strong and beautiful novel. It is a story with a purpose. With sympathetic insight the needs of the factory workmen are set over against the com-

prehensible but blind policies of the owners. The human factors that explain the motives of family love and pride, the practical considerations of expediency and unintended delay, that are as often the cause of wrong factory conditions as stupidity or indifference, are tactfully brought into the essential development of the story. Though it followed so closely upon 'Queed,' and lacks somewhat the elements of popularity of the earlier book, it is firmer in texture and altogether maturer work.

The nearest approach to realism that Harrison has made is to be found in 'Angela's Business.' As in the preceding novels, Richmond is the setting and two groups of characters serve as mutual foils. The canvas is not so large, the interest less complex, and the personalities neither so marked nor so numerous. Angela's business is finding a husband, but the climax of the story is rather the happy outcome of the hero's escape than the success of Angela and her little Fordette. Angela is a vivid study of a struggling American girl who conceives marriage to be her mission, but the book escapes either sordidness or unpleasantness by the tones of its background and the delicate play of humor that savors it.

Harrison ended a long silence with the publication in the spring of 1922 of 'Saint Teresa.' Without the whimsical humor, the delicate study of locality, the convincing character delineation of the earlier novels, this book marks a distinct change in the style of its author. The scene of this gripping story is New York City; its underlying interest, a vivid portrayal of conflicting ideas before the United States entered the World War. Saint Teresa is the granddaughter of a money-king and is a militant pacifist of such personal charm that she is forced to adopt a "protective coloring." Against a background of her struggle for her ideals, the story is of how a man hated and fought—and loved her. It rushes rapidly on through scenes of almost melodramatic tenseness to its remarkable conclusion.

The novels of Henry Sydnor Harrison are true criticisms of American life because they are true pictures of the locality of which they are told. The interest in schemes and organizations for the betterment of the unfortunate classes of society is symptomatic of the period, the clash of personal and public standards, the antinomies of class conventions and prejudices, the interwoven subtleness of business, journalistic and political intrigues are part of the fabric of America, but the gracious chivalry, the loyalty to old loyalties and glories of a haloed past, the simplicity of manners, the glow of sentiment, are peculiarly of the soil of Virginia. In a warmth of sentiment that indeed here and there has just escaped sentimentality, and an easy diction that frequently becomes colloquial, he is further true

to the homely spirit that he has evoked. Part of the power as well as the popularity of his three novels sprang from the author's willingness to be old-fashioned; they are novels rather than studies in psychology or sociology. In both 'Queed' and 'V. V.'s Eyes' the central character unites a big unselfishness and a pure idealism with a vulnerable ingenuousness that make a blended appeal to our admiration and our sympathies. Queed's slow unfolding from well-intentioned futility to heroic competence touches one's emotions as movingly as Dr. Vivian's supreme sacrifice to "his friends," the poor. In both books there is the contrast of the strong man of affairs whose mythical grandeur crumbles before the superior moral strength of the seemingly weaker man. They are alike, too, in the use of the woman whom both love as a foil and in the inclusion of a quaint and wistful girl or boy whose life has had a twist of circumstance that suggests pathos. These touches of the human are grounded in elemental interests and when they are felt to be convincing, to be sincere, win for a book an affectionate regard that springs from deeper sources than the appeal of plot or social problem.

Harrison has the rare power of humor that is not a mere playing upon the surface of things by a witty use of words or the telling cleverly of incidents; his best humor is drawn from the nature of the situations themselves. The great pleasure-dog, Behemoth, and the little spectacled man, Queed, sitting on his own hat in the middle of the street; Jack Dalhousie and the upset boat; Angela, pursuing a man in her little Fordette, are the stuff of which laughter is made. His two best novels have motives of humanitarian reform, but his work is strong not because of this but for the unique characters he has created and for the power with which he moves the human heart and the winsomeness of his humor.

James Penthall Wilson

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ALTRUISM DEFINED AND ILLUSTRATED.

From 'Queed,' Chapter V. 58-63. Copyright by Houghton Mifflin Company. Used by permission of the publishers.

ALOFT the young man went to his scriptorium, happy in the thought that five hours of incorruptible leisure and unswerving devotion to his heart's dearest lay before him. It had been a day when the Post did not require him; hour by hour since breakfast he had fared gloriously upon his book. But to-night his little room was cold; unendurably cold; not even the flamings of genius could overcome its frigor; and hardly half an hour had passed before he became aware that his sanctum was altogether uninhabitable. Bitterly he faced the knowledge that he must fare forth into the outer world of the dining-room that night; irritably he gathered up his books and papers.

Half-way down the first flight a thought struck Queed, and he retraced his steps. The last time that he had been compelled to the dining-room the landlady's daughter had been there—(it was all an accident, poor child! Hadn't she vowed to herself never to intrude on the little Doctor again?)—and, stupidly breaking the point of her pencil, had had the hardihood to ask him for the loan of his knife. Mr. Queed was determined that this sort of thing should not occur again. A method for enforcing his determination, at once firm and courteous, had occurred to him. One could never tell what trespassers would stray into the dining-room—his dining-room by right of his exalted claim. Rummaging in his bottom bureau drawer he produced a placard, like a narrow little sign-board, and tucking it under his arm, went on downstairs.

The precaution was by no means superfluous. Disgustingly enough the landlady's daughter was once more in his dining-room before him, the paraphernalia of her algebra spread over half of the Turkey-red cloth. Fifi looked up, plainly terrified at his entrance and his forbidding expression. It was her second dreadful blunder, poor luckless little wight! She had faithfully waited a whole half hour and Mr. Queed had shown no signs of coming down. Never had he waited so long as this when he meant to claim the

dining-room. Mrs. Paynter's room, nominally heated by a flume from the latrobe heater in the parlor, was noticeably coolish on a wintry night. Besides, there was no table in it, and everybody knows that algebra is hard enough under the most favorable conditions, let alone having to do it on your knee. It seemed absolutely safe; Fifi had yielded to the summons of the familiar comforts; and now—

"Oh—how do you do?" she was saying in a frightened voice.

Mr. Queed bowed, indignantly. Silently he marched to his chair, the one just opposite, and sat down in offended majesty. To Fifi it seemed that to get up at once and leave the room, which she would gladly have done, would be too crude a thing to do, too gross a rebuke to the little Doctor's ego. She was wrong, of course, though her sensibilities were indubitably right. Therefore she feigned enormous engrossment in her algebra and struggled to make herself as small and inoffensive as she could.

The landlady's daughter wore a Peter Thompson suit of blue serge, which revealed a few inches of very thin white neck. She was sixteen and reddish-haired, and it was her last year at the High School. The reference is to Fifi's completion of the regular curriculum, and not to say impending promotion to a still Higher School. She was a fond, uncomplaining little thing, who had never hurt anybody's feelings in her life, and her eyes, which were light blue, had just that look of ethereal sweetness you see in Burne-Jones's women and for just that same reason. Her syrup she took with commendable faithfulness; the doctor, in rare visits, spoke cheerily of the time when she was to be quite strong and well again; but there were moments when Sharlee Weyland, looking at her little cousin's face in repose, felt her heart stop still.

Fifi dallied with her algebra, hoping and praying that she would not *have* to cough. She had been very happy all that day. There was no particular reason for it; so it was the nicest kind of happiness, the kind that comes from inside, which even the presence of the little Doctor could not take away from her. Heaven knew that Fifi harbored no

grudge against Mr. Queed, and she had not forgotten what Sharlee said about being gentle with him. But how to be gentle with so austere a young Socrates? Raising her head upon the pretext of turning a page, Fifi stole a hurried glance at him.

The first thing Mr. Queed had done on sitting down was to produce his placard, silently congratulating himself on having brought it. Selecting the book which he would be least likely to need, he shoved it well forward, nearly halfway across the table, and against the volume propped up his little pasteboard sign, the printed part staring straight toward Fifi. The sign was an old one which he had chanced to pick up years ago at the Astor Library. It read;

SILENCE.

Arch-type and model of courteous warning!

When Fifi read the little Doctor's sign, her feelings were not in the least wounded, insufficiently subtle though some particular people might have thought its admonition to be. On the contrary, it was only by the promptest work in getting her handkerchief into her mouth that she avoided laughing out loud. The two of them alone in the room and his *Silence* sign gazing at her like a pasteboard Gorgon!

Fifi became more than ever interested in Mr. Queed. An intense and strictly feminine curiosity filled her soul to know something of the nature of that work which demanded so stern a noiselessness. Observing rigorously the printed Rule of the Dining-Room, she could not forbear to pilfer glance after glance at the promulgator of it. Mr. Queed was writing, not reading, to-night. He wrote very slowly on half-size yellow pads, worth seventy-five cents a dozen, using the books only for reference. Now he tore off a sheet only partly filled with his small handwriting, and at the head of a new sheet inscribed a Roman numeral, with a single word under that. Like her cousin Sharlee at an earlier date, Fifi experienced a desire to study out, upside down, what this heading was. Several peeks were needed, with artful attention to algebra between whiles, before she was at last convinced that she had it. Undoubtedly it was

XVIII

ALTRUISM

There was nothing enormous about Fifi's vocabulary, but she well knew what to do in a case like this. Behind her stood a battered walnut bookcase, containing the Paynter library. After a safe interval of absorption in her sums, she pushed back her chair with the most respectful silence and pulled out a tall volume. The pages of it she turned with a blank studious face but considerable inner expectancy: Af—Ai—Al—Alf . . . . .

A giggle shattered the academic calm, and Fifi, in horror, realized that she was the author of it. She looked up quickly and her worst fears were realized. Mr. Queed was staring at her, as one scarcely able to credit his own senses, icy rebuke piercing through and overflowing his great round spectacles.

"I beg your pardon!—Mr. Queed. It—it slipped out, really—"

But the young man thought that the time had come when this question of noise in his dining-room must be settled once and for all.

"Indeed? Be so kind as to explain the occasion of it."

"Why," said Fifi, too truthful to prevaricate and completely cowed, "it—it was only the meaning of a word here. It— was silly of me. I—I can't explain it—exactly—"

"Suppose you try. Since your merriment interrupts my work, I claim the privilege of sharing it."

"Well! I—I—happened to see that word at the head of the page you are writing—"

"Proceed."

"I—I looked it up in the dictionary. It *says,*" she read out with a gulp and a cough, "it means 'self-sacrificing devotion to the interests of others.' "

The poor child thought her point must now be indelicately plain, but the lips of Doctor Queed merely emitted another close-clipped: "Proceed."

At a desperate loss as she was, Fifi was suddenly visited by an idea. "Oh! I see. You're—you're writing against altruism aren't you?"

"What leads you to that conclusion, if I may ask?"

"Why—I—I suppose it's the—way you—you do. Of course I oughtn't to have said it—"

"Go on. What way that I do?"

Poor Fifi saw that she was floundering in ever more deeply. With the boldness of despair she blurted out: "Well—one thing—you sent me out of the room that night —when I coughed, you know. I—I don't understand about altruism like you do, but I should think it was—my interests to stay here—"

There followed a brief silence, which made Fifi more miserable than any open rebuke, and then Mr. Queed said in a dry tone: "I am engaged upon a work of great importance to the public, I may say to posterity. Perhaps you can appreciate that such a work is entitled to the most favorable conditions in which to pursue it."

"Of course. Indeed I understand perfectly, Mr. Queed," said Fifi, immediately touched by what seemed like kindness from him. And she added innocently: "All men —writing men, I mean—feel that way about their work— I suppose. I remember that Mr. Sutro who used to have the very same room you're in now. He was writing a five-act play, all in poetry, to show the horrors of war, and he used to say—"

The young man involuntarily shuddered. "I have nothing to do with other men. I am thinking," he said with rather an unfortunate choice of words, "only of myself."

"Oh—I see! Now I understand exactly!"

"What is it that you see and understand so exactly?"

"Why the way you feel about altruism. You believe in it for other people, but not for yourself! Isn't that right?"

They stared across the table at each other; innocent Fifi, who barely knew the meaning of altruism, but had practiced it from the time she could practice anything, and the little Doctor who knew everything about altruism that social science would ever formulate, and had stopped right there.

All at once, his look altered; from the objective it became subjective. The question seemed suddenly to hook onto something inside, like a still street-car gripping hold of a cable and beginning to move; the mind's eye of the young man appeared to be seized and swept inward. Presently without a word he resumed his writing.

Fifi was much disturbed at the effect of her artless question, and just when everything was beginning to go so nicely too. In about half an hour, when she got up to retire, she said timidly:—

"I'm sorry if I—I was rude just now, Mr. Queed. Indeed I didn't mean to be—"

"I didn't say you were rude," he answered without looking up.

But at the door Fifi was arrested by his voice.

"Why do you think it to your advantage to work in here?"

"It's—it's a good deal warmer, you know," said Fifi flustered, "and then—of course there's the table and lamp. But it's quite all right upstairs—really!"

He made no answer.

WHAT IS HAPPINESS?

From 'V. V.'s Eyes,' Chapter XIV, pp. 184-188. Copyright by Houghton Mifflin Company. Used by permission of the publishers.

CALLY looked briefly away, up the sunny street. She raised a white-gloved hand and touched her gay hair, which showed that, though she hesitated she was perfectly at ease. She had just been struck with that look suggestive of something like sadness upon the man's face, which she had noticed that night in the summer-house. She herself was inclined to connect this look with his religiosity, associating religion, as she did, exclusively with the sad things of life. Or did it come somehow from the contrast between his shabby exterior and that rather shining look of his, his hopefulness incurable?—

She replied, in her modulated and fashionable voice: "I don't agree with you at all. I'm afraid your ideas are too

extraordinary"—she pronounced it extrord'n'ry, after Mr. Canning— "for me to follow. But before I go—"

"They do seem extraordinary, I know," broke from him, as if he could not bear to leave the subject—"but at least they're not original, you know—I think that must be just the meaning of the parable of the rich young man. —Don't you, yourself?"

"The parable of the rich young man?"

She looked at him with dead blankness. Passers-by hopped over the coal-hole and glanced up at the pair standing engrossed upon the doorstep. Such as knew either of them concluded from their air that Mr. Beirne was worse again this morning.

V. Vivian's gaze faltered and fell.

"Just a—a little sort of story," he said nervously—"you might call it a little sort of—allegory, illustrating—in a way—how money tends—to cut a man off from his fellows. —This man, in the sort of—of story, was told to give away all he had, not so much to help the poor, so it seems to me, as to—"

"I see. And of course," she said, vexed anew—how did she seem *always* to be put at a disadvantage by this man, she, who could put down a Canning, alas, only too easily and well?—" of course that's just what *you* would do."

"What I should do?"

"If *you* had a lot of money, of course *you* would give it all away at once, for fear you might be cut off—segregated —rocky island—and so forth?"

To her surprise, he laughed in quite a natural way. "Uncle Armistead, who's usually right, says I'd hang on to every cent I could get, and turn away sorrowful—Probably the only reason I talk this way is I haven't got any—That is—except just a—little income I have to live on—"

No doubt he said this hypocritically, self-righteous beneath his meekness, but Cally was prompt to pounce upon it as a damning confession. She flashed a brilliant smile upon him, saying, "Ah, yes!—it is much easier to preach than to practice, isn't it?"

And quite pleased with that, she proceeded to that despoiling of him she had had in mind from the beginning:

"Before I go, I started to tell you just now, when you interrupted me, that I was in rather a hurry yesterday, and didn't have time to—to say to you what I meant to say, to answer your request—"

"Oh!" said he, rather long drawn-out; and she saw his smile fade. "Yes?"

"I meant to say to you," she went on, with the same "great lady" graciousness, "that I shall of course speak to my father about the girl you say was unjustly dismissed. It's a matter, naturally, with which you have nothing to do. But if an injustice has been done by one of his subordinates, my father would naturally wish to know of it, so that he may set it right."

The little speech came off smoothly enough, having been prepared (on the chance) last night. For the moment its effect seemed most gratifying. The young man turned away from her, plainly discomfited. There was a small callosity on the pilaster adjacent to his hand, and he scratched at it intently with a long forefinger. Standing so, he murmured, in the way he had of seeming to be talking to himself:

"I knew you would—*I knew!*"

She disliked the reply, which seemed cowardly somehow, and said with dignity: "It's purely a business matter, and of course I make no promises about it at all. If there *has* been any injustice, it was of course done without my father's knowledge. I have no idea what he will do about it, but whatever he decides will of course be right."

The man turned back to her, hardly as if he had heard.

"The trouble is," he said, in an odd voice harder than she had supposed him to possess, "I didn't trust you. I—"

"Really that's of no consequence. I'm not concerned in it at—"

"I was sure all the time you would—be willing to do it," he went on, in the same troubled way. "I was *sure*. And yet last night I went off and spoke to somebody else about it—a man with influence with MacQueen—John Farley—a

—a sort of saloonkeeper. Corinne is back at work this morning."

The girl struggled against an absurd sense of defeat. She wished now—oh, *how* she wished!—that she had gone away immediately after giving him mamma's and papa's cards—

"Oh!" she said, quite flatly—"Well—in that case—there is no more to be said."

But there he seemed to differ with her. "I'd give a good deal," he said slowly, "if I'd only waited—Could you let me say how sorry I am—"

"Please don't apologize to me. I've told you before that I—I *detest* apologies . . ."

"I was not apologizing to you exactly," said V. Vivian with a kind of little falter.

"I haven't anything to do with it, I've said! It's all purely a business matter—purely!" And because, being a woman, she had been interested in the personal side of all this from the beginning she could not forbear adding, with indignation: "I can't *imagine* why you ever thought of coming to me, in the first place."

"Why I ever thought of it?" he repeated, looking down at her as much as to ask whom on earth should he come to then.

"If you had a complaint to make, why didn't you go direct to my father?"

"Ah, but I don't know your father, you see."

"Oh!!. . And you consider that you do know me?"

The man's right hand, which rested on the pilaster, seemed to shake a little.

"Well," he said, hesitatingly, "we've been through some trouble together . . ."

Then was heard the loud scraping of shovels, and the merry cackle of the old negro, happy because others toiled in the glad morning, while he did not. Cally Heth's white glove rested on Mr. Beirne's polished balustrade, and her piquant lashes fell.

She desired to go away now, but she could not go, on any such remark as that. Staying, she desired to contradict what the alien had said, but she could not do that either.

The complete truth of his remark had come upon her, indeed, with a sudden shock. This man *did* know her. They *had* been through trouble together. Only, it seemed, you never really go through trouble in this world: it always bobbed up again, waiting for you whichever way you turned . . .

And what did this lame stranger have to do with her, that, of all people on earth, his eyes alone had twice seen into her heart? . .

She looked suddenly up at him from under the engaging little hat, and said with a smile that was meant to be quite easy and derisive, but hardly managed to be that:

"Supposing that you do know me, as you say, and that I came to you to prescribe for me—as a sort of happiness doctor . . . Would you say that to give away everything I had —or papa had—would be the one way for me to be—happy?"

He curled and recurled the corners of the Heth cards, which did not improve their appearance. He gazed down at the work of his hands, and there seemed to be no color in his face.

"To be happy . . Oh, no, I shouldn't think that you—that anyone could be happy just through an act, like that."

"I could hardly give away more than everything all of us had, could I?"

"Well, but don't you think of happiness as a frame of mind, a—a sort of habit of the spirit? Don't you think it comes usually as a—a by-product of other things?"

"Oh, but I'm asking you, you see . . . What sort of things do you mean?"

He hesitated perceptibly, seeming to take her light derisive remarks with a strange seriousness.

"Well, I think a—a good rule is to . . . cultivate the sympathies all the time, and keep doing something useful."

Carlisle continued to look at his downcast face, with the translucent eyes, and as she looked, the strangest thought shimmered through her, with a turning of the heart new in her experience. She thought: "This man is a good friend..."

And then she said aloud, suddenly: "I am not happy—very."

She could not well have regarded that as a Parthian shot, a demolishing rebuke. Nevertheless, she turned upon it, precipitately and went away down the steps.

THE STRANGE OCCURRENCE.

From 'Angela's Business,' Chapter VII, pp. 92-96. Copyright by Houghton Mifflin Company. Used by permission of the publishers.

THE litte hand was warm, not unpleasant to retain. The eyes gazing up at him were liquid and bright; they were woman's eyes. "Consider me," they seemed to say. "Am I not sweet, desirable? Am I not worthy to be held dear? Was I not made to delight? See, I am Woman, beside you—"

"Oh," said the soft voice, "the way you do. Cousin Mary says you are the new sort of man, that isn't interested in girls at all. You're too clever to care anything about them. Are you?"

"Clever? I'd call that the stupidest thing in the world."

"Then you do like them! I'm so glad. I've wondered, you see—"

The feminine speeches, the appeal of these eyes, seemed all at once to create an enveloping pressure, softer than nothing, yet extraordinary. Or possibly the trouble was that Dionysius, after all, had freed his eyes of the magic more brilliantly than his creator.

"What sort of girls do you like? Tell me?" said the voice of Woman, nearer.

And then in the suddenest way conceivable there took place the Strange Occurrence referred to. Without the slightest premeditation, Charles bent and touched his lips to that smooth invitational cheek.

On that central point there is not the lightest reason for doubt. Let there be no wriggling or evasion here. Charles Garrott, who scorned La Femme and viewed Woman exclusively as a Movement, did bend his neck and kiss the Mitchellton Home-maker upon a sofa.

He meant the salute, he was afterwards certain, as but a fatherly tribute to youth and beauty, or (considered in

another way) but the expected, and in a sense purely conventional, move in the ancient parlor game. But on such a move as this homes have been broken, families set to mutual slaughter, thrones shaken, history changed. Charles, to put it in a word, found it easier to begin paying his tributes than gracefully to desist from them.

Prompted by a not unnatural curiosity, the lady (who had not proved more than maidenly surprised or rebuking) said:—

"Oh!—Why do you do this?"

Who knows what trusting heart first voiced that immemorial question? Charles Garrott, at least, was not the first gentleman on earth to fail to utter promptly the one satisfactory commentary on his behavior. Miss Angela made that little, gentle note of interrogation which cannot be written, and then she said again:—

"Tell me—why do you?"

Then it was as if the intrinsic pointedness of that query penetrated the man, suddenly and sharply. It was the mere force of iteration, no doubt; but all at once the soft voice seemed possessed of a certain insistence, tinctured with a certain definite expectation, you might say. Now that Charles stopped to think of it, why was he doing this?

The young man's arms fell, as if something had burned them. He rose abruptly and strode away to the mantlepiece, where, however, the Latrobe heater spoiled any hope of an effective pose.

If he meant thus to signify that the little episode was closed and done with, life, unluckily, was not quite so simple as that. The pretty Home-Maker, having gazed at his back—or side view a moment, as if bewildered, said in an uncertain voice:—

"I—I don't understand you at all. Why did you do that?"

Putting down the impulse to bolt, and the even more astonishing impulse to return to that fatal sofa, Charles Garrott braced himself to reply. In this effort he was handicapped by emotions altogether unknown to most young men

who sit upon sofas. For example: What would the lady in Sweden have to say to this little affair?

He confronted a fact which he had temporarily lost sight of: that he who pays these tributes must pay for them to the full. Half of him might feel resentful and furious, but it was clear that the whole of him, the net Charles, must cut a sorry figure for a while. Half of him might be crying out, stern as science itself: "Come, girl, be honest! Don't go about dropping matches into gunpowder, and then pretend to be surprised at the explosion." But the net Charles, brightly flushed, was speaking lamely as a schoolboy:—

"Well! Do you think I could be *blamed*—exactly? It—it seemed such an awfully natural thing to do. You—ah—it seemed I—I couldn't do anything *else!*—"

"I see," said the girl slowly.

"Ah—you—you're a very kissable person, you must know—"

"And do you always go about kissing people you think are kissable?"

The young man shrank as from a blow. Not looking once in her direction, he did not note that she had spoken with a quivering lip. With a great effort at lightness, he stammered:—

"Well, hardly! It must be that I don't often meet people who—who are as k-k-kissable as you—"

"I suppose I ought to feel flattered."

There was a miserable silence.

"I was mistaken in you," continued the Nice Girl's stricken voice. "I t-trusted you. I supposed you were too honorable—I didn't think—"

That word seemed to touch him to the quick. He spoke with desperate stiffness.

"I *am* honorable, I hope. Miss Flower—aren't you taking this too—too seriously, perhaps? After all, you—"

She astonished him by bursting into tears.

And all modernity became as nothing then, and Charles was simple man, horrified by the sight of woman's grief. Now his abasement became complete; now he groveled most

properly; never, he vowed, would he cease to censure himself most severely for this Occurrence. He wheedled, he implored, he cajoled. But, of course, all this but made the matter worse, threw his wary, inexcusable omissions into sharper and sharper relief. And presently Miss Angela referred to him as *brutal* (did she not pause even after that, in a sort of expectant way?) and then ended the tragedy by begging him to leave her, her fatally ringed hands held fast before her eyes.

No such conclusion to the evening of wholesome pleasure could have been devised by the wit of fiction-writers. Charles gathered his hat and coat like a thief, and let himself gently out into the night.

ARCHIBALD HENDERSON

[1877—]

C. ALPHONSO SMITH

A LETTER recently received from Archibald Henderson contains this passage: "I think the greatest contribution to human thought in my time is Einstein's generalized theory of relativity—the most profound and fecund projection of human thinking I have ever matched my mind against. It has taxed me greatly in recent months; and I am still digging in the depths. But I see the sun shining at the end of the tunnel. I see my way out of the maze." The letter is characteristic. Back of it is seen a man who feels the instant challenge of the complicated and problematical, who couches his lance for the big things of life, and who will not draw rein or sound retreat until victory, seeming or real, has been achieved. He is not only mathematician, dramatic critic, biographer, essayist, lecturer, and historian, but breaks through the boundaries of each for predatory excursion into other domains. I know no one who keeps a larger intellectual area under intensive cultivation than Archibald Henderson.

Browning has somewhere spoken of the central and unifying thought of a poem as "the imperial chord which steadily underlies the accidental mist of music springing therefrom." Is there such an imperial and unifying chord in Dr. Henderson's writings? I think so. Glance at the appended Bibliography. There is great variety, it is true, but greater unity. Each of his more notable works, in other words, is the study not of something stationary but of a movement. Subjects attract him in proportion as they resolve themselves into modes of motion. He shoots his game only on the wing. If I understand him aright, it was not the humor of Mark Twain that stirred Dr. Henderson's instinct for appraisal; it was rather the humanist beneath the humorist, a humanist whose attitude to society seemed to sum a passing and to project a coming era. It was not Shaw *per se* that gripped him; it was the career of one who views the achievements of the past as mere scaffolding for the future. It was not the captivating style of William James that drew his attention to Boutroux's essay; it was the beckoning of the new psychology that recognized in James its most illustrious champion. It was not the modern drama as a superior form of literature that challenged his championship; it was the battle between the new and the old sociology, a battle that finds its central arena in the modern

drama. It was neither the lure of misjudged leaders nor the romance of colonial history that drew him to the Old Southwest; it was the drama of evolution, "the thin and jagged line of the frontier," that seemed to him to epitomize in concrete form the evolving genius of a democratic people to whom what has been is only the matrix of what is to be. It was not because Southern literature was Southern that he entered the lists as one of its historians; it was because he saw in Southern literature as in Southern life a movement forward to wider fields and ampler horizons. Dr. Henderson is preeminently and distinctively the foe of the static, the interpreter of the changing, the herald of the frontier, the tracer and *poursuivant* of the skyline.

Archibald Henderson, head of the department of mathematics in the University of his native State, was born in Salisbury, North Carolina, on June 17, 1877. He took his A.B., A.M., and Ph.D., at the University of North Carolina and in 1915 received a second Ph.D. from the University of Chicago, mathematics being his major subject. He holds also a D.C.L. from the University of the South, at Sewanee, Tennessee, and an LL.D. from Tulane.

His marriage in 1903 to Minna Curtis Bynum marked the union of two families long distinguished for legal attainments in North Carolina and the blending of two lives that have ministered each to each in all high inspirations of mind and character. It may have been an accidental coincidence but shortly before his marriage he published a brilliant paper in *The American Mathematical Monthly* entitled "Harmonic Pairs in the Complex Plan." His marriage at any rate signalized the covenanting of one such pair. In words not unworthy of Browning he thus dedicates his 'Changing Drama':

> *I lay this book upon her shrine*
> *Whose lifted torch has lighted mine.*
> Sweet Heart—great Heart of tenderness:
> Strong Hands to help—dear Hands to bless:
> Clear Brain whose vision dwells in light:
> Fire Spirit, wingèd flame of white:
> Oh! Soul—true Sword Excalibur:
> Body—fit sheath for soul of her!
> *I lay this book upon her shrine—*
> *Hers—since herself has made it mine.*

The year 1910-1911 he spent abroad, putting in part of his time at the University of Cambridge, part at the University of Berlin, and part at the Sorbonne. This was a year of splendidly maturing power and as I crossed his trail several times in Germany it seemed to me that I could note at each meeting a growth and widening of outlook,

a broadening range of interest, and an intensity of intellectual pursuit that was not so much a surprise as a constant invigoration. Holbrook Jackson said of him during this year, in *Black and White,* London: "You could not by any stretch of the imagination label Henderson 'Tourist.' But it would be wrong to say he was not a sightseer, because in a way that is just his game. He is a sightseer, but a sightseer of a new type. He is not out primarily to see the ruins of dead ages, crumbling buildings, dim old masters' canvases; he is out to hunt ideas and personalities, to track the *zeitgeist* to its lair. He feels that we are in the midst of a remarkable intellectual awakening, and he is impelled by some urgent sub-conscious imp to give his complex and multiplex period a coherent voice."

The works published during the *annus mirabilis* of 1911 sweep the gamut of Dr. Henderson's major interests with the single exception of his interest in the westward trend of American expansion, which he was later to treat in his study of the Old Southwest. In every case, however, the publications of 1911 were the fruits of many years of study. They were culminations, not inaugurations. Six years before 1911, for example, he had published in an issue of the Elisha Mitchell Scientific Society, 'A Memoir on the Twenty-Seven Lines Upon the Cubic Surface,' and the problem had been constantly upon his mind ever since. His 'Interpreters of Life' had been preceded by detailed and published studies of every dramatist treated. Mark Twain's writings had been the companions of his boyhood and articles about him had already appeared from Dr. Henderson's pen in *Harper's Magazine, Deutsche Revue,* and *The North American Review.* His elaborate interpretation of Bernard Shaw was but the expression of a cumulative interest that can be traced back to an early presentation of 'You Never Can Tell' which Dr. Henderson had witnessed in Chicago nine years before, and after the determination to write Shaw's life had been formed in 1904 hardly a month had passed without its quota of Shavian studies. That the brilliant French interpreter of William James was no new subject to Dr. Henderson can be read between the lines of "M. Boutroux and His Inspiring Work" which appeared in *The North Carolina Review* for December 3, 1911. Dr. Henderson's intellectual output during 1911 was remarkable for sheer bulk, but still more remarkable for unity and continuity of effort and for the solid foundation of original research that underlay it.

Among Dr. Henderson's most significant contributions to life and letters must be ranked his study of Mark Twain. It was the first real biography of Mark Twain to appear after the great humorist's death and, in spite of the multiplied florescence and efflores-

cence of Mark Twain literature since then, it remains the best interpretation to be found within the compass of a single volume. As I write these words, the latest issue of *Englische Studien* (Leipsic, January, 1922) comes in the morning mail. It contains an article by Dr. Friedrich Schönemann, of Münster, a specialist in American literature, on "Amerikanische Mark Twain Literatur, 1910-1920." The list of works collated is an imposing one, but Dr. Schönemann rates Dr. Henderson's book as marking "the beginning of the really scientific interest in Mark Twain." He considers it superior in breadth of interpretation to Mr. Albert Bigelow Paine's three-volumed treatment and to Mr. Howells's more intimate but less critical 'My Mark Twain' (1910).

The study of Shaw has proved the most educative influence ever brought to bear upon Dr. Henderson. The theme was a congenial one, however, for it meant the tracing not of one complicated movement but of five. "When the history of the last quarter of the nineteenth century comes to be written," says Dr. Henderson in chapter IX of 'George Bernard Shaw,' "it will be seen that the name of Bernard Shaw is inextricably linked with five epoch-making movements of our contemporary era. The Collectivist movement in politics, ethics, and sociology; the Ibsen-Nietzschean movement in morals; the reaction against the materialism of Marx and Darwin; the Wagnerian movement in music; and the anti-romantic movement in literature and art—these are the main currents of modern thought for which Shaw has unfalteringly sought to open a passage into modern consciousness."

I am not an admirer of Shaw. On the first page of Dr. Henderson's Introduction the dramatist sounds an egocentric note that, to my ear at least, echoes and re-echoes to the end. I cannot help admire the man's career, his overcoming of obstacles, his amazing deftness, his genius in sensing public opinion, his quickness in seeing an opening, his easy command of the resources of popular appeal, his mastery of the entire gamut of expression except the pathetic, the beautiful, the heartening, and the noiselessly suggestive; but in all that Shaw says and does, in even his quietest and most confidential self-revelations, I detect the buzz of an undeviating centripetal force, and the center is always George Bernard Shaw. At every witty sally of his own, his laugh rings loudest; at every seeming triumph, his applause is the most deafening; at every puncture of popular conviction or long cherished idealism, his is the voice that first announces a permanent victory for enlightenment, not omitting the implied suggestion that due recognition be publicly paid to the victor. The highest tribute to Dr. Henderson's biography is that, to

this reader at least, in spite of the clamancy of Shaw, there is not a dull page among its more than five hundred. I never open it without renewed admiration of the courage that tackled so formidable a task, the initial *élan* that held the author to it, and the sheer intellectuality that rounded it to its triumphant conclusion. As long as Shaw remains an object of public interest, this book will be indispensable.

In 'Interpreters of Life' and 'European Dramatists,' Dr. Henderson approaches the modern drama *via* its creators. The unit is the individual dramatist. There are chapters on August Strindberg, Henrik Ibsen, Maurice Maeterlinck, Oscar Wilde, Bernard Shaw, Granville Barker, and Arthur Schnitzler. These studies are not biographical; they are interpretative, only enough biography being given to clarify and confirm the central idea or ideas for which each dramatist stood. Of course character is not ignored but it, too, is ancillary to the new conceptions that the dramatist illustrates or the old conceptions that he revitalizes. Almost every chapter ends with a condensed but illuminating summary. Thus the last paragraph of the chapter on Strindberg begins: "Strindberg is the supreme universalist of our modern era"; that on Ibsen: "Ibsen's efforts at the emancipation of modern society inevitably took the form of life struggles"; that on Wilde: "Wilde called one of his plays 'The Importance of Being Earnest.' In his inverted way he aimed at teaching the world the importance of being frivolous." The concluding pages of the chapter on Shaw are given in the excerpt that follows. The last paragraph does not seem to me in Dr. Henderson's best manner, the terminal comparison of Shaw with eleven other artists tending to dissipate rather than to clinch what has gone before. Would not the paragraph that precedes be a better and more convergent termination?

In 'The Changing Drama' the unit is not the individual dramatist but the drama itself as the expression of a general movement in human consciousness. The drama is here viewed as the trysting-place or battleground of individual will and social obligation. There are chapters on the relation of the modern drama to the new age, to the new ethics, to the new science, to the new form, to the new freedom, to the new technic, to the new content, and to the new tendencies. This is Dr. Henderson's best book in the field of dramatic criticism because it gives ampler play to his faculties of generalization and wider scope to his analysis of dramatic effects. It is based on his previous studies of individual dramatists, but there

is little repetition of analysis or opinion. It is a distillation rather than a rearrangement. The mere change of angle, the substitution of drama for dramatist as *point de repère,* releases a host of suggestive comparisons that could hardly have found place in the earlier books without digression and weakening. The work marks also a distinct advance in Dr. Henderson's thought about the drama. He had hitherto almost ignored technique. Only in his study of Ibsen in 'European Dramatists' was there the presentation of the technical craftsman as distinct from the social philosopher; and the most interesting and informing part of the essay, to me at least, has always been that dealing with what Poe would have called Ibsen's "philosophy of composition." Dr. Henderson breaks new ground here and throws new light not only on the genesis of Ibsen's dramas but on the conjectural genesis of all literary types. 'The Changing Drama' continues the discussion of structural technique and succeeds in relating form to content and content to form with a clearness and convincingness that put the book in a class by itself.

As there is an advance in directness of style and economy of words from Dr. Henderson's earlier works to his 'Changing Drama,' so there is a corresponding advance from his 'Changing Drama' to his 'Conquest of the Old Southwest.' In the latter book, though there is a mass of dates and minor events through which the narrative must flow, the story is not clogged nor is the style encumbered. The introduction names the four determining principles of the westward movement and the sequent pages keep close to the trail thus marked out. Dr. Henderson conceives the movement as a great American drama, *the* great American drama, and tells it with dramatic vigor and vividness. The twenty pages of bibliography that the author appends prove his prolonged study of the period, and his previous contributions to the subject in *The American Historical Review, The North Carolina Booklet, The Tennessee Historical Magazine, The Mississippi Valley Historical Review,* and *The American Historical Magazine* show that as usual he was on familiar ground. The book, however, has an added interest. The leading figure is Colonel Richard Henderson, grandfather of Dr. Henderson's grandfather. Colonel Roosevelt in his 'Winning of the West' had said: "Richard Henderson had great confidence in Boone; and it was his backing which enabled the latter to turn his discoveries to such good account. . . . He was a man of the seacoast regions, who had little in common with the backwoodsmen by whom he was

surrounded; he came from a comparatively old and sober community, and he could not grapple with his new associates."

This, though a tribute to Colonel Henderson's social culture, is plainly an underestimate of his leadership. Note the following extract from a letter written early in April, 1775, by Daniel Boone to Colonel Henderson at a crisis in the southwestern movement and a turning point in American history: "On March the 25 a party of Indians fired on my Company about half an hour before day, and killed Mr. Twitty and his negro, and wounded Mr. Walker very deeply, but I hope he will recover.

"On March the 28 as we were hunting for provisions, we found Samuel Tate's son, who gave us an account that the Indians fired on their camp on the 27th day. My brother and I went down and found two men killed and sculped, Thomas McDowell and Jeremiah McFeters. I have sent a man down to all the lower companies in order to gather them all at the mouth of Otter Creek.

"My advice to you, Sir, is to come or send as soon as possible. Your company is desired greatly, for the people are very uneasy, but are willing to stay and venture their lives with you, and now is the time to flusterate their [the Indians'] intentions, and keep the country, whilst we are in it. If we give way to them now, it will ever be the case."

Colonel Henderson both sent and went, and among those who joined him was, strangely enough, Abraham Hanks, the maternal grandfather of Abraham Lincoln. The Indian danger was averted, Kentucky was held, Colonel Henderson's leadership was vindicated, and the imperial southwestern domain came permanently into American history.

Like his distinguished ancestor, Dr. Henderson is a frontiersman. His frontiers, however, are not territorial but intellectual. He is also an ardent Southerner and validates his Southernism by being national in his sympathies, international in his interests, and American to the core. "In the ranks of the younger generation of authors," wrote Edwin Markham four years ago, "I see against the American background of the present day no more striking figure of international culture and literary attainment than Archibald Henderson, educator, orator, *littérateur,* and historian." To this appraisal I should like to add the prophecy of a former editor-in-chief of THE LIBRARY OF SOUTHERN LITERATURE: "The ideal Southern writer must be Southern and cosmopolitan as well; he must be intensely local in feeling, but utterly unprejudiced and unpartisan as

to opinions, traditions, and sentiment. Whenever we have a genuine Southern literature it will be American and cosmopolitan as well. Only let it be a work of genius, and it will take all sections by storm." Archibald Henderson merits the tribute of Edwin Markham because he is fulfilling the forecast of Joel Chandler Harris.

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BERNARD SHAW.

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BERNARD SHAW is the most versatile and cosmopolitan genius in the drama of ideas that Great Britain has yet produced. No juster or more significant characterization can be made of this man than that he is a penetrating and astute critic of contemporary civilization. He is typical of this disquieting century—with its intellectual brillancy, its staggering naïveté, its ironic nonsense, its devouring scepticism, its profound social and religious unrest. The relentless thinking, the large perception of the comic which stamp this man, are interpenetrated with the ironic consciousness of the twentieth century. The note of his art is capitally moralistic; and he tempers the bitterness of the disillusioning dose with the effervescent appetizer of his brilliant wit. His philosophy is the consistent integration of his empirical criticisms of modern society and its present organization, founded on authority and based upon capitalism. A true mystic, he sees in life, not the fulfilment of moral laws, or the verification of the deductions of reason, but the satisfaction of a passion in us of which we can give no account.

Evolution, in Shaw's view, is not a materialistic, but a mystical theory; and, after Lamarck and Samuel Butler, he understands evolution, not as the senseless raging of blind mechanical forces with an amazing simulation of design, but as the struggle of a creative Will or Purpose, which he calls the Life Force, towards higher forms of life. Socialism is the *alpha* and *omega* of his life. He believes in will, engineered by reason, because he sees in it the only real instrument for the achievement of Socialism. Like all pioneers in search of an El Dorado, he has found something quite different from the original object in mind. Indeed, in his search for freedom of will, he has really succeeded in discovering three checks and limitations to its operation; and he has long since abandoned the paradox of free will. For he has discovered, as first limitation, the iron law of personal responsibility to be the alternative to the golden rule of per-

sonal conduct. Second, the desirability of the sacrifice of the individual will to the realization of the general good of society through the progressive evolution of the race. And third, the personal, temperamental restriction which forbids him to accept anything as true, to take any action, to allow any free play to his will which would seriously militate against the progressive advance of collectivism. He has achieved the remarkable distinction of embracing collectivism without sacrificing individualism, of preaching intellectual anarchy without ignoring the claims of the Collective Ego.

In Bernard Shaw rages the daemonic, half-insensate intuition of a Blake, with his seer's faculty for inverted truism; while the close, detective cleverness of his ironic paradoxes demonstrates him to be a Becque upon whom has fallen the mantle of a Gilbert. In the limning of character, the mordantly revelative strokes of a Hogarth prove him to be a realist of satiric portraiture. The enticingly audacious insouciance of a Wilde, with his nonchalant wit and easy epigram, is united with the exquisite effrontery of a Whistler, with his devastating *jeux d'esprit* and the *ridentem dicere verum.* If Shaw is a Celtic *Molière de nos jours,* it is a Molière in whom comedy stems from the individual and tragedy from society. If Shaw is the Irish Ibsen, it is a laughing Ibsen—looking out upon a half-mad world with the riant eyes of a Heine, a Chamfort, or a Sheridan.

WHAT IS A PLAY?

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In the light of the contributions of the experimental and pioneering dramatists of the contemporary era, I shall make an effort to formulate a working definition of a play. It is important to note that our vocabulary of dramatic criticism is deficient in the requisite terms for including all the species of plays which find a place on the boards. We have no exact analogue, pithy and concise, for the German term *Schauspiel.* The *bourgeois* drama is only imperfectly rendered by

domestic drama; an even less desirable term is the drama of middle-class life. The very thing we are discussing has itself become suspect. A drama is, from its very derivation, a branch, not of statics, but of kinetics. It really means a doing, an action of some sort, through the intermediary of human beings. Yet we are confronted to-day with a startling contradiction in terms; for, as we have shown, many contemporary dramatists produce theater-pieces which are successfully produced before popular audiences, in which the tone is contemplative and not active. In such plays the stress is thrown upon being to the virtual exclusion of doing. We are driven, finally, to a definition, not of the drama, but of the play.

A play is any presentation of human life by human interpreters on a stage in a theater before a representative audience. The play intrinsically, and its representation by the interpreters, must be so effective, interesting, and moving as to induce the normal individual in appreciable numbers to make a sacrifice of money and time, either one or both, for the privilege of witnessing its performance. The subject of a play may be chosen from life on the normal plane of human experience or the higher plane of fantasy and imagination. Both the action and the characters of the play may be dynamic, static, or passive. By action is designated every exhibition of revelative mobility in the characters themselves, whether corporeal or spiritual, relevant to the processes of elucidation and exposition of the play; as well as all events, explicit or implicit, in the outer world of deed or the inner life of thought, present or antecedent, which directly affect the destinies of the characters, immediately or ultimately. The characters may be evolutional, static, or mechanical—ranging from the higher forms of tragedy, comedy, tragi-comedy through all forms of the play down to the lower species of melodrama, farce, and pantomime.

A common, but not an indispensable, attribute of the play is a crisis in events, material, intellectual or emotional, or a culminating succession of such crises; and such crisis generally, but by no means invariably, arises out of a conflict

involving the exercise of the human will in pursuit of desiderated ends. A play may be lacking in the elements of conflict and crisis, either or both; since the pictorial and plastic, in an era of the picture-frame stage in especial, are themselves legitimate and indispensable instrumentalities of stage representation. A play cannot be purely static, cannot wholly eliminate action. Physical, corporeal action may nevertheless be reduced to its lowest terms; and in such plays the action consists in the play of the intellect and of the emotions. All dramas are plays; all plays are not dramas. The drama may be defined as the play in which there is a distinctive plot, involving incidents actively participated in by the characters; a plot must be of such a nature that it can be clearly disengaged and succinctly narrated as a story. A drama involves the functioning of the human will, whether in the individual or in the mass; and includes within itself a crisis in the affairs of human beings. Dramatic is a term descriptive of the qualities inherent in, indispensable to, the drama. A play may or may not be dramatic. A drama is a particular kind of play.

The characteristic features of the contemporary play, as the result of the revolution of technic, may now be detailed. They are, concretely, the transposition of the crucial conjuncture from the outer world to the inner life; the enlargement of the conception of the dramatic conflict in order to include the clash of differing conceptions of conduct, standards of morality, codes of ethics, philosophies of life; the participation in such conflicts not only of individuals, but also of type embodiments of social classes or even segments of the social classes themselves; the elimination of both conflict and crisis without denaturalization of the literary species known as the play; the invention of the technic by which a single subject is explored from many points of view, as distinguished from the earlier technic in which many subjects are exhibited from a single point of view. Most profound and far-reaching of all changes has been the change wrought by the revolutionary spirit in morals, ethics, and social philosophy. The social has been added to the individual outlook; the temporal has been surcharged with the

spirit of the eternal. The contemporary playwright devotes his highest effort to the salutary, if not wholly grateful task, of freeing mankind from the illusions which obsess and mislead. Until the scales fall from his eyes, the modern man cannot stand high and free, cannot fight the great fight against physical, social, institutional, and moral determinism. The drama of the modern era is essentially the drama of disillusion.

INTRODUCTION.

To 'The Conquest of the Old Southwest.' Copyright, The Century Company, and used here by permission of author and publishers.

THE romantic and thrilling story of the southward and westward migration of successive waves of transplanted European peoples throughout the entire course of the eighteenth century is the history of the growth and evolution of American democracy. Upon the American continent was wrought out, through almost superhuman daring, incredible hardship, and surpassing endurance, the formation of a new society. The European rudely confronted with the pitiless conditions of the wilderness soon discovered that his maintenance, indeed his existence, was conditioned upon his individual efficiency and his resourcefulness in adapting himself to his environment. The very history of the human race, from the age of primitive man to the modern era of enlightened civilization, is traversed in the Old Southwest throughout the course of half a century.

A series of dissolving views thrown upon the screen, picturing the successive episodes in the history of a single family as it wended its way southward along the eastern valleys, resolutely repulsed the sudden attack of the Indians, toiled painfully up the granite slopes of the Appalachians, and pitched down into the transmontane wilderness upon the western waters, would give to the spectator a vivid conception, in miniature, of the westward movement. But certain basic elements in the grand procession, revealed to the sociologist and the economist, would perhaps escape his scrutiny. Back of the individual, back of the family, even, lurk

the creative and formative impulses of colonization, expansion, and government. In the recognition of these social and economic tendencies the individual merges into the group; the group into the community; the community into a new society. In this clear perspective of historic development the spectacular hero at first sight seems to diminish; but the mass, the movement, the social force which he epitomizes and interprets, gain in impressiveness and dignity.

As the irresistible tide of migratory peoples swept ever southward and westward, seeking room for expansion and economic independence, a series of frontiers was gradually thrust out toward the wilderness in successive waves of irregular indentation. The true leader in this westward advance, to whom less than his deserts has been accorded by the historian, is the drab and mercenary trader with the Indians. The story of his enterprise and of his adventures begins with the planting of European civilization upon American soil. In the mind of the aborigines he created the passion for the fruits, both good and evil, of the white man's civilization, and he was welcomed by the Indian because he also brought the means for repelling the further advance of that civilization. The trader was of incalculable service to the pioneer in first spying out the land and charting the trackless wilderness. The trail rudely marked by the buffalo became in time the Indian path and the trader's "trace"; and the pioneers upon the westward march, following the line of least resistance, cut out their roads along these very routes. It is not too much to say that had it not been for the trader —brave, hardy, and adventurous however often crafty, unscrupulous, and immoral—, the expansionist movement upon the American continent would have been greatly retarded.

So scattered and ramified were the enterprises and expeditions of the traders with the Indians that the frontier which they established was at best both shifting and unstable. Following far in the wake of these advance agents of the civilization which they so often disgraced, came the cattle-herder or rancher, who took advantage of the extensive pastures and ranges along the uplands and foot-hills to raise immense herds of cattle. Thus was formed what

might be called a rancher's frontier, thrust out in advance of the ordinary farming settlements and serving as the first serious barrier against the Indian invasion. The westward movement of population is in this respect a direct advance from the coast. Years before the influx into the Old Southwest of the tides of settlement from the northeast, the more adventurous struck straight westward in the wake of the fur-trader, and here and there erected the cattle-ranges beyond the farming frontier of the piedmont region. The wild horses and cattle which roamed at will through the upland barrens and pea-vine pastures were herded in and driven for sale to the city markets of the East.

The farming frontier of the piedmont plateau constituted the real backbone of western settlement. The pioneering farmers, with the adventurous instincts of the hunter and the explorer, plunged deeper and ever deeper into the wilderness, lured on by the prospect of free and still richer lands in the dim interior. Settlements quickly sprang up in the neighborhood of military posts or rude forts established to serve as safeguards against hostile attack; and trade soon flourished between these settlements and the eastern centers, following the trails of the trader and the more beaten paths of emigration. The bolder settlers who ventured farthest to the westward were held in communication with the East through their dependence upon salt and other necessities of life; and the search for salt-springs in the virgin wilderness was an inevitable consequence of the desire of the pioneer to shake off his dependence upon the coast.

The prime determinative principle of the progressive American civilization of the eighteenth century was the passion for the acquisition of land. The struggle for economic independence developed the germ of American liberty and became the differentiating principle of American character. Here was a vast unappropriated region in the interior of the continent to be had for the seeking, which served as lure and inspiration to the man daring enough to risk his all in its acquisition. It was in accordance with human nature and the principles of political economy that this unknown extent of uninhabited transmontane land, widely renowned for

beauty, richness, and fertility, should excite grandiose dreams in the minds of English and Colonials alike. England was said to be "New Land mad and everybody there has his eye fixed on this country." Groups of wealthy or well-to-do individuals organized themselves into land companies for the colonization and exploitation of the West. The pioneer promoter was a powerful creative force in westward expansion; and the activities of the early land companies were decisive factors in the colonization of the wilderness. Whether acting under the authority of a crown grant or proceeding on their own authority, the land companies tended to give stability and permanence to settlements otherwise hazardous and insecure.

The second determinative impulse of the pioneer civilization was *wanderlust*—the passionately inquisitive instinct of the hunter, the traveler, and the explorer. This restless class of nomadic wanderers was responsible in part for the royal proclamation of 1763, a secondary object of which, according to Edmund Burke, was the limitation of the colonies on the West, as "the charters of many of our old colonies give them, with few exceptions, no bounds to the westward but the South Sea." The Long Hunters, taking their lives in their hands, fared boldly forth to a fabled hunter's paradise in the far-away wilderness, because they were driven by the irresistible desire of a Ponce de Leon or a DeSoto to find out the truth about the unknown lands beyond.

But the hunter was not only thrilled with the passion of the chase and of discovery; he was intent also upon collecting the furs and skins of wild animals for lucrative barter and sale in the centers of trade. He was quick to make "tomahawk claims" and to assert "corn rights" as he spied out the rich virgin land for future location and cultivation. Free land and no taxes appealed to the backwoodsman, tired of paying quit-rents to the agents of wealthy lords across the sea. Thus the settler speedily followed in the hunter's wake. In his wake also went many rude and lawless characters of the border, horse thieves and criminals of different sorts, who sought to hide their delinquencies in the merciful liberality of the wilderness. For the most part, however,

it was the salutary instinct of the homebuilder—the man with the ax, who made a little clearing in the forest and built there a rude cabin that he bravely defended at all risks against continued assaults—which, in defiance of every restraint, irresistibly thrust westward the thin and jagged line of the frontier. The ax and the surveyor's chain, along with the rifle and the hunting-knife, constituted the armorial bearings of the pioneer. With individual as with corporation, with explorer as with landlord, land-hunger was the master impulse of the era.

The various desires which stimulated and promoted westward expansion were, to be sure, often found in complete conjunction. The trader sought to exploit the Indian for his own advantage, selling him whiskey, trinkets, and firearms in return for rich furs and costly peltries; yet he was often a hunter himself and collected great stores of peltries as the result of his solitary and protracted hunting-expeditions. The rancher and the herder sought to exploit the natural vegetation of marsh and upland, the cane-brakes and pea-vines; yet the constantly recurring need for fresh pasturage made him a pioneer also, drove him ever nearer to the mountains, and furnished the economic motive for his westward advance. The small farmer needed the virgin soil of the new region, the alluvial river-bottoms, and the open prairies, for the cultivation of his crops and the grazing of his cattle; yet in the intervals between the tasks of farm life he scoured the wilderness in search of game and spied out new lands for future settlement.

This restless and nomadic race, says the keenly observant Francis Baily, "delight much to live on the frontiers, where they can enjoy undisturbed, and free from the control of any laws, the blessings which nature has bestowed upon them." Independence of spirit, impatience of restraint, the inquisitive nature, and the nomadic temperament—these are the strains in the American character of the eighteenth century which ultimately blended to create a typical democracy. The rolling of wave after wave of settlement westward across the American continent, with a reversion to primitive conditions along the line of the farthest frontier,

and a marked rise in the scale of civilization at each successive stage of settlement, from the western limit to the eastern coast, exemplifies from one aspect the history of the American people during two centuries. This era, constituting the first stage in our national existence, and productive of a buoyant national character shaped in democracy upon a free soil, closed only yesterday with the exhaustion of cultivable free land, the disappearance of the last frontier, and the recent death of "Buffalo Bill." The splendid inauguration of the period, in the region of the Carolinas, Virginia, Tennessee, and Kentucky, during the second half of the eighteenth century, is the theme of this story of the pioneers of the Old Southwest.

ANNIE FELLOWS JOHNSTON

[1863—]

CALE YOUNG RICE

MANY years ago the writer of this sketch saw Annie Fellows Johnston crossing a street in Evansville, Indiana, the city of her birth. At that time she was, perhaps, just beginning to find an outlet for her pen, and perhaps the expression she wore was that of literary dreams. In any case her dainty figure and exquisite face, from the dark eyes of which shone a spirit that was to prove itself so rare in American letters, were never forgotten.

Such eyes, with their sensitiveness to all kinds of inspiration, have their biological reason; for rareness is in one way or another a matter of heredity; and what this reason was in the case of this little woman who was to play so consummately on the heart-strings of millions of children—not to mention grown-ups—may partly be guessed. For her grandfather, John Erskine, brought with him from County Antrim, Ireland, a quaint stock of saws and sayings; her father was a New England minister, who could find place in his library for the great poets as well as for theological treatises; and her mother, "a MacGregor," was not only a woman of fine common-sense, but of even finer instincts for romance and ideality.

The early years of young Annie Fellows were replete with all the real things that make childhood and girlhood rich beyond measure. In the rolling hills of southern Indiana, after her father's death, she lived with her two sisters and their mother—a sympathetic, enthusiastic and encouraging companion. With the younger sister, Albion, the greater intimacy existed. The two were inseparable, at work or play; in school or in running wild over fields and hills; in picking berries, nuts and flowers, or in dreaming even then of picking still more delightful fruits from the tree of literary fame.

For it must be confessed just here that at an early age Annie was not only dreaming and singing, writing verse and making up fairy tales, but that a little later, when her first literary success came, she—like so many literary aspirants—had the full intention of writing *"the* great American Novel." And, apropos of this youthful ambition, it is a refreshing fact to know the attitude of her mother toward it. "Drop everything," this mother would say, when the girl felt herself in the throes of an inspiration, "Fly upstairs and write. I'll finish your work for you."

That life would not let such idyllic years last, was only to be expected. About the glamorous outskirts of romance ever rise the rocky heights of reality—with its tragedies; and of these Annie was to have her full share. But she was able to climb over these rocky places with a bravery and patience that have won the admiration of all who know her.

At seventeen the necessity came for the girl to teach school, a necessity which has fallen to the lot of so many who have achieved. The next year she was a student in the University of Iowa. Then came more teaching until a threatened break in health induced her to take up clerical work in her cousin's office.

As it was about time for Romance to slip in again, it did so—this time in the shape of Love. Before the wedding, however, Annie and her sister Albion were to enjoy a trip to Europe. On their return it appeared that the wedding was to be a double one, for Albion, too, had found her mate. Then to cap all came the publication by the two sisters of a book of poems.

To our young bride, however, but three years of married happiness were permitted; then mortality began to close in upon her. Her husband, who was also her cousin, died and left her with three step-children, a boy of ten and two older girls.

Had adequate means for the care of this small but devoted family been provided, perhaps the innumerable lovers of the "Little Colonel" books would not exist today. As it was, Mrs. Johnston saw that it was necessary for her to face the future, armed only with her pen, in entire seriousness. So the next year her first book of prose, 'Big Brother,' appeared, and the brave young writer was fully launched upon the purpoe of providing for herself and family, and of shaping her literary career.

Some of the details of the next years are too intimate for record here. Life that had given to the girl and to the young bride so much joy was now bent on showing how impartially it could also dispense sorrow. The youngest daughter died and the failing health of the boy made it necesary for him to be taken to Arizona, where the beautifully spiritual inspiration of 'In the Desert of Waiting' was written. Then to San Antonio and the hill country of Texas the little family moved, there to reside until the pathetic end of the boy's life came and the step-mother began life alone with the elder daughter.

During those long western years of anxiety, love, and pity, shut off from companionship with her kind in the Texan hills, the future beloved children's author often, no doubt, remembered her own happy childhood with the clairvoyance that was to enter into so many vol-

umes destined to make the hearts of young people happy. That she should turn from Texas back to the locale of her earlier days was therefore inevitable; though it was to Kentucky she was now to make her way, and to that charming spot in Kentucky called Pewee Valley, where the "Little Colonel" stories were to be laid.

The committal of Mrs. Johnston's gift to the writing of children's stories, be it said, was not as yet complete. She still hoped the chance would come one day to write adult fiction. So successful, however, were the books for young people that began to pour from her pen, and so multitudinous and clamorous for more were the adoring letters from the little folks, that the hope of writing for grown-ups was continuously forced into the background of mental possibilities. And that is easily intelligible. For it would require much temerity on the part of one who desires to serve her kind, to turn from the genre which was delighting and moulding the character of young America to a new field already so crowded with competent aspirants. In the children's field she was without rival and was sure that what she gave would find eager throngs awaiting for it with an avidity with which our grown-ups in the old days could have looked forward to a new story of Dickens or George Eliot. To the children therefore she was faithful, though only her intimate friends can realize how many times our hard-working author wanted to turn completely away from child life and not think of it again for many a long moon.

In Pewee Valley Mrs. Johnston was not only to have here the charm of rural Kentucky and friendly neighbors at her door, but in nearby Louisville she was to join the little band of women known as the "Authors' Club," and find intellectual and literary companionship. It is superfluous to state here the fame of this group of women. That fame has gone out too widely to need recounting. But in passing it may be said that work was not always the order of the club's day. There were "jinks" when gaiety and literary stunts were to the fore; and on these occasions Mrs. Johnston's delightful humor and fantasy were unsurpassed by any of her clever companions.

It is not within the province of this brief biography to discuss the merits of Mrs. Johnston's many books. That must be left to those who have a deeper knowledge of child nature than this biographer. But several things must be said.

Woven through all Mrs. Johnston's books are such engaging threads of symbolism as the "Tusitala" rings, "The Road of the Loving Heart," and the prism idea of 'Georgina of the Rainbows'; and these symbols have had more than a literary effect on

our young people. Indeed, their influence on the lives of a great many thousands of children, some of whom have grown up to be sweethearts or young wives and mothers, would prove amazing to all who might read the streams of letters of gratitude, expressing this influence, from all parts of the country. Many a young man who has chosen, or who will choose his mate in the next few years and who will adore that mate for the beauty and sweetness of her character and disposition, might well feel impelled to make a pilgrimage of gratefulness to an already well-worn door-step in Pewee Valley whence has proceeded the source of much of his happiness. And this symbolic or allegoric element in Mrs. Johnston's work is not confined to her child books, for in such spirituality fine legends as that of 'The Jester's Sword,' or 'In the Desert Waiting,' it has moved and sustained her adult audience quite as profoundly. For let it be said with all certainty that it is only because the writer of children's stories is so fully a woman who has unflinchingly played a woman's part in the world, that children—and therefore many other Americans—are so much indebted to her pen.

Under the beeches of her home in the Kentucky valley Mrs. Johnston still lives. Some of her books have been translated into other languages, and her life story of the Christ Child might be found in Roman schools as other of her stories are to be found in Japan. But our author is a home-keeping body, who is content to roam far in the books of other writers of whom she is always appreciative, but who loves best her own garden and fireside.

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HER EARLIER MEMORIES.

From 'Georgina of the Rainbows,' Chapter I, pp. 11-17. Copyright, 1916, D. Appleton & Company. Used here by permission of the author and the publishers.

If old Jeremy Clapp had not sneezed his teeth into the fire that winter day this story might have had a more seemly beginning; but, being a true record it must start with that sneeze, because it was the first happening in Georgina Huntingdon's life which she could remember distinctly.

She was in her high-chair by a window overlooking a gray sea, and with a bib under her chin, was being fed dripping spoonfuls of bread and milk from the silver porringer which rested on the sill. The bowl was almost on a level

with her little blue shoes which she kept kicking up and down on the step of her high-chair, wherefore the restraining hand which seized her ankles at intervals. It was Mrs. Triplett's firm hand which clutched her, and Mrs. Triplett's firm hand which fed her; so there was not the usual dilly-dallying over Georgina's breakfast as when her mother held the spoon. She always made a game of it, chanting nursery rhymes in a gay, silver-bell-cockle-shell sort of way, as if she were one of the "pretty maids all in a row," just stepped out of a picture book.

Mrs. Triplett was an elderly widow, a distant relative of the family, who lived with them. "Tippy" the child called her before she could speak plainly—a foolish name for such a severe and dignified person, but Mrs. Triplett rather seemed to like it. Being the working housekeeper, companion and everything else which occasion required, she had no time to make a game of Georgina's breakfast, even if she had known how. Not once did she stop to say, "Curly-locks, wilt thou be mine?" or to press her face suddenly against Georgina's dimpled rose-leaf cheek as if it were something too temptingly dear to be resisted. She merely said "Here" each time she thrust the spoon towards her.

Mrs. Triplett was in an especial hurry this morning, and did not even look up when old Jeremy came into the room to put more wood on the fire. In winter, when there was no garden work, Jeremy did everything about the house, which required a man's hand. Although he must have been nearly eighty years old, he came in, tall and unbending, with a big log across his shoulders. He walked stiffly, but his back was as straight as the long poker with which he mended the fire.

Georgina had seen him coming and going about the place every day since she had been brought to live in this old gray house beside the sea, but this was the first time he had made any lasting impression on her memory. Henceforth, she was to carry with her as long as she should live the picture of a hale, red-faced old man with a woolen muffler wound around his lean throat. His knitted "wrist-warmers" slipped down over his mottled, deeply veined hands when he stooped to roll the log into the fire. He let go

with a grunt. The next instant a mighty sneeze seized him and Georgina, who had been gazing in fascination at the shower of sparks he was making, saw all of his teeth go flying into the fire.

If his eyes had suddenly dropped from their sockets upon the hearth, or his ears floated off from the sides of his head, she could not have been more terrified, for she had not yet learned that one's teeth may be a separate part of one's anatomy. It was such a terrible thing to see a man go to pieces in this undreamed-of fashion, that she began to scream and writhe around in her high-chair until it nearly turned over.

She did upset the silver porringer, and what was left of the bread and milk splashed out on the floor, barely missing the rug. Mrs. Triplett sprang to snatch her from the toppling chair, thinking the child was having a spasm. She did not connect it with old Jeremy's sneeze until she heard his wrathful gibbering, and turned to see him holding up the teeth, which he had fished out of the fire with the tongs.

They were an old-fashioned set such as one never sees now. They had been made in England. They were hinged together like jaws, and Georgina yelled again as she saw them all blackened and gaping, dangling from the tongs. It was not the grinning teeth themselves, however, which frightened her. It was the awful knowledge, vague though it was to her infant mind, that a human body could fly apart in that way. And Tippy, not understanding the cause of her terror, never thought to explain that they were false and had been made by a man in some out-of-the way corner of Yorkshire, instead of by the Almighty, and that their removal was painless.

It was several years before Georgina learned the truth, and the impression made by the accident grew into a lurking fear which often haunted her as time wore on. She never knew at what moment she might fly apart herself. That it was a distressing experience she knew from the look on old Jeremy's face and the desperate pace at which he set off to have himself mended.

She held her breath long enough to hear the door bang shut after him and his hob-nailed shoes go scrunch, scrunch, through the gravel of the path around the house, then she broke out crying again so violently that Tippy had hard work quieting her. She picked up the silver porringer from the floor and told her to look at the pretty bowl. The fall had put a dent into its side. And what would Georgina's great-aunt have said could she have known what was going to happen to her handsome dish, poor lady! Surely she would not have left it to so naughty a namesake! Then, to stop her sobbing, Mrs. Triplett took one tiny finger-tip in her large ones, and traced the name which was engraved around the rim in tall, slim-looped letters: the name which had passed down through many christenings to its present owner, "Georgina Huntingdon."

Failing thus to pacify the frightened child, Mrs. Triplett held her up to the window overlooking the harbor, and dramatically bade her "hark!" Standing with her blue shoes on the window sill, and a tear on each pink cheek, Georgina flattened her nose against the glass and obediently listened.

The main street of the ancient seaport town, upon which she gazed expectantly, curved three miles around the harbor, and the narrow board walk which ran along one side of it all the way ended abruptly just in front of the house in a waste of sand. So there was nothing to be seen but a fishing boat at anchor, and the waves crawling up the beach, and nothing to be heard but the jangle of a bell somewhere down the street. The sobs broke out again.

"Hush!" commanded Mrs. Triplett, giving her an impatient shake. "Hark to what's coming up along. Can't you stop a minute and give the Towncrier a chance? Or is it you're trying to outdo him?"

The word "Towncrier" was meaningless to Georgina. There was nothing by that name in her linen book which held the pictures of all the animals from Ape to Zebra, and there was nothing by that name down in Kentucky where she had lived all of her short life until these last few weeks. She did not even know whether what Mrs. Triplett said was com-

ing along would be wearing a hat or horns. The cow that lowed at the pasture bars every night back in Kentucky jangled a bell. Georgina had no distinct recollection of the cow, but because of it the sound of a bell was associated in her mind with horns. So horns were what she halfway expected to see, as she watched breathlessly, with her face against the glass.

"Hark to what he's calling!" urged Mrs. Triplett. "A fish auction. There's a big boat in this morning with a load of fish, and The Towncrier is telling everybody about it."

So a Towncrier was a man! The next instant Georgina saw him. He was an old man with bent shoulders and a fringe of gray hair showing under the fur cap pulled down to meet his ears. But there was such a happy twinkle in his faded blue eyes, such a goodness of heart in every wrinkle of the weather-beaten old face, that even the grumpiest people smiled a little when they met him, and everybody he spoke to stepped along a bit more cheerful just because the hearty way he said *"Good Morning!"* made the day seem really good.

"He's cold," said Tippy. "Let's tap on the window and beckon him to come in and warm himself before he starts back to town."

She caught up Georgina's hand to make it do the tapping, thinking it would please her to give her a share in the invitation, but in her touchy frame of mind it was only an added grievance to have her knuckles knocked against the pane, and her wails began afresh as the old man, answering the signal, shook his bell at her playfully, and turned toward the house.

As to what happened after that, Georgina's mind is a blank, save for a confused recollection of being galloped to Banbury Cross on somebody's knee, while a big hand helped her to clang the clapper of a bell far too heavy for her to swing alone. But some dim picture of the kindly face puckered into smiles for her comforting, stayed on in her mind as an object seen through a fog, and thereafter she never saw

the Towncrier go kling-klanging along the street without feeling a return of that same sense of safety which his song gave her that morning. Somehow, it restored her confidence in all Creation which Jeremy's teeth had shattered in their fall.

GEORGINA BEGINS HER MEMOIRS.

From 'Georgina's Service Stars,' Chapter I, pp. 13-25. Copyright, 1918, D. Appleton & Company. Used here by permission of the author and the publishers.

Up the crooked street which curves for three miles around the harbor comes the sound of the Towncrier's bell. It seems strange that he should happen along this morning just as I've seated myself by this garret window to begin the story of my life, for it was the sound of his bell five years ago which first put it into my head to write it. And yet, it isn't so strange after all, when one remembers the part the dear old man has had in my past. "Uncle Darcy," as I've always called him, has been mixed up with most of its important happenings.

That day, when I first thought of writing my memoirs, was in Spring house-cleaning time, and I had been up here all morning, watching them drag out old heirlooms from the chests and cubby-holes under the rafters. Each one had a history. From one of the gable windows I could look down on the beach at the very spot where the Pilgrims first landed, and away over on the tongue of sand, which ends the Cape, I could see the place where they say the old Norse Viking, Thorwald, was buried nine hundred years ago.

From this window where I am sitting, I looked down as I do now, on the narrow street with the harbor full of sails on one side and the gardens of the Portuguese fishermen spread out along the other, like blocks in a gay patchwork quilt. I remember as I stood looking out I heard Uncle Darcy's bell far down the street. He was calling a fish auction. And suddenly the queer feeling came over me that I was living in a story-book town, and that I was a part of it all, and some day I must write that story of it and me.

I did not begin it then, being only ten years old at that time and not strong on spelling. It would have kept me con-

stantly hunting through the dictionary, or else asking Tippy how to spell things, and that would have lead to her knowing all. Her curiosity about my affairs is almost unbelievable.

But now there is no reason why I should not begin it now. 'The Life and Letters of Georgina Huntingdon' ought to make interesting reading some of these days when I am famous, as I have a right to expect, me being the granddaughter of such a great Kentucky editor as Colonel Clayton Shirley. To write is in my blood, although on the Huntingdon side it's only dry law books.

I am going to jot down all sorts of innermost things in this blank book which will not be in the printed volume, because I might pass away before it is published, and if any one else had to undertake it he could do it more understandingly if he knew my secret ambitions and my opinion of life and people. But I shall bracket all such private remarks with red ink, and put a warning on the fly-leaf like the one on Shakespeare's tomb: "Cursed be he who moves these bones."

He would have been dug up a thousand times, probably, if it had not been for that, so I shall protect the thoughts buried here between these red brackets in the same way.

"Cursed be he who prints this part
From the inmost sanctum of my heart."

Up to this time there has been little in my life important enough to put into a record, so it is just as well that I waited. But now that this awful war is going on over in Europe, all sorts of thrilling things may begin to happen to us any minute. Father says there's no telling how soon our country may be fighting, too. He thinks it's shameful we haven't been doing our part all along. As he is a naval surgeon and has been in the service so many years, he will be among the first to be drawn into the thick of danger and adventure.

I am old enough now to understand what that will mean to us all, for I am fifteen years and eleven months, and could easily pass for much older if Barby would only let me put my hair up. Barby is the dearest mother that ever lived,

and I wouldn't for worlds appear to be criticizing her, but she is a bit old-fashioned in some of her ideas about bringing up children. I believe she and Tippy would like to keep me the rest of my mortal life, "standing with reluctant feet where the brook and river meet," regardless of the fact that I am all ready to wade in and fully able to do so.

I asked Tippy why nobody ever quotes that verse farther along in the poem, which exactly expresses my sentiments:

"Then why pause with indecision
When bright angels in thy vision
Beckon thee to fields Elysian?"

It stumped her to think of an answer for a moment, and she made an excuse of putting the cat out, in order to give herself more time. But when she came back all she had found to say was that I needn't think being grown up was any field Elysian. I was eating my white bread now, and if a girl only knew all that lay ahead of her, she'd let well enough alone. She'd wait for trouble to come to her instead of running to meet it.

Somehow I don't believe Tippy ever had any bright angels beckoning her, else she couldn't be so pessimistic about my growing up. I can't think of her as ever being anything but an elderly widow with her hair twisted into a peanut on the back of her head. And yet she had a lover once, and a wedding day, or she couldn't be Mrs. Maria Triplett now. But it's impossible to think of her as being gay fifteen and dancing down the stairs to meet the morning with a song. One feels she met it with a broom, saying:

"Shall birds and bees and ants be wise
While I my moments waste?
O let me with the morning rise
And to my duties haste."

She's said that to me probably as much as five hundred times. I shall bracket this part about her just as soon as I can get a bottle of red ink. But how I'm going to account to her for having red ink in my possession is more than I know.

That's the worst about being the only child in a family. They're all so fond of you and so interested in your sayings and doings, that they watch every movement of your mind and body. You're like a clock in a glass case with your works open to the gaze of older people. It's all very well during the first years for them to keep tab on your development, but the trouble is most relatives never seem to know when you're developed, and have reached the point where a little privacy is your *right*. It's maddening to have to give a reason every time you turn around.

All the lives of noted people which I have read begin with the person's birthplace and who his parents were, and his early acts which showed he gave promise of being a genius. So I'll pause right here for a brief outline of such things.

My name is Georgina Huntingdon. A name to be proud of—so Tippy has always impressed on me and one hard to live up to. She used to show it to me on the silver christening cup that came down to me from the great-great-aunt for whom I am named. She'd take the tip of my finger in hers and solemnly trace the slim-looped letters around the rim, till I came to feel that it was a silver name, and that I must keep it shining by growing up unusually smart and good. That I owed it to the cup or the great-great-aunt or the Pilgrim monument or *something* to act so as to add lustre to my name.

Tippy is a distant cousin on father's side. She has lived with us ever since Barby brought me up here from Kentucky, where I was born. Father, being a naval surgeon, was off in foreign ports most of the time, and Barby, being such a young and inexperienced mother, needed her companionship. Barby is lots younger than father. It was hard for her at first, coming away with just me, from that jolly big family down South who adored her, to this Cape Cod homestead that had been boarded up so long.

Lonely and gray, it stands at the end of town, up by the breakwater, facing the very spot on the beach where the Pilgrims landed. One of them was an ancestor of mine, so

the big monument overlooking the harbor and the top of the Cape was put up partly in his honor.

Really, several pages might well be devoted to my ancestors, for one was a minute-man whose name is in the history I studied at school. His powder-horn hangs over the dining-room mantel, and Tippy used to shame me with it when I was afraid of rats or the dark cellarway. If I were asked to name three things which have influenced me most in arousing my ambitions to overcome my faults and to do something big and really worth while in the world, I'd name my christening cup, that Pilgrim monument, and the old powder-horn.

With such a heritage it is unthinkable that I should settle down to an ordinary career. Something inside of me tells me that I am destined to make my name an honored household word in many climes. I've considered doing this in several ways.

It might be well to mention here that my earliest passion was for the stage. That will explain why quotations came so trippingly from my tongue at times. I learned yards and yards of poems and Shakespeare's plays for declamation and I'm always given one of the leading parts in the amateur theatricals at the High School or the Town Hall. My looks may have something to do with that, however. As it might seem conceited for me to describe myself as my mirror shows me, I'll just paste some newspaper clippings on this page describing different plays I've been in. Several of them speak of my dark eyes and glowing complexion, also my "wealth of nut-brown curls," and my graceful dancing.

But in my Sophomore year at High School I began to feel that literature might be my forte, even more than acting. R. B. (which initials will stand for "red brackets" until I get the ink). The reason for that feeling is that my themes in English were always marked so high that the class nicknamed me "Abou ben Ahdem."

Last summer I began a novel called 'Divided,' which the girls were crazy about. It was suggested by Jean Ingelow's poem by that name and is awfully sad. Really, it

kept me so depressed that I found I wasn't half enjoying my vacation. I simply lived the heroine's part myself.

Now that I am a Senior, it seems to me that Journalism offers a greater field than fiction. We had a debate last term which convinced me of it. George Woodson had the affirmative, and I didn't mind being beaten because he used grandfather for one of his arguments, and said so many nice things about his editorials being epoch-making and his inspired phrases moulding public opinion, and being caught up as slogans by all parties, leading on to victory. He spoke of them, too, being quoted not only by *Punch* and the London *Times,* but by papers in France and Australia.

R. B. (I am fully determined to either write the leading novel of the century, or to own and edit a newspaper which shall be a world power.)

The seashore was my first schoolroom. Barby taught me to write in the sand and to spell words with shells and pebbles. I learned arithmetic by adding and subtracting such things as the sails in the harbor and the gulls feeding at ebb-tide. On stormy days when we were home-bound, I counted the times the fog-bell tolled, or in the early dark counted how often Wood End lighthouse blinked its red eye at me.

But I must get on with my story. If I am to have room in this book for all the big happenings of life, which I feel sure lie ahead of me, I cannot devote too much space to early memories, no matter how cherished. Probably in the final revision all the scenes I have lived through will be crowded into one act or chapter. I may start it in this fashion:

Time:

First fifteen years of life just ended.

Place:

An ancient fishing town between the sand-dunes and the sea, where artists flock every summer to paint, its chief attractiveness for them seeming to be its old streets and

wharves, the Cape Cod people whom they call "quaint," and the Portuguese fisher-folk.

Principal characters besides myself and family, already described.

DANIEL DARCY

The old Towncrier, whom I call "Uncle Darcy" and love as dearly as if he were really kin to me.

AUNT ELSPETH

His wife. They are my ideal Darby and Joan.

CAPTAIN KIDD

A darling Irish terrier, half mine and half Richard's.

RICHARD MORELAND

Who comes every summer to stay with his cousin, Mr. James Milford, in the bungalow with the Green Stairs. He has been like an own brother to me since the days when we first played pirate together, when he was "Daredevil Dick, the Dread Destroyer," and I was "Gory George, the Menace of the Main." Barby took him under her wing then because his own mother was dead and they've been devoted to each other ever since.

This summer Richard came alone, because his father, who always spends his vacations with him, did not come back from his Paris studio as usual. He is in the trenches now, fighting with the Allies. His friends shake their heads when they speak of him, and say what a pity such a brilliantly gifted fellow should run the risk of being killed or maimed. It would be such a terrible waste. He could serve his age better with a brush than a bayonet.

But when Richard talks of him his face lights up as if he fairly worships him for being such a hero as to sacrifice his art for the cause and go in just as a private. He has said to me a dozen times, "That is why the Allies will win this war, Georgina, because men like Dad are putting it through. They are fighting with their souls as well as their bodies."

That's all Richard talks about now. He's perfectly wild to go himself. Though he's only seventeen and a half, he is six feet tall and so strong he could take a man's place.

He says if they'd so much as give him a chance to drive an ambulance he'd be satisfied, but his father won't consent.

He's running his Cousin James's car this summer instead of the regular chauffeur, and keeping it in repair. Mr. Milford pays him a small salary, and (nobody knows it but me) Richard is saving every cent. He says that if he can once get across the water he'll find some way to do his part. In the meantime he is digging away at his French, and Uncle Darcy's son, Dan, is teaching him wireless. He's so busy some days I scarcely see him. It's so different from the way it was last summer when he was at our house from morning to night.

The same jolly crowds are back this summer at the Gray Inn and the Nelson cottage, and Laura Nelson's Midshipman cousin from Annapolis is here for a week. I shall not name and describe them now, but simply group them as minor characters.

Laura says, however, that she feels sure that the midshipman is destined to be anything but a minor character in my life. She prophesies he will be leading man in a very short while. That is so silly in Laura, although, of course, she couldn't know just how silly, because I've never explained to her that I am dedicated to a Career.

I have not said positively that I shall never marry, and sometimes I think I might be happier to have a home and about four beautiful and interesting children; that is, if it could be managed without interfering with my one great ambition in life. But positively, that must come first, *no matter what the cost.* Only thus can I reach the high goal I have set for myself and write mine as "one of the few, the immortal names that were not born to die."

FREDERIC ARNOLD KUMMER

[1873—]

HORACE FISH

FREDERIC ARNOLD KUMMER'S career reminds one in many ways of that of another native of Baltimore, the late F. Hopkinson Smith. Like his noted fellow townsman, Mr. Kummer was educated as a civil engineer, and after practicing his profession with distinction for a number of years, turned to the brush, and later on, to the pen, in order to find self-expression.

Born at Catonsville, Md., a suburb of Baltimore, in 1873, he gained his earlier education in the public schools of that city. It was his youthful ambition to become a painter, and to this end he gave up his Saturdays for two years, studying at the Maryland Institute of Art and Design; but his father, Major Arnold Kummer, a banker, and veteran of the Civil War, had other and more practical ideas for his son. Opposed to an artistic career, he packed the young man off to the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute at Troy, N. Y., in 1890, from which famous school he was duly graduated in 1894, among the first six in his class. The writer has often heard Mr. Kummer tell of the difficulty with which he mastered what was then the most severe mathematical course in the country, but there is little doubt that to this training he owes the clear logic, the terse lucidity of thought, which characterize his writings. His style is never labored, never verbose, but always simple, concise, the simplicity of a big mind, abhorring affectation in all its forms. Yet in no sense is he lacking in poetry; in fact, his first published book, written while immersed in the intricate details of his engineering practice, was a small volume of verse, and in most of his work the feeling of the poet is strongly manifest.

For twelve years after leaving college Mr. Kummer devoted his time to engineering work, yet during this period he found time not only to write, but to paint as well, and two of his canvases, hung in successive annual exhibitions of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, attest the high quality of his work in this avocation that might well have been his vocation.

Possessed of a mind definitely creative, he struck out into new fields, in engineering practice, and interesting himself in the problem of street paving, devised a new method of chemical treatment for wooden paving blocks which won him the Collingwood Prize from the American Society of Civil Engineers in the year 1900. Dur-

ing the next few years, Mr. Kummer, as the chief engineer of a large street paving company, attained nation-wide reputation as an expert in his chosen field, and his published papers and addresses before engineering bodies were regarded as authoritative.

In 1907 he formed a company of his own, but the panic of that year brought disaster. Yet in spite of the difficulties in which his enterprise was involved, he found time to write a play, and wrote so well that the result, a comedy of English country life, was produced at Weber's Theatre, New York, the following year, with Henry E. Dixey in the leading rôle. The play was not a financial success, but it was the turning point in the author's life, for in that year he left New York, and returning to the old family home near Baltimore in which he was born, definitely embarked on a career as a writer.

In thus turning his back on his brilliant work as an engineer, and entering new and unknown fields, Mr. Kummer exhibited the high courage that has characterized his life. Without financial resources, he sat down, at the age of thirty-five, to write his first story, a novelette, and its immediate acceptance by *Smart Set* justified his confidence in his abilities.

Since then, Mr. Kummer has produced a large amount of work, covering four distinct fields. As a writer of short stories, he has made notable contributions to all the leading magazines. As a playwright he has written and had produced, eight plays. As a novelist he has a dozen or more books to his credit. And as a writer on serious topics he has three. The man's versatility of mind, his vital energy, require no better illustration.

A glance at the character of some of this work discloses many interesting features. First the short stories. Among several score a number stand out as brilliant examples of this technically difficult literary form—such stories as "The Seventh Glass" (*Century Magazine*), "The Fourth Fiancé" (*Pictorial Review*), "Pan Passes" (*Harper's Bazaar*), "The Toymaker" (*Harper's Bazaar*), "The Madman" (*Pictorial Review*), "Life" (*Red Book*), "The Woman Who Ate Up a Man" (*Cosmopolitan*), to name a few, exhibit a breadth of vision, a knowledge of human nature, a keenness of insight, which few writers possess, while even among the many less noted stories are originality, intense humanness, a vivid dramatic quality.

As a playwright Mr. Kummer has found a form of work peculiarly congenial to him. His innate love for form, for color, causes him to see his stories first as pictures, to visualize them in dramatic form. Delineation of character he normally accomplishes by means

of dialogue, permitting the characters to reveal themselves, rather than by the direct method of description. His first play, "Mr. Buttles," was followed by "The Other Woman," dramatized by himself from his serial of the same name in the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*. This play, in which the late Blanche Walsh, the authentically powerful Irish-American actress, starred for an entire year, was by several critics compared to some of the later works of Ibsen. It was followed by a strong drama entitled "The Brute," adapted by Mr. Kummer from one of his novels, and produced at the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre, New York, in 1912. A light comedy, "A Daughter of Eve," met with indifferent success, to be followed in 1913 by a very beautiful romantic play, "The Painted Woman," acted by Miss Florence Reed and a notable cast. With this play, one of his finest efforts, Mr. Kummer suffered a very bitter disappointment. Acclaimed by the critics during its road tour as a success, it came to The Playhouse in New York to close on its second night, owing to the sudden illness of Miss Reed. A collapse, brought on by overwork in mastering the tremendous part, kept her in hospital many weeks, and there was no one to take her place. Mr. Kummer had given many months of his time and effort to this play. He walked out of the theatre that night, with a wife and family to support, and less than fifteen dollars in the bank, and, with his habitual courage, went back to his work and wrote a serial novel for one of the magazines.

Such experiences as these try the souls of men; Mr. Kummer has had more than one, during his career, but to my knowledge he has always met these crises with indomitable determination and a rare sense of humor. It is interesting to note that this play was later made the basis of a grand opera libretto, with a musical score composed by Mr. Gustav Strubs, former assistant conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and afterward conductor of the Baltimore Symphony Orchestra.

In 1919 Mr. Kummer was induced to write the libretti of two light operas, one "My Golden Girl," with a score by Victor Herbert; the other, "The Magic Melody," with music by Sigmund Romberg. Both plays ran in New York throughout the winter of 1919-1920, one at The Casino, the other at the Shubert Theatre. In 1921 Mr. Kummer and the writer were in collaboration during the dramatization of my novel, 'The Trickstress,' and the memory of those delightful weeks is one of my most cherished possessions.

In his novels Mr. Kummer has followed two widely different lines. The writing of clever, intriguing mystery stories is to him in

the nature of pastime, relief from more serious work, and he has produced a number of these stories, such as "The Green God," "The Web," "The Little Fortune," "The Ivory Snuff Box"—some under his own name, others under the pen name, Arnold Fredericks. Several of these have been published in England and on the Continent, and one, "The Ivory Snuff Box," was accorded the unique honor of being selected for translation into the Braille, or "touch" system, by the Institute for the Blind, of Great Britain.

In his more serious vein Mr. Kummer has written a number of powerful novels, one of which, 'A Song of Sixpence,' was rated by the Boston critic, Edward Everett Hale, Jr., in Appleton's 'Year Book for 1913,' as the sixth best American novel of the year, Mr. Kummer's work being ranked with that of Edith Wharton, Robert Herrick, and the late William Dean Howells. Two novels of more than ordinary interest, 'Peggy-Elise' and 'The Pipes of Yesterday,' resulted from collaboration with a woman writer and friend, Mary Christian; and 'The Second Coming,' a singularly compelling book about the great war, published with daring anti-Germanism before the United States of America entered the conflict, was in collaboration with a Baltimore writer, Mr. Henry P. Janes.

The war produced upon Mr. Kummer a profound effect. Believing that it resulted from lack of right thinking, or from absence of any thinking at all, on the part of the people everywhere, he began to take a deep, almost passionate interest in the education of children, and has evolved some very definite theories along these lines. His 'Battle of the Nations' (Century Co., 1919) was the first, and in my opinion by far the best, attempt to put into simple words, and in a single volume, the story of the great conflict.

But it is in his 'The Earth's Story' (Doran, 1922) that Mr. Kummer put into definite form his theory that right methods of thought are far more important to the growing mind than the accumulation of unrelated facts, and his belief that right thinking, and not the unrelated facts, should form the groundwork of the child's education. This book, which will comprise three largely-typed, simple, pregnant volumes, undertakes to trace, in orderly progression, and in vividly interesting word pictures, the slow development of man and his environment from the earth as a primal whirling gaseous ball, down to the dawn of history. Frederic Kummer thinks that to pour into the youthful mind a flood of facts, without teaching the child to reason about them, their relation to one another, is a grave defect in modern systems of education. It was to bring about a proc-

ess of logical thought at an early age that he planned 'The Earth's Story.' This book I believe to be not alone comparable with Ellen Key's 'The Century of the Child,' but potential for even more direct benefit to the all-important subject-object of both books, namely, the child.

In 1896 Mr. Kummer was married to Clare Rodman Beecher, a niece of Henry Ward Beecher, and herself a writer of note, under the name, Clare Kummer. A daughter of this marriage, Marjorie Kummer, has made success on the dramatic stage. As a result of incompatibility, a divorce resulted in 1903, and four years later Mr. Kummer married Marion McLean. The three children by this marriage are the source of his inspiration when writing books for the young.

As a man, I have known Mr. Kummer for many years, chiefly as a guest, delightfully entertained at his home in Catonsville. And having done almost impatiently away with the chief trite data of a brilliant career, it is a gladness to go more intimately on record as to the personal man who step by step has builded that career.

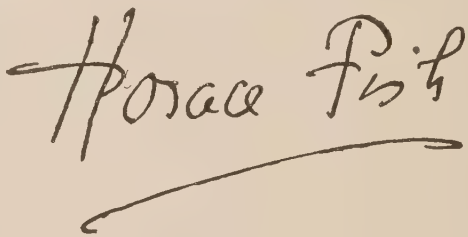
As his sense of humor is always abroad, just so it is always at home. Abroad, instances of it are in "The Melting of Fatty McGinn" (*Collier's Weekly*), "The Battle of the Generals" (*Smart Set*), "Is Any Woman Easy to Live With" (*Ladies' Home Journal*). At home, if it has been sent into the corner for a moment, in some hour of profound reflection on his favorite subject of child education, and especially the education of his own three beautiful young children, it is always ready to spring out again, at the slightest encouragement, just as the three beautiful young children are.

He loves children; he loves dogs; he loves his friends, chiefly his lovely wife; but I think that most of all, he loves plain humanity, together with the service of it. Also, with his passion for freedom, for justice, he loves simplicity of nature. Yet, in himself, he is not, to my eyes, simple of nature at all. He is highly complex. One of the most virile personalities that I have closely known and studied, outspoken, brutally truthful, and as a fellow-worker mercilessly critical, still is he both deeply and highly sensitized, a gentle helper and encourager, his experienced mental hand at the mental elbow of the fellow who needs it there, quietly urgent.

And after having achieved so much, he is constantly, unremittingly ambitious: for one thing, to write a really great play. He probably will, for, as someone has lately written: "Life is kind and fair. To the courageous traveler, to the traveler with endur-

ance, with determination, with ideals and the will to climb as high as those ideals, life gives as it takes."

What Frederic Arnold Kummer thus far most perfectly has given, and what I know he will keep on giving, will be given at least on and on, succeedingly, to others, if not back to him who no longer needs it, his clean chalice to the right minds of children.



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THE FIRST DAYS OF MAN.

From 'The Earth's Story,' Volume I, Chapter I: How Mother Nature Began to Make the Earth Ready for Man. Published by George H. Doran Company and used here by permission of author and publisher.

In the beginning, millions of years ago, before there were any men, or animals, or trees, or flowers, the Earth was

just a great round ball of fire, bright and dazzling, like the Sun.

Instead of being solid, as it is now, it was a huge cloud of white-hot gases, whirling through space.

We all know how solids can be turned into liquids, and liquids into gases, by Heat, for we have only to heat a solid piece of ice to turn it into liquid, water, and if we keep on heating the water, *it* will turn into a gas, which we call steam. It was the same way with all the solid things on the Earth; Heat had turned them all to gases, like steam.

Then God called Mother Nature to Him and told her to get the Earth ready for Man to live on.

So Mother Nature sent Heat away to melt up some other worlds, and called for his brother, Cold. And Cold came rushing up, his great white wings glittering with frost.

"What can I do for you, Mother Nature?" he asked.

Blow on the Earth with all your might, Cold," said Mother Nature, "and get it ready for Man to live on." Then she flew away, and as she went she took a piece of the Earth-cloud and rolled it into a ball, and set it spinning in space about the Earth, so that it might cool down later and be the Moon.

When Mother Nature had gone, Cold, who was the spirit of the great outer darkness in which the Sun and Stars move, hovered about the Earth and blew on it with all his might, and as his icy breath swept over the fiery Earth, the hot gases began to get cooler and cooler, and at last they turned back to liquids again. And after that, they got cooler still and begun to turn to solids, just as hot melted taffy gets hard and solid when it cools.

It took Cold a very long time to cool the Earth, millions of years, but he did not mind, for he had nothing else to do. So he blew and blew, and after a while a hard solid crust began to form all over the Earth, very rough and uneven, with high hills and mountains sticking up here and there, and between them great wide valleys and plains, all of solid rock.

When Mother Nature came back to look at the Earth, Cold asked her how she liked it.

"You have done very well, Cold," she said, "but it isn't fit for Man to live on yet, for it is too hot, and there isn't any water. Blow some more, and make Rain."

So Cold blew again, on the great white clouds of steam that came rolling up from the hot Earth, and his icy breath cooled the steam and turned it into Rain, just as the steam from a tea-kettle will turn to little drops of water if you cool it suddenly. And the Rain fell back on the Earth, year after year, until at last it filled up the great wide plains and valleys between the hills and turned them into rivers, and lakes and oceans. But they were boiling hot.

"How do you like it now, Mother Nature?" asked Cold.

"It still isn't fit for anything to live on," said Mother Nature. "You must cool it some more. And tell Rain to make some earth for things to grow in. They can't grow in solid rock."

So Cold blew again, harder than ever, and as the cool Rain fell he said,

"Rain, will you please make some earth for things to grow in."

"Very well," said Rain. "I will."

So Rain fell for days and months and years on the hot rocks, and cracked and softened them, and each little Raindrop as it rushed down the sides of the mountains, carried a bit of soft, crumbling rock down into the valleys, and after a very long time, all these bits of rock-dust which Rain had washed down from the hills formed great wide beds of mud covering the rocky surface of the plains many feet deep.

At the same time that Rain was washing the soft rock down into the valleys to form mud, he also carried down many bits of harder rock, yellow and white, and other colors, like glass. These rocks would not form mud, because they were too hard, but instead they became smooth round pebbles of all sizes, with millions of tiny bits, called sand, and the rivers carried them down to the ocean, and made beautiful clean beaches, as you can see whenever you go to the seashore. And Rain washed many other things out of the rocks and carried them down into the ocean, such as salt. There are great beds of rock-salt all over the

Earth, and Rain melted them, and washed the salt into the ocean, and that is why the ocean is salt.

When Mother Nature, who was very busy, came to look at the Earth she smiled, because it pleased her.

"You have done very well, Cold and Rain," she said. "All the rivers and lakes and oceans are full of nice warm water, and all the valleys and plains are covered with soft warm mud, ready for things to grow in. I think I had better speak to the Sun."

So Mother Nature said to the Sun:

"Sun, the Earth is ready for you now. Please make something grow." Then she went away to look after some other worlds she was fixing up.

The Sun looked down at the Earth and smiled as he saw the nice rich beds of mud, and the great wide Ocean.

"Are you ready, Ocean?" he asked.

"Yes," said the Ocean. "I am warm and salt and full of Rain."

"Good. We shall need plenty of Rain," said the Sun. Then he turned to the Air.

"Are you moist and warm, Air?" he asked.

"Yes," said the Air. "I am very moist and warm."

"Good," said the Sun. Then he turned to the beds of mud.

"Mud, he said, "You are ugly and black, but you are also full of nice rich chemicals and all sorts of substances we need to make things grow. With the help of Air, and Rain, I am going to cover you with a beautiful carpet of green, so that you will not be ugly any longer."

So the Sun turned his blazing rays on the soft mud and warmed it, and then a wonderful thing happened. Tiny living things, like plants, formed out of the chemicals in the Mud, and the Water, and the Air, began to spring up, just as God had long ago planned. They were very small and weak at first, but after a while they grew stronger and stronger, until they had spread all over the Earth, wherever there was mud or dirt for them to grow in. And later on, because the Air was so moist and warm, the way it is in the tropics, and because the Sun was so hot, and there was

plenty of Rain, the plants on the Earth grew to be very large and strong. There were ferns, like the little ones we see in flower-pots, as big as trees, and all sorts of tall, rank grasses, and vines, even at the North and South Poles, for in those days, before the Earth had cooled down the way it has now, the Poles were hot, too.

For hundreds and hundreds of thousands of years these great ferns and other plants grew, and died, and fell back into the Mud, and as they rotted they made more earth, for other plants to grow in, so that the earth-covering on top of the rocks grew thicker and thicker. In some places the leaves and trunks of these fern-trees got mashed down on each other in thick layers, and became harder and harder, until they turned to coal. Often, in coal mines, the miners will break open a lump of coal and find printed in its surface the exact pattern of the leaf of one of these great fern trees, just as it fell, millions of years ago.

While all this was going on, Mother Nature, having a little time to spare, came back to take a look at the Earth. It was one of the smallest worlds she had to look after, so she could not give it all her time.

"It is doing very nicely indeed," she said to the Sun. "In two or three million years it may be ready for Man. But we must have some fish and other things first. Won't you please attend to it for me, Sun? I am very busy just now looking after some new-born stars in the Milky Way."

"Certainly," said the Sun. "I will attend to it at once." So he turned to the Ocean.

"Ocean," he said, "Wouldn't you like to have some fish swimming about in you?"

"Indeed I should," said the Ocean. "I am very big, and I have plenty of room for all the fish you can make."

"Good," said the Sun. "Do you see those tiny spongy growths along the edge of the Mud—those funny little things like jelly-fish? I have noticed that some of them haven't quite made up their minds yet whether to be plants, or fish. They have begun to wriggle and squirm about in the Mud, and a plant, you know, is supposed to take root

and stay in one place. Don't you think we ought to help them to make up their minds?"

"Yes," said the Ocean. "What do you want me to do?"

"Well, suppose you gently wash them loose from the shore, and let them drift for a while in your nice warm salt water. Maybe they will get to like it."

"I'll try it," said the Ocean.

So he did, and after a time the tiny creatures got to like the water so much that they lived in it all the time, instead of just squirming about in the mud. And as thousands of years went by, some of them grew little shell-houses to live in, and some of them fastened themselves to rocks, like oysters, and waited for food to drift right into their months, but others grew fins and tails, so that they could swim about in search of something to eat. It took a very long time of course, but after a while, as they grew and grew, and changed and changed, the Ocean came to be full of all sorts of fish, large and small. And the Ocean was very proud of them.

THE GULF STREAM.

From *Harper's Monthly Magazine*, February, 1910. With permission.

Sweeping waste of indigo
  Marbled through with sullen foam,
Ceaseless surge and undertow
  Burnt beneath a tropic dome.

Drift of sponge and nautilus,
  Wrinkled gold thy pathway runs;
Deep below—thou Octopus—
  Lie the bodies of Earth's sons.

Gorge thy never-sated wrath,
  Glut thy maw with human tolls,
Spume thou forth thy aftermath,
  Yet thou shalt not have their souls.

Pallid forms on every crest,
  Upflung in thy fury's wake,
Prove thy weakness self-confessed—
  Souls are they thou canst not take,

Tortured souls that fain would lie
  Free from thy tempestuous nod,
White arms tossing to the sky,
  Calling dumbly on their God.

Laugh, thou serpent, for a day
  Roll thy strength 'neath lazy foam—
  Even thee God sweeps away
  When He calls His lost ones home.

Two Newer Southern Educational Institutions

JUDD MORTIMER LEWIS

[1867—]

JOHN A. LOMAX

FOR more than twenty years Judd Mortimer Lewis has written a daily column of poetry and humor under the title 'Tampering With Trifles' for a Houston, Texas, newspaper. For the greater part of this time he wrote this column for the *Houston Post,* though he is now with the *Houston Chronicle.* The poetry he has published in this column has been syndicated throughout the country as have been two syndicate serials for children, 'Patsy Kildare, Outlaw,' and 'Jubalee's Partner.' In addition to writing two columns a day seven days in the week, he now and then finds time to give readings from his works in different Texas cities.

Mr. Lewis is a native of Fulton, New York, and was born Sept. 13, 1867. Thrown on his own resources at the age of fourteen in Cleveland, Ohio, after following miscellaneous occupations, he began work in a stereotype foundry. This company furnished patent insides for country papers and the job ultimately brought him to Texas, via Chicago, in 1893, where he opened at Houston a branch house. The business could not have prospered greatly in Texas, for at one time Mr. Lewis acted as porter, stereotyper, bookkeeper, and general manager; and finally, when the stenographer got married, took over her work also.

About this time he made his first venture as a poetaster by sending two poems anonymously to the *Houston Post.* Both were accepted and printed conspicuously; so his next efforts were signed. Thus the stereotype profession was given up for that of a newspaper writer. He had always cherished a secret ambition to write but felt keenly the lack of education. Throughout his life, however, he has been a liberal patron of public libraries and has utilized every spare moment in reading. As he once said in furnishing data for his biography: "I am leaving out the hope and ambitions and heartaches of the boy who hungered for an education, and who thought that the lack of a college education had doomed him to be a hewer of wood and a drawer of water all his life. Though I have left them out, his disappointments and agonies were very real."

Mr. Lewis is now one of the best known newspaper men in Texas. He has served as president of the Texas Press Association and is a vice-president and life member of the Texas Folk-Lore Society. In 1920 Baylor University of Waco, Texas, conferred upon

him the honorary degree of doctor of literature. For a number of years his love for children influenced him to conduct a "baby bureau," the work of which consisted in finding babies for babyless homes and homes for homeless babies. Before he was forced to give up this work he had found homes for two hundred and twenty children. He was married in 1894 and has two daughters.

Although Mr. Lewis offers no excuse for the shortcomings of his verse, in justice to him it ought to be said that they have been written in the stress of a daily newspaper office under a contract that called for so much rhymed space each day. He has given us in more than five hundred pages that make up his three published books, 'Sing the South' (1904), 'Lilts o' Love' (1906), and 'Toddletown Trails' (1914), his own cullings from the total mess of more than twenty years of writing—probably totaling more lines than Browning ever dared to print. Inevitably there is repetition in theme and expression; forced rhymes occur (a greedy printer won't wait even for care in choosing twin sounds); haste is often apparent; and, particularly in his early work, there is evidence, alas too often, of his inclination to pander to the supposed popular demand for cheap expressions and, in some instances, slightly unripe jokes. But the man was filling a "colyum," and spiciness probably, in the beginning at least, seemed necessary to make his output go.

But Mr. Lewis won an audience. He has one today and it is growing bigger. Publishers pay cash for his poems, and it is fitting to ask why. Destructive criticism may well end for the purposes of this article when it is said that the writer thinks it unfortunate for Mr. Lewis to be compared with James Whitcomb Riley or Eugene Field. He may be of their school, but—at least yet—he is not to be compared with either. Better would it be to put his verses alongside those of Walt Mason who is cleverer, or of Grantland Rice whose work at its best is superior.

As a basis for his writing, Mr. Lewis has a sure sense of rhythm, an ability to use a variety of verse forms for his moods, a good ear for word music. He employs rhyme constantly and with skill. With a fair mastery of these mechanics of his trade, he applies himself to homely topics—never, indeed, straying far from the vine-clad, flower-embowered cottage at the beginning and end of his dreams. Here live the babies to whom the greater part of his verse is devoted, and, in the dim background, the figure of their mother with whom you must not become too well acquainted, because, with him, you must always see his sweetheart young. In this home, as you read Mr. Lewis, you see the babies put to bed, you wake them in the morning;

they greet you when the day's work is over, they throw kisses as you leave home; you dress them, bind up hurt fingers, tell them stories, and hear their troubles. Most of these babies are girls who don't get older than two or, possibly, three years. The intimate pictures he draws, usually graceful, sometimes tender, never mawkish or insincere, show unmistakably some first hand experience. Indeed, he dedicates his 'Toddletown Trails' thus: "To my beloved daughters, Marjorie and Jessamine, 'Eyes-o'-Blue' and 'Towsel-head,' who lead me back into Toddletown Trails, and to all little children who have taken me prisoner and kept me in their enchanted paths."

True to his character as an optimist Mr. Lewis does not often show us his babies crying. They sicken rarely. They are the smiling, roly-poly brand of babies, not too wise or too apt—just the babies that might belong to any well-ordered home. Real they are, then. And this is the height of his art. It is a height to be envied, too. For he has reached the hearts of thousands and brightened the day of many a hurried business man whose own babies live again for him as he scans his morning paper and reads Lewis's last poem.

Next to babies, Lewis devotes himself to winsome young girls who get courted in idyllic surroundings. It never happens in the best front room. The necessary accessories are moonlight, springtime flowers, overhanging foliage, a meadow lark, or, even better, a mocking bird. Also, the two must be alone. Their "father and mother and sister and brother—well, none of the family are there." Here again Mr. Lewis puts it over. He sets one to reminiscencing. If your own courtship was not quite so romantic and enthralling, you wish it had been. His lovers, moreover, are real folks, even when he puts them back into the age of behemoths.

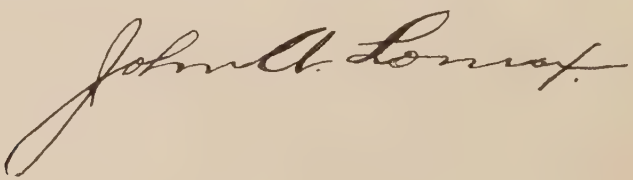
Still another recurring theme is that of age looking backward to the old hearthstone, and the ties and scenes of childhood. Once more the sentiment does not repel under Mr. Lewis's treatment. He seems to feel what he writes and does not allow his imagination to run away with his reason. The years bring to every normal human being some such reflections as are here put into graceful words.

These three ages—babyhood, sweetheart days, old age—constitute Mr. Lewis's category of human life, at any rate those stages that were grist for his poetic grinding. His life at Cleveland taught him something of the sights and the sounds of the sea; the Spanish-American war induced him to Kiplingize a bit; but, with few other exceptions, we see naught in his verses but a kindly world as viewed by children, lovers, and those grown gently and sweetly old.

Within this limited field, which is yet quite broad enough for every human experience, he touches the surface of the romantic South, with its mocking birds and its moonlight, its magnolias and cape jessamines, its warm languorous nights, its field larks and curlews, its balmy breezes and Italian skies. His world is full of lovers and babies and his verses deal, with a frankness at times almost startling, with the love problems of grown-ups; and, usually, with fitting tenderness when he sets forth the triumphs and pathetic tragedies of babyhood. There is much more of laughter than of tears in his singing. His girls are "the gentle magnolias that bloom in the South" of Larry Chittenden, another imported Texas poet; his babies, always blue-eyed darlings whose hair runs to curls and who are fond of saying, "Now I lay me."

Mr. Lewis, I repeat, rarely strikes any other note, though now and then he sings the sorrow of blighted love, the grief of a parent for a sick or a hurt child. But travail of spirit, soul longing and soul analysis, lie beyond the ken of the pen of Judd Mortimer Lewis. In the same manner the economic ills of our day, the clash of religious sects, the jangle of political clamor, the maelstrom of a world war, extract no outburst of poetic protest from him. Serenely he sings on of dimpled chins, red lips, chubby fingers, and the patter of babies.

Moreover, he does not philosophize, unless you interpret short humorous flings as attempts at sermonizing. More likely these four and eight line stanzas are simply a newspaper man's "fillers," struck off merely for the practical purpose of supplying matter for a square of blank paper. Perhaps his talk of babies and young lovers has made him an optimist, for he is never cynical or bitter. His blithe spirit remains serene amid wars and strikes and other pressing ills of this economic age. His problems concern themselves with inducing consent in a pair of disdainful red lips, or in bringing a smile to a tear-streaked baby's face. The joy o' life to him is about an equal compound of blue-eyed darlings who rarely get beyond the age of sixteen and of myriads of babies tumbling in the grass of the sunny, southern out-of-doors, where, as a cowboy song puts it, "You won't catch your death o' cold by sleepin' on the ground."



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A GOOD OLD WORLD.

From 'Sing the South.' All selections are reproduced by permission.

The mocking bird
  In the ellum-tree,
Oh, he sings, "The world
  Looks good to me!"
And the katydid
  When it comes night
Chirps loud and long:
  "The world's all right!"
And I woke last night
  From my slumber deep,
And I heard my babe
  Laugh in her sleep;
And I stooped above
  Where my babe was curled,
And I told myself:
  "It's a good old world!"

MUSIC.

From 'Sing the South.'

It's the "oompah, oompah, oompah," of the music
That a band's a-playin' somewhere down the street,
That's a-doin' rag-time stunts along my heartstrings,
That's a-pullin' and a-haulin' at my feet;
I'd like ter just head up an' foller after,
A-takin' of their dust an' steppin' high,
An' never look to this way nor to that way
At the folks a-watchin' us go by.

It's the "oompah, oompah, oompah," of the music,
The flyin' flags an' blarin' of the band,
That makes my mind go "oompah, oompah, oompah!"
That keeps my feet a-jiggin' where I stand;
That makes my mind go swiftly harkin' backward
To grind-organs and to bands I used to know;
Back to a village street they used to play in;
Back to the daisied fields of long ago.

It's the "oompah, oompah, oompah," of the music
That makes me prick my ears and lift my feet;
It's the liftin', liltin' rapture of the music
That takes me back to other times as sweet;
I hope that when I'm called to go up yonder,
And the garment of my soul, this worthless clay,
Is bound for its last restin' place, the music
Will go blarin': "Oompah, oompah!" all the way.

A SKIPPER OUT OF GLOUCESTER.

From 'Sing the South.'

There's a music in the singin' of the cordage in the wind;
There's a rhythm in the growlin' of the seas that break behind;
There's a salt tang in the spindrift when the billows break and comb,
And a fisher out of Gloucester uppin' anchor heads for home.

The fish had led us north'ard, east-by-north'ard, and we lay
In a snug Norwegian harbor, some old 'sund-or-other bay,
With some forty thousand halibut an' cod down in our hold,
An' the seas outside a-frothin' an' the wind a-cuttin' cold.

We were nor'-nor-east from Gloucester some four thousand miles an' more;
Nor'-by-east of the Loffodens on a bleak Norwegian shore,
Ridin' gently at our anchor to each smooth and rolly swell,
Waitin' till the tempest slackened, for the wind was playin' hell.

Then the cook brought off provisions an' a letter; how it read
Just the skipper knew, who got it, an' somehow he never said;
But I know we upped the anchor an' we broke for open sea
In a gale from out the Arctics, an' Loffoden on our lee.

So we banged her out and south'ard—banged her down sou-'west-by-west;
Every man slept in his oilskins, little handfuls just of rest,
An' by day the gale shrieked by us, an' by night it screamed an' moaned,
An' our sticks were bent like willows an' our timbers creaked an' groaned!

And' we had her dressed for flyin'! jumbo, jib, fore, main an' all!
An' both tops'ls! with the halliards fairly snarlin' at the squall!
An' the water smashin' past us—we could touch it on our lee—
An' our cat-heads barely showin' now an' then above the sea!

An' we trimmed her! an' we drove her! she was sailin' on her side!
Two of us lashed to her tiller, an' her canvas spreadin' wide!
An' we crossed an English liner, 'neath her brows, an' 'fore she spoke,
She was in our wake an' faded like a ragged wisp o'smoke!

An' we picked up Sable Island, an' above the singin' spar
We could hear the breakers boomin' as we crossed the no'theast bar,
An' we swung her for Cape Sable, an' we drove her down the coast
Like a ghost born out of darkness an' again in darkness lost!

Then, great glory! how we drove her! till we heard her timbers beg!
West, halfwest-by-no'th we drove her! we was on our homeward leg!
An' we never eased up on her when we rounded Eastern Point!
An' we banged her into Gloucester like we'd open every joint!

Some four thousand miles of ocean an' a short sixteen-day run!
In a gale that snapped the reef-ties like the crackin' of a gun!
Then the skipper got a message, an' his eyes lit up with joy:
"Your old woman's round the house ag'in, an' Cap, this one's a boy!"

There's a music in the singin' of the cordage in the wind;
There's a rhythm in the growlin' of the seas that break behind!
There's a salt tang in the spindrift when the billows break and comb,
And a skipper out of Gloucester weighin' anchor heads for home.

CITY WEARY.

From 'Sing the South.'

When the old, dog-tired feeling gets to tugging at my feet,
Then my soul goes out a-wand'ring through whole miles of meadowsweet;
When the hotness of the summer gets to surging in my blood,
Then I bathe my soul, in fancy, in the coolness of the wood.

In the wood where mighty boulders, marked by knob and scar and seam,
Lie like the discarded playthings of the giants of a dream;
And the trees are overhanging, showing mottled bits of sky
That reflect amid the shallows where the streamlet trickles by.

There the trees are huge and scraggy as they used to be, I know,
And the teetertail is running in the little streamlet's flow,
And huge ferns their fronds are waving like the wands the fays employ
For some wayward, wandering, timid, mystery-loving little boy.

And the tinting of the forest is all green and gray and gold,
And the glades, where we held picnics in enchanted days of old,
Lie, I know, just as they used to, but they hear no laugh of glee
From the children who once played there, and they're sad as they can be.

Trout are darting through the shallows, or are leaping in the air,
Showing golden sides as shiny as a little sweetheart's hair
Who went wading, laughing, splashing with me only yesterday;
Oh, old days, and ways, and gladness! How they're drifting far away!

Oh, old days, and ways, and gladness—mother's soft hand
on my hair;
Father's loud hail just to please me, and to fill me with a
scare
As the strange mysterious echoes picked it up and, to and
fro,
Rolled it chuckling through the dimness of the woods I
used to know.

Oh, the city's heat and smother irks me till my heart is sore!
Oh, the memory haunts me, haunts me, of the woods I
knew of yore!
Oh, the old stream calls me, calls me, singing down its peb-
bled way,
To come wading through the shallows like I did just yes-
terday!

When the dogwoods are in blossom, every blossom gemmed
with dew,
When the trees have donned new dresses that the sun-
light filters through,
Then my soul goes out in memory to the woods I used to
know,
Down the years there's no retracing to the joys of long
ago.

SWEET.

From 'Sing the South.'

Oh, slender, swaying hollyhocks,
Oh, roses, white and red,
Oh, white moon-flowers blossoming,
When the hot day has sped,
And sweet perfumes of lilac blooms,
And jasmine odors sweet,
And blossom-bordered highways,
That coax my prisoned feet;

Sweet—passing sweet—are all of you,
  You hollyhocks that sway;
You roses white and jasmine white,
  You blossom-bordered way,
You white moon-flowers blossoming,
  You roses flaming red,
But my sweet, nightie-robed, wee girl,
  When ready for her bed,
Is sweeter far than all of you,
  God bless her yellow head!

Is sweeter far than you are sweet,
  "Me 'ays me down to s'eep—"
She lisps, with arms about my neck,
  "Me p'ays me soul to teep—"
And breezes lift her locks, and drift
  Them up against my mouth,
And she is sweet, and they are sweet,
  As kisses from the South!
And fainter, fainter grows her voice,
  And soft her eyelids close,
And closer, closer to my heart,
  I clasp my Texas rose;
Oh, sweeter than red roses are
  When the warm day has sped,
Oh, sweeter than the memory
  Of other days, long fled,
Is my wee baby, nightie-robed
  And ready for her bed!

THE CITY GIRL.

From 'Sing the South.'

She said to the man who was driving the team,
  "Oh, I'd give almost anything
To hear the sweet whiffletree whiffle," she said,
  "And list to the singletree sing."

"They're a-doin' it now," said the sunburned chap,
And truth in his accents rung,
"They're a-doin' it now, but you just can't hear
Because of the waggin' tongue."

BEST.

From 'Lilts o' Love.'

Ah, well for the man who can wander through,
Forever, the ways that his boyhood knew;
Who after the years can sit and dream,
In an old-time nook by an old-time stream,
Of his boyhood days, and the ways he knew
When the world was young and the skies were blue;
And can hear the whippoorwill again
Send its call afar as it sent it then,
And can sink to sleep in the same old room
That smelled of the pine's far-blown perfume;
In the same white bed that was made for him
Way back in the years that are growing dim.

Ah, well for the man who can pass away
Life's resting-time where the yesterday
Heard his whistle shrill, with its lilt of joy
As sweet—as the soul of a barefoot boy
From its holding chamber had been unbound
And had steeped the world in a wave of sound;
Who can go the ways that his father knew,
And the paths that his own feet wandered through
In the old, old days now far and dim
When the world seemed a bubble just blown for him;
And life was a bubbling drink and clear
Of tinkling song in the yesteryear.

Who can go alone down the pathways dim
Where he walked with a maid who loved but him,
When the purple, starlit skies above
Seemed full of voices attuned to love;

Who can go alone o'er the meadow hill
In the evening's hush, when the whippoorwill
Sings its saddest songs, and can pause beside
The ones who loved him—the ones who died
When he was young, in a world unknown;
Who kissed him and went on their way—alone.
When the blood runs slow it is well to rest
By the graves of those who have loved us best.

HARKING BACK.

From 'Lilts o' Love.'

Who is not born to the woods and hills,
  He may not know, not know
The ecstasy of the wild that thrills
  Each nerve when tempests blow,
And the wild wind lashes the peaceful rills,
  And the tall old trees bend low!

The mariner on the wide, wide sea,
  When clouds and ocean meet,
And spirits of air and sea, let free,
  Shake the plank beneath his feet,
May feel, as he fights from the jagged lee,
  That to live and to fight is sweet!

But he, whose feet through the trackless wild
  Have sped in the headlong chase,
The free, untrammeled, the nature child,
  Whose living was in the race,
May not forget through the years up-piled
  The ways it was his to trace!

And when the god of the storm fares forth
  And walks the world amain,
And hoary trees whip the trembling earth,
  And deluge is on the plain,
Ah, his ferine soul in the tempest's birth
  Comes back to its own again!

And forth on the headland, wild, unshorn,
All naked, and all unshod,
He stands, as when his wild soul was born
To the sentient, unthinking clod;
Or walks erect where the earth is torn
With his face upturned to God!

TO TODAY'S BRIDE.

From 'Lilts o' Love.'

This the last day;
Your girlhood goes
As the pink petals of the rose
The perfumed breath
Of autumn sends
In a glad gust, that spreads and blends
A moment with earth, sky, and air,
And then remains not anywhere.

This the last day
Before there opes
To your young feet the gate of hopes
Of happiness;
May there no rue
Beyond its threshold wait for you!
Glad-eyed you stand with lips apart,
Love's sunshine throbbing in your heart.

Ah, you are good!
And sweet and fair!
Earth holds no other anywhere,
This day of days,
To match with you!
Life waits you, hands out-stretched! and blue
The skies arch over! Day of gold!
May today's gladness ne'er grow old!

EXPANSION'S PIONEER.

From 'Lilts o' Love.'

Lay him on far Mindoro's slopes where last his lifeblood ran,
Above where whitecapped surges stir the bay of Paluan;
Set no carven stone above him, there are few to care or weep,
Though a brown girl in Batangas softly calls him in her sleep.

He'd a girl at Bai Lake,
And another's heart will break
Where the waters of Pampamga reflect back the tropic sky,
And a maiden in Samar
Gets no joy from her cigar;
But no loved one weeps above him, or shall know where he doth lie.

He has drank, drank deep of vino, in the far Antiki range,
And has kissed bare brown-skinned babies, and has taught them curses strange,
And he wed a girl in Negros, and swore fealty to two
When he camped within the stronghold of the Sultan of Sulu.

When a man is forced to roam
Far beyond the ocean's foam
He is apt to leave his morals where they're safe and play the rogue;
And in cool sequestered shades
Of Louisiana's glades,
There be many yellow Ethiops who sport an Irish brogue.

But no soldier in Mindoro or at home is like to blame—
Pick your soldiers as you find them, they are all the world the same;
And the Moro of the future, will he be less loyal, say;
If his hide's a lighter yellow, and his eyes are blue or gray?

But they're leaving him alone,
And perhaps it will atone
That his voice was loud in battle as his voice was soft to woo;
Where the battle's fury played
There he went and there he stayed,
And his gun was first in action and red hot when he was through.

He was just expansion's prophet in his weak and humble way,
And the land is full of orphans from Bauban to far Panay;
And though none shall watch above him where at last he takes his ease,
Many widows wait his coming in the islands of the seas.

DOWN THE STAIR.

From 'Toddletown Trails.'

Touslehead has wriggled from
Every stitch she erst did wear!
Pitty-pat her bare feet come,
Through the hall and down the stair;
There is mischief in her eyes,
There's a dimple in her cheek,
As she thinks of the surprise
Of the ones she goes to seek.

She has pulled the ribbon bows
From her golden yellow locks;
She has wriggled from her clothes,
From her dress and tiny socks;
And along the halls she steals,
Peeping, pausing everywhere,
Twinkling toes and twinkling heels,
Dimpled cheek and tousled hair.

She has doffed the ribbon bows,
  Shiny ribbon blue and wide,
And now where would you suppose
  She has got those ribbons tied?
On her ankles! Yes, indeed!
  On her ankles, and they flare!
Who on earth would think that she'd
  Think to tie her ribbons there?

Like a baby Mercury
  She tiptoes adown the stair;
Dimpled cheek and dimpled knee,
  Blue of eyes and gold of hair;
Ribbons on her ankles tied—
  Flaring upward like blue wings—
Blue and satiny and wide;
  Baby quips are funny things!

Naked as the day she came
  "Out of nowhere into here,"
What knows she of clothes or shame?
  She is happy, she's a dear!
Tippytoe adown the stair,
  Like a fairy born of June;
Eyes of blue and tousled hair;
  We'll be frightened pretty soon!

ROBERT LOVEMAN

[1864—]

BENJAMIN SLEDD

LET me confess that I have always been a lover of magazine poetry. Even today, with the fear strong upon me of Amy Lowell on the one hand and Uncle Walt Mason on the other, I bravely cut the leaves of a new magazine first at the verse. This love of the minor poets began as far back as the '70's with *Peterson's Magazine,* at that time under the editorship of Charles J. Peterson, himself a poet of modest worth, and generously liberal in providing at least space for the poets. It was later, in *Scribner's,* the *Century, Lippincott's,* and the *Independent* that I came to know Robert Loveman. Here from month to month amid the leaves and grass of common-place prose, could be discovered some exquisite bit of Mr. Loveman's verse,—

"Like a glow worm golden,
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its aërial hue."

Robert Loveman was born in Cleveland, Ohio, April 11, 1864, but early removed to Dalton, Georgia; there and at the University of Alabama he received his formal education. But place of birth and education has left him free from any taint of provincialism; and yet he is Southern to his heart's core and is never so happy as when hanging his dewdrops of verse on the petals of his richly colored Southern roses. It is in Dalton that he has lived and worked. Here from the seclusion of the "Robin's Nest" Mr. Loveman has sent out from year to year his slender books of song. Indeed, his life has been devoted wholly to poetry and would seem to have been singularly free from the cares and sorrows which have beset the lives of our Southern poets. However, this may be the source of his greatest weakness; he needs in his verse the grip of some great sorrow to force from him the deep and passionate lyric cry. Mr. Loveman is doubtless descended from sturdy English stock, but the bent of his genius has perhaps been influenced by his studies and residence abroad, for we find in him not the rugged strength of the English, but the deftness of touch, the readiness of expression, and the skill in verse forms which characterize the French poets.

Mr. Loveman's poetic career began as early as 1889 with the publication of a volume of verse, which was followed by another in 1893, and a third in 1897. Today Mr. Loveman has to his credit some eight or ten volumes. The last of these is 'Sonnets of the Strife,' 1917, perhaps his least successful volume.

No one lyric of Loveman has attained wider fame or been more often quoted—a tribute even greater than imitation—than his "Rain Song" from 'The Gates of Silence.' "Any poet who has ever lived," declared John Burronghs in *The Bookman,* "might have been proud to have written it. It goes as lightly as thistle-down, and yet is freighted with thought. Its philosophy is so sublimated and so natural and easy that we are likely to forget that it has any philosophy at all." This little poem. which is given in the following selections, has exquisite grace, simplicity, and delicacy of expression. In Burton Stevenson's standard anthology, 'The Home Book of Verse,' it deservedly appears in company with classic nature poems by Herrick and Shelley, to both of whom the Georgia poet is lyrically akin.

Another poem by Loveman which has a remarkable lilt, weighted with thoughts of man's mysterious destiny, is the one beginning

The races rise and fall,
The nations come and go.

This fine lyric, much admired by the poet's friend John Burroughs, was read at the famous naturalist's funeral. It is also in the volume called 'The Gates of Silence.' Of this little volume Burroughs once wrote to the poet: "No book of poems has come to me for many years that has moved me as has your 'Gates of Silence.' I have read it six times, and each time with new pleasure and emotion. It puts you well up among the American poets." And commenting elsewhere on the same volume, he says: "No other singer of our time has essayed deepsea soundings into the problems of human destiny and done it with a plummet of four-line stanzas, with great ease and gayety of heart, as has Loveman in his 'Gates of Silence.' Much of it is as good as the best in Omar Khayyam." The reader of Loveman's poems, after due recognition of the merits of the other volumes, is inclined to agree with this eminent critic that the poet has reached his clearest and highest note in 'The Gates of Silence.'

Loveman's genius is wholly lyrical, and even in the lyric he attempts only the brief swallow flights of song. He belongs with the

Greek Anthologists and our own Cavalier poets. He is a born song writer. His love for the song may be seen in this from his latest volume, page 30:

Sing in the morning,
And sing in the night;
Sing away scorning,
And sing in delight;
Sing away sorrow,
And sing away slight,
Tomorrow, tomorrow,
Thy woes may laugh light.

Sing on, and sing ever,
Heart of my heart,
Shadow shall never
Grieve us apart;
Sing to me, cling to me,
Heart of my heart,
Sing 'till it bring to me
Love, and love's art.

But even the song must be set to music. Mr. Loveman, like other American song-writers, has had to leave this to others, with the composer often far from the poet in interpretation of the idea. It is unfortunate that Mr. Loveman has not had a body of unappropriated popular airs to which he might attune his lyre. Only in such circumstances do words and music seem to have grown up together as they do in the songs of Burns, Tom Moore, and Béranger.

Mr. Loveman is hardly less successful with the sonnet. The following sonnet, for instance, entitled "Last Night," shows the skillful technique, the easy, graceful phrasing, and the final cadenced resolution of the theme which characterize his treatment of this old lyric form:

Last night I sojourned for a season brief
In goodly company; Hamlet the Dane
Was there, and sweet Ophelia once again
Wept while she sang, her being rent with grief;
Othello came with Desdemona ere
Iago's poison rankled in his heart;
Orlando, swearing death should never part

His soul from fairest Rosalind's drew near;
And then while mirth and revel reigned supreme
And all my soul was glad, I oped mine eyes
And marveled much that this was all a dream,
And my dear vision vanished to the skies;
I waked to see my phantom friends no more,
My Shakespeare lying closed upon the floor.

In Mr. Loveman's sonnets perhaps the perfection of form and expression is their weakness. In Wordsworth his rugged sincerity and homely strength make us forget that even his best sonnets are carelessly constructed.

In an American *Lyra Elegantiarum* Mr. Loveman should have a large and permanent place, and only fail in ranking with the great writers of *vers de société* by lacking the pungent humor of Praed, Dobson, and Dr. Holmes. In conclusion, is it not enough to say of Mr. Loveman that he has succeeded in three most difficult forms of verse, that his output has been generous and distinctive, that he already holds a high place among American poets, and that he is still in the midway of his poetic life?

Benjamin Sledd

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DEAR LITTLE VERSE.

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Dear little verse, the careless eye
And heedless heart will pass thee by,
And never needst thou hope to be
To others as thou art to me.

For lo, I know thy bliss and woe,
Thy shallows, depths, and boundless heights,
How thou wast wrought, patient and slow,
Through crucibles of sleepless nights.

TO HER.

From 'A Book of Verses.'

Her mind's a garden, where do grow
Sweet thoughts like posies in a row;

Her soul is as some lucent star,
That shines upon us from afar;

Her heart's an ocean, wide and deep,
Where swirling waves of passion sweep,

Aye, deeper than the deepest sea,
And wide as woman's mystery:

O man, the mariner, beware—
Yet I will chance a shipwreck there.

A SUNSHINE HEART.

From 'A Book of Verses.'

A sunshine heart,
  And a soul of song,
Love for hate,
  And right for wrong;
Softly speak to the weak,
  Help them along,
A sunshine heart,
  And a soul of song.

A sunshine heart,
And a soul of song,
What though about thee
Foemen throng?
All the day, on thy way,
Be thou strong;
A sunshine heart,
And a soul of song.

IF THOU ART NOT KIND.

From 'A Book of Verses.'

If thou art not kind,
What will profit thee
Wealth of purse or mind,
If thou art not kind?
Grief and misery
Must thy portion be,
If, alas! thy heart be blind
And poor wight, thou art not kind.

Kindness, and the earth is bright,
Kindness, and the load is light,
Kindness, and the weary way
Laughs with love and roundelay;
King is he in all his blood
Who is first in doing good;
God pity him whose heart is blind
And, alas! who is not kind.

LINES.

From 'A Book of Verses.'

It's very, very queer the way
They call this, Night and that, the Day,
And then to parcel off the space,
And give each Week a little place.

And then reduce to months and years,
Our sorrows, blisses, hopes and fears;
'Tis very, very strange to me,
That such a foolish thing should be.

My calendar and clock shall go,
I want no dates of joy or woe,
The dawn and dusk together blend,
And stars shine out unto the end.

And this is all; life is so sweet,
So grand, so glorious, and complete,
So wrought of love and ecstasy,—
No man shall name my things for me.

A GLASS OF TOKAY.

From 'A Book of Verses.'

In land afar 'neath Autumn skies
Some singing girl with love-lit eyes,
Pluck'd from the heavy hanging vine
The grapes that held this golden wine.

And I to-day, in after years,
Telling a truce to haunting fears,
Hold the warm beaker to my lips—
And kiss her blushing finger-tips.

Her happy laugh and careless song
This mellow tide has cherished long,
And drinking deep, methinks her voice
From out its depths bids me rejoice.

And what would soothe thy cares and mine
Sooner, O friend, than such rare wine,
Whose magic mirror holds in thrall
Maid, music, autumn skies, and all?

PARIS.

From 'A Book of Verses.'

This is Paris, *s'il vous plait,*—
Careless, debonair, and gay,
Love and laughter, song and shout,
Women, wine, and merry bout.

This is Paris, *le voici,*—
Music, mirth, and misery,
Art divine, and sodden shame,
Glory, poverty, and fame.

This is Paris, *écoutez,*—
After night must come the day,
Weak, inconstant, yea, accurst,
Folly's bubble soon will burst.

THE SIREN CITY.

From 'A Book of Verses.'

Paris sparkles as she lies,
  All unbosomed to the sun;
For the prize within her eyes
  Battles have been lost and won.
She is haughty, she is vain;
In her arms the serpent Seine,
And with wooing, cooing wiles,
Paris dazzles, Paris smiles.

Paris hath a mighty heart,
  Siren of the cities she,
Nobly wedded unto Art,
  Music, Marble, Poetry;
Heedless, happy, night and day,
She doth dance the years away,
With her graces and her guiles,
Paris loves, and dreams, and smiles.

IN ENGLAND.

From 'A Book of Verses.'

This is the England, this the earth,
That gave majestic Milton birth;
This is the olden golden clime
Of lofty prose, of lilting rhyme;
Here Poesy's pure soul was won
By the sweet strains of Tennyson;
For him her eyes knew no eclipse,
And he might kiss her lyric lips;
This is great England; here was wrought
The noblest monument of thought
That man e'er builded up to God
Out of his bosom's sacred sod,
For this the soil, and this the clime,
That gave a Shakespeare to all time.

RICHES.

From 'A Book of Verses.'

What to a man who loves the air
Are trinkets, gauds, and jewels rare?
And what is wealth or fame to one
Who is a brother to the sun;
Who drinks the wine that morning spills
Upon the heaven-kissing hills,
And sees a ray of hope afar
In every glimmer of a star?

What to a man whose god is truth
Are spoils and stratagems, forsooth—
Who looks beyond the doors of death
For loftier life, sublimer breath;
Who can forswear the state of kings
In knowledge of diviner things,
The dreams immortal that unroll
And burst to blossom in his soul?

THE POET WAITS.

From 'The Blushful South and Hippocrene.'

I

The poet waits beside the gates,
Of Dreamland's paradise,
No other goal can lure his soul,
No other scene his eyes.
Nor weal nor woe, nor ebb nor flow,
Can tempt him to arise;
But he still waits beside the gates,
Of Dreamland's paradise.

II

Within is light, without is night,
And emptiness and void,
Within is life, without is strife,
And sorrow unalloyed.
And through the years of hopes and fears,
And prayers and agonies,
The poet waits beside the gates
Of Dreamland's paradise.

TO HIS BOOK.

From 'The Blushful South and Hippocrene.'

Go, little book, to every heart,
Woo them, win them, with thine art.

Go, little book, to every eye,
Begging crumbs of sympathy.

Stay, little book, against each breast,
That promises to give thee rest.

Come, little book, again to me,
If no soft bosom welcome thee.

My fond heart shall hold a nook
Ever for thee, little book.

THE LABOR OF THE CHILD.

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I

Shut them from the light of day,
  Dividends, dividends;
Rob them of their youth and play,
  Dividends, dividends;
Stunt and dwarf the coming race,
Flabby limb and bloodless face,—
A prison mill, the infant's place—
  Dividends! Dividends!

II

Steal their freedom and their joy,
  Dividends, dividends;
Sacrifice the girl and boy,
  Dividends, dividends;
Foolish, blind, impotent State,
Sowing dragon teeth of hate—
Save thy nurslings from this fate—
  Dividends! Dividends!

THE RHYME.

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Some time the rhyme will come and cling,
And leap, and laugh, and shout, and sing
And whisper love, and joy, and bliss,
And coo and woo, and clasp and kiss.

Or oft the little rhyme will weep,
And in the bosom, sobbing, sleep
Glad rhymes, sad rhymes, that bubble up
Within the Poet's magic cup.

IN ANCIENT GREECE.

From 'Songs From a Georgia Garden.'

In ancient Greece sweet Sappho turned
Her thoughts to words that breathed and burned,
O temples, lutes, and incense urn'd
In ancient Greece.

Art, learning, grace, and beauty's bliss
Blossomed in the Acropolis,—
But lo, the woman, tender, true,

Who leans to me with lips of dew,
And love immortal in her eyes—
Thank God, I lived not with the wise
In ancient Greece.

DOVES.

From 'Songs From a Georgia Garden.'

At evening in the peaceful grove,
And in the forest dim,
Where every nook is light with love,
And every sound a hymn,
The gentle doves, the tender doves,
Come flying home to rest
Each happy little head upon
Another happy breast.

At evening on the city pave,
And in the city street,
With footsteps leading to the grave,
And to the winding-sheet,
The poor lost doves, the storm-toss'd doves,
The fallen sisters come,
Whose lives are lame, whose souls are shame,
Alas, who have no home!

HIS COMET.

From 'On the Way to Willowdale.'

Unnamed, a vagrant of the night and stars,
He drew his train of fire athwart the sky;
The sons of science passed him coldly by,
The savage saw but pestilence and wars;
Beyond the bounds of Jupiter and Mars,
He sped where love and duty bade him hie;
Copernicus' nor Galileo's eye
Dared penetrate the mist-obscuring bars;
Then Halley came and plucked his comet down,
Said, "Go thou, now return on such a day,
Be thou no more a wanderer unknown,
Assume thy rightful realm in solar sway;"
Deep dreaming in the dust while Halley lies,
His comet flames his fame along the skies.

RAIN SONG.

From 'The Gates of Silence.'

It isn't raining rain to me,
It's raining daffodils;
In every dimpled drop I see
Wild flowers on the hills;
The clouds of gray engulf the day,
And overwhelm the town;
It isn't raining rain to me,
It's raining roses down.

It isn't raining rain to me,
But fields of clover bloom,
Where every buccaneering bee
May find a bed and room;
A health unto the happy!
A fig for him who frets!—
It isn't raining rain to me,
It's raining violets.

HERE ARE ROSES.

From 'The Gates of Silence.'

Here are roses for a rose,
  Fragrance for the fair,
For thy soft noontide bosom
  And thy twilight hair.

Let each pleading petal tell
  All my passions' woe:
Crush my crimson couriers
  To thy heart of snow.

Crush them with thy sweet kisses
  Down to drowsy death,
Make their pure souls immortal
  With thy holy breath.

OUT BEYOND THE BOURN OF THINGS.

From 'The Gates of Silence.'

Out beyond the bourn of things,
Where each star a censer swings,
Infant orbs are taking flight
From the teeming womb of Night.

And o'er vasty voids of space,
Reeling on from place to place,
Worn and wrinkled, gaunt and gray,
Worlds are tott'ring to decay.

THE RACES RISE AND FALL

From 'The Gates of Silence.'

The races rise and fall,
  The nations come and go,
Time tenderly doth cover all
  With violets and snow.

The mortal tide moves on
  To some immortal shore,
Past purple peaks of dusk and dawn,
  Into the evermore.

I could not see till I was blind,
  Then color, music, light,
Came floating down on every wind
  And noonday was at night.

I could not feel till I was dead;
  Then through the mold and wet
A rose breathed softly overhead,
  I heard a violet.

One by one the gods we know
  Weary of our trust,
One by one the prophets go
  Dreaming to the dust.

All the cobweb creeds of men
  Vanish into air,
Leaving nothing, save a "When?"
  Nothing save a "Where?"

From the dim starry track
  Never a man comes back;
Of future weal or woe
  Never a man doth know.

Nor you, nor I, nor he,
Can solve the mystery;
Come, let us boldly press
On to the fathomless.

All the tomes of all the tribes,
All the songs of all the scribes,
All that priest and prophet say,
What is it? and what are they?

Fancies futile, feeble, vain,
Idle dream-drift of the brain,—
As of old the mystery
Doth encompass you and me.

FRANCIS LYNDE

[1856—]

E. Y. CHAPIN

FRANCIS LYNDE was born November 12, 1856, in the little New York town of Lewiston, situated at the mouth of the Niagara River. Both his parents were of Canadian birth—his mother, Elizabeth Need, born at Montreal; his father, William Tilly Lynde, at Whitby. Deacon Thomas, the first of the Lyndes to seek America, landed at the Massachusetts Bay Colony in 1634. The family seat, built by his son—another Thomas—still stands near Boston, the property of the Massachusetts State Historical Society. Later a branch of the family drifted into Canada; and still later recrossed the border into northern New York.

In 1860 the family once more removed—this time to what was esteemed the Far West. It settled at Kansas City, then hundreds of miles beyond the rail-line's end. Here the boy Francis, not yet turned eight, heard the expiring echoes of Gen. Stirling Price's campaign in western Missouri; and shared the thrill of his neighbors when the final attack upon his adopted city impended and failed. His boyhood years were spent in Kansas City. There he gathered education in scraps and patches, first at a dame's school where, through the bent of the teacher, he cultivated inquisitiveness into the habits and manners of insects and squirming things; and contributed his quota of bugs and buzzing things to the glass jar of alcohol which adorned her desk. Later he attended the public schools, continuing in them until he was fifteen. Master of English as he later came to be, it was the despair of his earlier years. "It was a sealed book to me," he says, "until somewhere along in the grades we happened upon a teacher who made the study not only interesting, but graspable by the juvenile mind; a gift still sadly lacking, I fear, in the schools of later days."

An ambition for a better education than the grammar schools could give him came with his fifteenth year; and he went to New England in search of it. In the village of Suncook, New Hampshire, he began a course of nine months in a cotton mill to pay for three months in school. But the work in the cotton mill was strenuous—twelve long hours a day. Its monotony was irksome to a boy; and its reward most disappointing. At the end of the year he broke away from it, taking employment in a railroad repair shop and trying in that way to work himself through an academic course. That

the course was never completed was due in part to the economic pressure upon his immature shoulders; in part to the rapid progress he made in his mechanical work. Beginning as a machinist's helper, he rose to be a draftsman and designer; and presently worked his way, first into the accounting, and later into the traffic departments of the railways. Opportunities for advancement were better then in the West; and they attracted him, first to California, then back to Kansas City, and then to Denver.

In these western wanderings he found, quite unwittingly, the education he had sought in New England. There, all unconsciously, he was laying the foundation of a career as yet undreamt of. There, in a civilization but a step or two beyond the pioneers, elbowing with those spirits of enterprise who planned the earlier work of men's hands upon soil that was almost virgin, he gathered material and formed impressions that were to be the warp of his real accomplishment. His readers know how well he was learning the sturdier types of Americanism in those Western years.

At thirty-five, after he had won and held many responsible positions with the railways, he found himself in a new environment with a new ambition. He was then traveling passenger agent of the Union Pacific, with headquarters in New Orleans. He had always loved literature; he had always felt the desire to write. Now he definitely resolved to gratify that desire.

Mr. Lynde had established his family at the little resort city of Bay St. Louis. There the late Maurice Thompson made his winter home. They soon became acquainted; and Mr. Lynde told Mr. Thompson what he so warmly desired to do. He asked him what chance there was for a beginner at thirty-five—especially for a beginner who lacked so much in technical equipment. Mr. Thompson told him, in a kindly way, that the only way to find out was to try. Mr. Thompson gave him a great deal of excellent advice about preliminary study; suggested that he look the field over carefully, determine the part of it which he was best fitted to enter; and then definitely prepare himself for what he was to do. As nature runs, this good advice was, of course, disregarded. Eager to break at once into the profession, Mr. Lynde wrote a story, in his idle hours, and forwarded it to the *Century Magazine*. Then he told Mr. Thompson what he had done.

"I shall never forget," says Mr. Lynde, "the quiet smile which was Mr. Thompson's only comment. He was kind to me. He didn't tell me that I would probably get my manuscript back by return mail—which was, happily, precisely what happened. Instead, he gave me more good advice about study and preliminary work;

told me some of the practical things about writing; and was so gently earnest this time that some of his admonitions sank in. At least I had the grace to write no more at that time. I had the further grace to blush a bit when my story came back from *The Century.*"

Thus admonished, Mr. Lynde set about the work of his preparation in the methodical way which has become so characteristic of him. For a matter of three years he wrote little and studied much. His railroad work took him about over the country; and on every journey the books he had chosen for study accompanied him. Every leisure moment was given to them—on trains, in hotels, even on horseback journeys into the country. From this study he gained a better knowledge of constructive English; a better idea of how the authors of the classical novels, and of more modern works of fiction, went about their work.

It was upon one of these journeys that he wrote the first piece of manuscript which an editor would buy. Train schedules compelled him to spend the early half of a night in Baton Rouge. Across from the hotel stood an ice factory—a rather new thing in the South at that time; an entirely new one to him. He strolled over to it; made the acquaintance of the night engineer; and put his own technical knowledge of machinery to work upon the equipment. He came away with a definite understanding of the process of refrigeration. That night, in the writing room of the hotel, he composed an article upon the mysteries of ice-making which was promptly accepted by *The Youth's Companion.* When, in an early mail, he received a check from that well-known periodical, he accepted it as evidence that he had "broken in." No check, in a generously long line of them which he has since received, has ever seemed so large to him as that one. He had written something that he could sell.

Fortunately this small welcome to the columns of one periodical did not unsettle Mr. Lynde's determination thoroughly to prepare himself for authorship. He stuck to his studies, writing only enough to assure himself that he could put into practice some of the things he was trying to learn. Other small successes followed in due course, bringing their encouragement; and after three years of close application he felt that the time had come when he could resign his position with the Union Pacific and give to authorship his undivided time.

He was living then in Chattanooga; and when he closed the desk at his business office, he opened another at his home. There he wrote his first sustained story, a novel which saw the light in the

old *Lippincott's*. The title was 'A Question of Courage'; and the theme was one which the author used with more elaboration in later years under the title of 'The Taming of Red Butte Western'; namely, the lack of physical courage in a certain type of man otherwise admirably balanced. From that beginning Mr. Lynde has become the author of nearly three hundred stories, articles, and books in covers.

He was quick to realize the value of freedom from interruption and an intimate association with nature in her most pleasing form. He found these things upon an historic battlefield. He bought a modest section of the Cravens' Farm upon which the famous "Battle Above the Clouds" was fought. There, under the cliffs of Lookout Mountain, with historic Mission Ridge for his eastern horizon and Chattanooga and the winding Tennessee at his feet, he fashioned him a temporary home—temporary only because he made it a convenient abiding-place until he could build a better one.

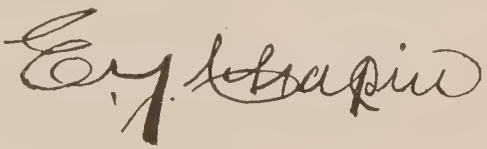
Before he was fairly settled he began the erection of that better home. His work-day, established in his characteristic methodical way, begins at six each morning. From then until one (with a short interval for breakfast) he is busy with literary tasks, usually turning out a thousand words of finished work each day. The remainder of his daylight hours were given, for many years, to the construction of his study and his home, aided only by his two boys in the hours that were left from their school-day tasks. He approached this undertaking with no training whatever as a builder, making his own plans and learning the various features of the building trades as he went along. He began by quarrying the rock with his own hands and continued, with incredible patience, until a handsome stone dwelling with a most attractive study in a secluded corner of its curtilage, rewarded his efforts. Remote from urban facilities, this homestead has every convenience of the city home. It is spacious; of graceful architecture; modernly plumbed, warmed, and lighted. Artistic and often massive stone walls protect and terrace its grounds. And every element of its design and execution sprang from the bright mind and the industrious hand of its owner.

Thus, with an agreeable blending of mental effort with physical toil, Mr. Lynde has passed his literary years. A son of the North, he found his inspiration in his adopted home in the South. Storing impressions in the earlier years which he spent in the West, he shapes and turns them into usefulness in the home of his final choice. For Mr. Lynde loves his Southern home. The repeated suggestion that he should be nearer his publishers, that he could accomplish more in another environment, has never roused the slightest response from

him. As his audience widens, his attachment to the spot from which he first addressed it becomes more pronounced.

He is a man of exceptional modesty. If you would know him you must seek him. Yet his modesty never limits his service in communal work. A devout Christian, he filled the pulpit of a rural church for many years—filled it so acceptably that he built up a congregation which an ordained minister was glad, after a while, to take over. He is a member of the Chattanooga Rotary Club, because it gives him an opportunity to serve; and he left his mountain-top and laid aside his pen when the country called in 1917, to do effective educational and clerical work for a cause which carried his two boys into the trenches.

He is most methodical in his work, accomplishing his results by careful preliminary study and planning and by sustained effort, once the actual composition has begun. He believes, with the copy-book, that "there is no excellence without great labor."



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THE VALLEY OF HEALING.

From 'The Helpers.' Copyright, 1899, Houghton Mifflin Company. Used here by permission of the author and the publishers.

THE periods of the scene-shifter, in life as in life's mimicking on any stage, have fallen into disesteem. In any flight of fancy or plodding journey of fact, these are flat countries to be traversed; interregnums which, however replete with incident for the actors themselves, are deemed alike unworthy of the playwright's outworking or the chronicler's recording. To the audience waiting beyond the footlights, these are mere breathing spaces of music-hastened minutes standing for whatever lapses of days, weeks or month the story of the play involves; but for the scene-shifter they are gaps toil-filled, with fierce strivings and wrestlings and doughty compellings of the animate and inanimate perversities.

. . . . . .

The curtain has rung down upon an interior in an apartment house. It is to rise upon a flashlight picture of a summer night scene in a mountain-girt valley. The walls of the home-like interior vanish, and in their stead dim reaches of the forest-clad mountains suggest themselves. A stream tumbles over the boulders in its bed with a hollow roar hinting at canyoned plungings above; and on the margin of it a quaking aspen blinks its many-lidded eyes in the light of a camp fire.

Against the pillared background of forest, primæval firs whose sombre greens become murky black in the firelight, a camper's wagon is drawn up; and the picket pins of the grazing horses are driven in a grass-grown extension of the glade to the right. There is a silken whisper abroad in the night, rising and falling upon the sound waves of the tum-

bling stream: the voices of the trees as they call to each other in the night wind pouring softly down from the sky-pitched peaks.

The scene is set and the actors are in their places. They are two men clad in flannel shirts and brown duck overalls and shooting-coats. One of them is bearded and bronzed, with the well-knit figure of conscious strength. The other is of slighter frame, and on his clean-shaven face the prolonged holiday in the open is but now beginning to impress the stamp of returning health and vigor. The bearded man is on his back beside the fire, with his clasped hands for a pillow and an extinct pipe between his teeth. The clean-shaven one is propped against the bole of a tree; his eyes are closed, and his pipe has slipped from his fingers.

A brand falls into the glowing mass of embers, and the sparks fly upward in a crackling shower. It is the prompter's call-bell. The man reclining at the tree foot opens his eyes, and the bearded one sits up and feels mechanically for the tobacco pouch.

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Lansdale spreads his hands, palms down, and looks at them.

"You promised me a new lease of life, Henry, and you've given it me,— or the key to it. I didn't believe it could be done, and my chief trouble in those first days was the thought that you'd have to bury me alone. And when we camped in a particularly rocky spot, I used to wonder how you would manage it."

Jeffard's smile was of grimness. "If you had mentioned it, I could have helped you off with that burden. These mountains are full of graves, ready-made; prospect holes, where the better part of many a man lies buried. Do you see that heap of stone over yonder?"

Lansdale shades his eyes from the firelight and looks and sees.

"That is one of them. Just behind that heap there is a shaft with a windlass across it, and for six weeks two men worked early and late digging a hole,—which turned out to

be an excellent well when the water came in and stopped them."

"And the water was bitter," says Lansdale. "Did you drink of it, Henry?"

"No; but the other man did and he went mad."

Once more the stream and the night share the silence.

. . . . . .

"May I speak as the spirit moves, Henry?"

"If you think I deserve it. Why shouldn't you?"

"It is a question of obligations rather than of deservings,—my obligations. No brother of my blood could have done more for me than you . . . . What had you to gain by saddling yourself with a sick man?"

"I can't put it in words—not without laying myself open to the charge of playing to the gallery. But let me state a fact and ask a question. A year ago you thought it was all up with you, and didn't seem to care much. A few months later I found you fighting for your life like a shipwrecked sailor with land in sight. What did it?"

That the lava-crust of reserve is altogether molten is evinced in Lansdale's straightforward reply.

"Love,—love for a woman. I think you must have known that."

"I did. That was why you were making the desperate fight for life; and that is why we are here to-night, you and I. I love the woman, too."

Lansdale shakes his head slowly, and an ineffable smile is Jeffard's reward.

"And yet you call it selfishness, Henry. Man, man! you have deliberately gone about to save my life when another might have taken it!"

"I shall reap where I have sown," says Jeffard steadily. "Latterly I have been living for one day,—the day when I can take you back to her in the good hope that she will forget what has been for the sake of what I have tried to make possible."

Once more Lansdale's gaze is in the glowing heart of the fire, and the light in his eyes is prophetic.

"Verily, you shall reap, Henry . . . You shall have your reward; but I crave mine, too. Will you give it me?"

"If it be mine to give."

"It is. Do justice and love mercy, Henry. That is the thing I've been trying to find words to say to you all these weeks."

"Tell me what you would like to have me do."

"I think you must know; find the man who drank of the bitter waters and went mad, and give him back that which you have taken from him."

Jeffard stops short at the tree bole, with his hand on Lansdale's shoulder.

"It has taken me five weeks to find out why you consented to come afield with me," he says. "It was to say this, wasn't it? . . . It is a small thing you have asked, Lansdale; much smaller than you think . . . We'll go down to the mine in the morning and use Denby's wire. If Bartrow can find Garvin, you shall see how easily the dragon's teeth may be broken. Is that what you wanted me to say?"

Lansdale's answer is a quotation.

" 'And it came to pass, when he had made an end of speaking . . . that the soul of Jonathan was knit with the soul of David, and Jonathan loved him as his own soul.' I've seen my reward and felt of it; and yours will come a little later,—in a way that you little dream of. Pass the tobacco and let's have another whiff or two before we turn in. I'm too acutely thankful to be sleepy."

TOM-JEFF'S CONVERSION.

From 'The Quickening.' Copyright, 1906. Used by special permission of the publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

THE old, soul-moving, revival hymn was lifted in a triumphant burst of sound, and Thomas Jefferson's heart began to pound like a trip-hammer. Was this his call—his one last chance to enter the ark of safety? Just there was the pinch. A saying of Japheth Pettigrass's, overheard in Hargis's store on the first day of the meetings, flicked into his mind and stuck there: "Hit's scare, first, last, and all the

time, with Brother Silas. He knows mighty well that a good bunch o' hickories, that'll bring the blood every cut, beats a sugar kittle out o' sight when it comes to fillin' the anxious seat." Was it really his call? Or was he only scared?

The twelve-year-old brain grappled hardily with the problem which has thrown many an older wrestler. This he knew: that while he had been listening with outward ears to the restless champing and stamping of the horses among the pines, but with his inmost soul to the burning words of his uncle, the preacher, a great fear had laid hold of him—a fear mightier than desire or shame, or love or hatred, or any spring of action known to him. It was lifting him to his feet; it was edging him past the others on the bench and out into the aisle with the mourners who were crowding the space in front of the pulpit platform. At the turn he heard his mother's low-murmured, "I thank Thee, O God!" and saw the grim, set smile on his father's face. Then he fell on his knees on the rough-hewn floor, with the tall mountaineer called William Layne on his right, and on his left a young girl who was sobbing softly in her handkerchief.

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June being the queen of the months in the valleys of Tennessee, the revival converts of Little Zoar had the pick and choice of all the Sundays of the year for the day of their baptizing.

The font was of great nature's own providing, as was the mighty temple housing it,—a clear pool in the creek, with the green-walled aisles in the June forest leading down to it, and the blue arch of the flawless June sky for a dome resplendent.

All Paradise was there to see and hear and bear witness, as a matter of course; and there were not wanting farm wagon loads from the great valley and from the Pine Knob highlands. Major Dabney was among the onlookers, sitting his clean-limbed Hambletonian, and twisting his huge white mustaches until they stood out like strange and fierce-looking horns. Also, in the outer ranks of skepticism, Major Dabney's foreman and horse trader, Japheth Pet-

tigrass, found a place. On the opposite bank of the stream were the new negroes owning Major Dabney now as "Majah Boss," as some of them—most of them, in fact—had once owned him as "Mawstuh Majah;" and mingling freely with them were the laborers, white and black, from the Gordon iron furnace.

Thomas Jefferson brought up memories from that solemn rite administered so simply and yet so impressively under the June sky, with the many-pointing forest spires to lift the soul to heights ecstatic. One was the singing of the choir, minimized and made celestially sweet by the lack of bounding walls and roof. Another was the sight of his father's face, with the grim smile gone, and the steadfast eyes gravely tolerant as he—Thomas Jefferson—was going down into the water. A third—and this might easily become the most lasting of all—was the memory of how his mother clasped him in her arms as he came up out of the water, all wet and dripping as he was, and sobbed over him as if her heart would break.

THE FEAST OF HURRAHS.

From 'The City of Numbered Days.' Copyright, 1914, by Charles Scribner's Sons. By permission of the publishers.

MIRAPOLIS the marvelous was a hustling, roaring, wide-open mining-camp of twenty thousand souls by the time the railroad, straining every nerve and crowding three shifts into the twenty-four-hour day, pushed its rails along the foothill bench of Chigringo, tossed up its temporary station buildings, and signalled its opening for business by running a mammoth excursion from the cities of the immediate East.

Yielding to pressure, which was no less imperative from below than from above, Brouillard had consented to suspend work on the great dam during the day of triumphs, and the Reclamation-Service force, smaller now than at any time since the beginning of the undertaking, went to swell the crowds in Chigringo Avenue. Of the engineering staff, Grislow alone held aloof. Early in the morning he trudged away with trout basket and rod for the upper waters of the

Niquoia and was seen no more. For himself, Brouillard vaguely envied Grislow the solitudes of the upper Niquoia. But Mr. Cortwright had been inexorable. It was right and fitting that the chief executive of the Reclamation-Service should have a part in the rejoicings, and Brouillard found himself discomfortingly emphasized as chairman of the civic reception committee. Expostulation was useless. Mr. Cortwright insisted genially, and Miss Genevieve added her word. And there had been only Grislow to smile cynically when the printed programmes appeared with the chief of the Buckskin reclamation project down for an address on "Modern City Building."

It was after his part of the speechmaking that he went to sit beside Miss Cortwright in the temporary grand-stand.

"I didn't know you could be so convincing," was Miss Genevieve's comment. "It was splendid! Nobody will ever believe that you are going to go on building your dam and threatening to drown us, after this."

"What did I say?" queried Brouillard, having at the moment, only the haziest possible idea of what he had said.

"As if you didn't know!" she laughed. "You congratulated everybody: us Mirapolitans upon our near-city, the miners on their gold output, the manufacturers on their display in the parade, the railroad on its energy and progressive spirit, and the visitors on their perspicuity and good sense in coming to see the latest of the seven wonders of the modern world. And the funny thing about it is that you didn't say a single word about the Niquoia dam."

Gorman, Mr. Cortwright's ablest trumpeter in the real-estate booming, was holding the plaza crowd spellbound with his enthusiastic periods, rising upon his toes and lifting his hands in angel gestures to high heaven in confirmation of his prophetic outlining of the Mirapolitan future.

In the middle distance, and backgrounding the buildings on the opposite side of the plaza, rose the falsework of the great dam—a standing forest of sawed timbers, whose afternoon shadows were already pointing like a many-fingered fate toward the city of the plain. But though the face of the speaker was toward the shadowing forest, his words

ignored it. "The snow-capped Timanyonis," "the mighty Chigringo," and "the golden-veined slopes of Jack's Mountain" all came in for eulogistic mention; but the massive wall of concrete, with its bristling parapet of timbers, had no part in the orator's flamboyant descriptive.

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With the waning of the day of celebrations the temper of the street throngs was changing. In the short faring through the crowded street from the plaza to the Metropole corner Brouillard saw and heard things to make his blood boil. Women, those who were not a part of the unrestrained mob, were disappearing from the streets. Twice before he reached Bongras's café entrance the engineer shouldered his way to the rescue of some badgered nucleus of excursionists, and in each instance there were frightened women to be hurriedly spirited away to the nearest place of seclusion and safety.

It was in front of Bongras's that Brouillard came upon the Reverend Hugh Castner, the hot-hearted young zealot who had been flung into Mirapolis on the crest of the tidal wave of mining excitement. When Brouillard caught sight of him he was looking out over the seething street caldron from his commanding height of six feet of athletic man stature, his strong face a mask of bitter humiliation and concern.

"Brouillard, this is simply hideous!" he exclaimed. "If this devils' carnival goes on until nightfall we shall have a revival of the old Roman Saturnalia at its worst!"

"The community is certainly vicious enough to warrant any charge you can make," admitted Brouillard. Then he changed the topic abruptly. "Have you seen Miss Massingale since noon?"

"Yes, I saw her with Smith, the cattleman, at the other end of the Avenue about an hour ago."

"Heavens!" gritted the engineer. "Didn't Smith know better than to take her down there at such a time as this?"

The young missionary was frowning thoughtfully. "I think it was the other way about. Her brother has been

drinking again, and I took it for granted that she and Smith were looking for him."

Brouillard buttoned his coat and pulled his soft hat over his eyes.

"I'm going to look for her," he said. "Will you come along?"

Castner nodded, and together they put their shoulders to the crowd. The slow progress northward was nearly a battle. The excursion trains returning to Red Butte and Brewster were scheduled to leave early, and the stream of blatant, uproarious humanity was setting strongly toward the temporary railroad station.

In one of the saloons as they passed a sudden crackling of pistol shots began, and a mob of terrorized Reclamation-Service workmen poured into the street, sweeping all obstacles before it in a mad rush for safety.

"It was little less than a crime to turn your laborers loose on the town on such an occasion as this," said Castner, dealing out his words as frankly and openly as he did his blows.

Brouillard shrugged.

"If I hadn't given them the day they would have taken it without leave. You'll have to pass the responsibility on to some one higher up."

The militant one accepted the challenge promptly.

"It lies ultimately at the door of those whose insatiate greed has built this new Gomorrah in the shadow of your dam." He wheeled suddenly and flung a long arm toward the half-finished structure filling the gap between the western shoulders of Chigringo and Jack's Mountain. "There stands the proof of God's wisdom in hiding the future from mankind, Mr. Brouillard. Because a little section of humanity here behind that great wall knows the end of its hopes, and the manner and time of that end, it becomes demon-ridden, irreclaimable!"

At another time the engineer might have felt the force of the tersely eloquent summing up of the accusation against the Mirapolitan attitude. But now he was looking anxiously for Amy Massingale or her escort, or both of them.

"Surely Smith wouldn't let her stay down here a minute longer than it took to get her away," he said impatiently, as a pair of drunken Cornishmen reeled out of Haley's Place and usurped the sidewalk. "Where was it you saw them, Castner?"

"They were in front of 'Pegleg John's', in the next block. Miss Massingale was waiting for Smith, who was just coming out of Pegleg's den shaking his head. I put two and two together and guessed they were looking for Stephen."

"If they went there, Miss Amy had her reasons. Let's try it," said Brouillard, and he was half-way across the street when Castner overtook him.

There was a dance-hall next door to Pegleg John's barrel-house and gambling rooms, and, though the daylight was still strong enough to make the electrics garishly unnecessary, the orgy was in full swing, the raucous clanging of a piano and the shuffle and stamp of many feet drowning the monotonous cry of the sidewalk "barker," who was inviting all and sundry to enter and join the dancers.

Castner would have stopped to question the "barker"—was, in fact, trying to make himself heard—when the sharp crash of a pistol shot dominated the clamor of the piano and the stamping feet. Brouillard made a quick dash for the open door of the neighboring barrel-house, and Castner was so good a second that they burst in as one man.

The dingy interior of Pegleg John's, which was merely a barrel-lined vestibule leading to the gambling rooms beyond, staged a tragedy. A handsome young giant, out of whose face sudden agony had driven the brooding passion of intoxication, lay, loose-flung, on the sawdust covered floor, with Amy Massingale kneeling in stricken, tearless misery beside him. Almost within arm's-reach Van Bruce Cortwright, the slayer, was wrestling stubbornly with Tig Smith and the fat-armed barkeeper, who were trying to disarm him, his heavy face a mask of irresponsible rage and his lips bubbling imprecations.

"Turn me loose!" he gritted. "I'll fix him so he won't give the governor's snap away! He'll pipe the story of the

Coronida Grant off to the papers?—not if I kill him till he's too dead to bury, I guess!"

Castner ignored the wrestling three and dropped quickly on his knees beside Stephen Massingale, bracing the misery-stricken girl with the needed word of hope and directing her in low tones how to help him search for the wound.

But Brouillard hurled himself with an oath upon young Cortwright, and it was he, and neither the cattlemen nor the fat-armed barkeeper, who wrenched the weapon out of Cortwright's grasp and with it menaced the babbling murderer into silence.

MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE

[1878—]

NANCY BYRD TURNER

IF we are actually a part of the soil from which we draw, as the scientists say we are, then Margaret Montague belongs to the South. Though she comes on both sides of New England stock she was born and bred in the Alleghany country of West Virginia. Moreover, all her work bears in one way or another the mark of that environment. Even those of her stories and poems that have another setting are somehow permeated with the indescribable atmosphere of the southern hill country.

Her parents, Russell Wortley Montague and Harriet Ann (Cary) Montague, were both New Englanders, her father a relative of the Prescotts, her mother closely connected with the family of Mrs. Louis Agassiz. The Montagues and Carys came to this country early in the seventeenth century; with the exception of a strain of French in the Montague blood they are entirely English. Mr. Montague took his bride to London, where he expected to study law, but a breakdown in health sent him back across the ocean and into the Southern mountains. He settled—permanently as it proved—near White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia; and there his daughter was born.

No writer, perhaps, was ever more fortunate in a birthplace. Surely, to see the light of day in the midst of utter loveliness is to be blest from the beginning. And the writer in question was not careless of her heritage; rather she laid hold on it with both eager hands and put it to a perfect use. All through her childhood and girlhood, whether she was digging in the brown earth of that favored region, or riding horseback through the hills, or learning to know the shy heart of her neighbor, the native mountaineer, she was storing up inwardly that shining beauty that later came to expression in her work.

Making gardens was then, as it still is, her great delight. A companion passion was making pictures; as a small child she was much preoccupied with pencil and paper, turning out patient, crude little sketches and begging to be taught how to make them better. Fortunately for those of us who take our deepest pleasure in the written word, her ambition to be a painter was not fulfilled. At

an early age she began to have so much trouble with her eyesight that she had to put her little paints and brushes by. Then, since inspiration was working in her like yeast, she turned to the pen.

The eye trouble proved so serious that all plans for study were handicapped. She managed, however, to make one year at boarding-school in Richmond. Sometimes destiny turns on a slender pivot; it was so in this case. Miss Daniel, the head of the school, saw in her pupil unmistakable signs of literary talent, and the would-be painter felt her feet, almost against her will, set in the straight and narrow path of writing.

Miss Montague's work is singularly hard to describe in words and phrases. It is too human and robust to be called mystical—in the usual sense of that difficult word—and too forthright to be called elusive. Her scenes are set in this workaday world, her characters are ordinary, everyday folk. And yet there is in her writing an indefinable quality that might well baffle the most competent critic.

In some way she knows how to take a simple scene, an everyday phase of human experience, and make it stand out in sudden, startling perspective—the way our old stereoscopes used to change a flat photographic surface into an actual landscape of looming hills and curving hollows. She seems to pick out depths and distances, as from a high mountaintop on a crystal clear day. It is something more than a fine eye for proportion and perspective; perhaps it might be called spiritual vision applied to the commonplace.

Three outstanding qualities in her work are easily identified: humor, tenderness, and an almost uncanny knowledge of the human heart and spirit. Even the slightest and sheerest of her stories is sturdily human, and even the most dramatic is marked by a strange gentleness of understanding. A fine, keen humor plays through all and saves them from too great poignancy. They are as sincere as life itself.

Her literary style is exquisite—strong and flexible, delicate and direct. It is concise; there is never a word too little and never, by any chance, a word too much. Her lines shine and sing—but not alone with the melody of balanced English prose or the clarity of incisive ideas sharply put. There again comes in that strange, intangible quality. Perhaps, after all, the best name for it is Reality.

The first four books of this author had for their background the towering Alleghanies. 'The Poet, Miss Kate, and I' deals intimately with the wild, free life of the mountains. 'The Sowing of Alderson Cree' and 'In Calvert's Valley' are dramas of human

nature, with hill folk for the actors. 'Linda' is the biography of a mountain girl who finds her difficult way to a great Northern city.

In 'Closed Doors' the boundaries widen. That book, a series of stories about the blind and deaf children of a State institution, is too universal in its poignant appeal to convey any limiting sense of locality. It may be safely named the author's representative work, for more than anything else she has written it bears the hall-mark of her peculiar genius. No one can read those stories—each of them the vivid adventure of a little human soul—without an overpowering sense of having had his own hearing and vision somehow renewed. 'Opened Doors' might well be the title of the collection.

Very similar in some respects, though more essay-like in character, are several unforgettable little books that came later. They, too, are stories of spiritual adventure; they take the reader faring over strange and yet curiously familiar roads. Published first in the *Atlantic Monthly,* where most of Miss Montague's work originally appeared, they made such a strong appeal that it seemed worth while to bring them out in small pocket editions. The small volumes traveled all over the land. Without plot or plan, almost without beginning or end, they nevertheless achieved their compelling purpose.

One of the essays, "Twenty Minutes of Reality," roused so much discussion that when it came out in book form the publishers incorporated with it numerous letters of comment that it had called forth. It had served as a kind of touchstone to prove how widespread today is the aching interest in those things that belong to the spirit. Another story, "To Will to Go," not yet published as a book, belongs rightly in this significant group.

Miss Montague's work holds an important place in the literature called forth by the great war. "Of Water and the Spirit" and "The Gift," both fine stories, have to do with the individual's reaction to that tremendous experience. They are written from the viewpoints of two civilians—one the father of a soldier; the other a little American dressmaker, a refugee, who is caught in the backwash of a great battle, and there, forgetting her timorous body, finds her soul. Two other war stories, "England to America" and "Uncle Sam of Freedom Ridge," are even more notable achievements.

Her infrequent poems are very lovely. She weaves so much poetry in the fabric of her stories that apparently she seldom feels the impulse to turn to the more formal method of measures and rhymes; but her verse, when it does come, is worthy of the rest of her work.

Honors have not been slow in crowning this writer. In 1920 "England to America" was named for the O. Henry Memorial prize

as the best short story of the preceding year. The prize, five hundred dollars in gold, was presented to her at a distinguished banquet held by the O. Henry Society, in New York. That same year "Uncle Sam of Freedom Ridge" appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* and immediately made a stir. Some critics dismissed it as patent propaganda for the cause of the League of Nations; others called it a challenge to the conscience of the country. At any rate, it created lively political excitement and bore a prominent part in the campaign of that turbulent autumn. The President of the United States sent the author a personal letter of appreciation.

Miss Montague is not a prolific writer. She works slowly, but, as results show, with a perfection of care. In spite of ever-increasing dimness of physical vision, she keeps in constant touch with the world of letters—as a member of the Society of Arts and Sciences of New York, and of the Boston Authors' Club, as President of the Virginia Writers' Club, and in numerous other ways.

One of her most recent poems, a beautiful thing of blended color, sound, and motion, is here given with other representative selections.

Nancy Byrd Turner

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WHAT MR. GREY SAID.

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He was the smallest blind child at Lomax. Even Jimmie Little, who looked like a small gray mouse, and who had always been regarded by the teachers as not much bigger than a minute, appeared large beside Stanislaus. He was so small, in fact, that Mr. Lincoln, the Superintendent, had declined at first to admit him.

"We don't take children under six," he had said to Stanislaus's father when the latter had brought him to Lomax, "and your little boy doesn't look five yet."

"He'll be five the twenty-second of March," the father said.

"I'll be five ve twenty-second of March," Stanislaus echoed. He was sitting holding his cap politely between his knees, swinging his fat legs with a gay serenity, while his blind eyes stared away into the dark. He had not been paying much attention to the conversation, being occupied with the working out of a little silent bit of rhythm by an elaborate system of leg-swings: twice out with the right foot; twice with the left; then twice together He had found that swinging his legs helped to pass the time when grown-ups were talking. The mention of his birthday, however, brought him at once to the surface. That was because Mr. Grey had told him of a wonderful thing which would happen the day he was five. Thereafter his legs swung to the accompaniment of a happy unheard chant:—

"I'll be five years old" (right leg out),

"I'll be five years old" (left leg out),

"I'll be five years old on my *birf*-day!" (Both legs in ecstatic conjunction.)

Stanislaus's father, a sad-eyed man, who, though he spoke with no accent, was evidently of emigrant extraction, looked troubled.

"My wife's dead," he said; "an' I'm workin' in the coal-mines, an' you know that ain't no place for a little blind child. Every one told me sure you'd take him here."

Mr. Lincoln hesitated. "Well," he said at length, "I'll send for Miss Lyman,—she's the matron for the blind boys, —and if she consents to take him I'll make no objection."

Miss Lyman appeared presently, and Mr. Lincoln explained the situation.

"But he is such a little chap," he concluded, "it seems hardly possible for us to take him."

Here, however, Stanislaus gave over his leg-swinging and took it upon himself to remonstrate.

"I *ain't* little," he said firmly. Slipping off his chair, he drew himself up very straight, and began patting himself all over. "Feel me," he urged, "dest feel me, I'm weally big. Feel my arms," he held these chubby members out to Miss Lyman. "An' my *legs*—" he patted them—"why vere *awful* big!" His serious little mouth rounded itself to amazement at the bigness of his legs.

It was beyond human nature, or at least beyond Miss Lyman's nature, to resist the appeal of his eager voice and patting baby hands. Obediently she ran an inquiring touch over his soft body, which was still plump babyhood, not having as yet thinned to boyhood.

"Why," she said, turning gravely to Mr. Lincoln, "he does *look* rather small, but when you *feel* him, you find he is really quite big."

"Does he feel big enough for us to take?" Mr. Lincoln demanded.

"Oh, I think so!" she answered quickly, one arm slipping about the little boy's shoulders.

"An' I'll be five ve twenty-second of March," Stanislaus threw in to overbalance the argument in his favor.

He snuggled himself confidingly against Miss Lyman, and fell to playing with the many jingling attachments of her chatelaine.

"I heard vese tinkly fings when you was comin' 'w-a-y a-w-a-y outside, 'fore you o-opened ve door," he murmured softly.

"His mother's dead," the man explained.

"Little sister's dead, too," Stanislaus supplemented him.

"S'e token a awful bad cold so s'e couldn't b'eave. I take awful bad colds, but I don't die, do I?" he demanded.

"Yes," said the man, "my baby's dead, too. I had a woman lookin' after both kids, but she let the baby git the pneumonia."

"I fink I like you better van vat other lady," Stanislaus confided to Miss Lyman.

"Of course we can take him," Miss Lyman said hastily to Mr. Lincoln.

And thus it was that Stanislaus came to Lomax.

As has been said, he was the youngest child at school. This in itself was sufficient to set him apart from the thirty or so blind boys, but there were other things that served to distinguish him as well. His thoughts, for instance, were so different; so unexpected and whimsical; so entirely off the beaten track. Witness Mr. Grey, for instance. At his best Mr. Grey was a delightful person, but as he was of a retiring disposition, he never flowered into being save in a sympathetic atmosphere. Miss Julia, for example, never met Mr. Grey. She was one of the older teachers, whose boast it was that she never stood for any foolishness. In her not doing so, however, she was apt to go with a heavy foot over other folks' most cherished feelings. For which reason, sensitive people were inclined in her presence to retreat within themselves, sailing, as it were, with their lights blanketed. This was the reason, no doubt, why she and Mr. Grey never met.

Indeed Mr. Grey was of such an extremely shy nature that he had to be observed with the greatest delicacy. Looked at too closely, he was apt to go out like a blown candle. He lived apparently in an empty closet in the blind boys' clothes room. It is probable that he had taken up his abode there for the sake of being near Stanislaus, for as the latter was too small to be in school all the morning, he spent the rest of his time with Miss Lyman in the clothes room, where she sat and sewed on buttons, mended rips, and set patches, in a desperate endeavor to keep her army of blind boys mended up. When the other children were about, as they usually were on Saturdays, Mr. Grey kept discreetly to him-

self, and his presence in the closet would never have been suspected. On the long school mornings, however, when Miss Lyman sat quietly sewing, with Stanislaus playing about, no one could be more unbending than Mr. Grey. Stanislaus would go over to the closet and open it a crack, and then he and Mr. Grey would fall into pleasant conversation. Miss Lyman, of course, could only hear Stanislaus's side of it, but he constantly repeated his friend's remarks for her benefit.

From hints which Stanislaus let fall, Miss Lyman gathered that there had once been a real Mr. Grey in the past, from which beginning the interesting personality of the closet had developed.

Mr. Grey's comments upon things and people, as repeated by Stanislaus, showed a unique turn of mind. He seemed to have a poor opinion of mankind in general, coupled with an excellent one of himself in particular; for, retiring as he was before strangers, in the presence of friends he blossomed into an incorrigible braggart. If any one failed to do anything, Mr. Grey could always have done it, and never hesitated to say so. There was, for instance, that time when Mr. Beverly, one of the supervisors, was thrown from his horse and rather severely bruised. When informed of the incident by Stanislaus, who always gave his friend the news of the day, Mr. Grey was very scornful.

"Gwey says," Stanislaus, over by the half-open closet door, turned to announce to Miss Lyman, " 'at *he* never had no horse to frow *him* yet—an' he's wid all kinds of horses. Horses wif four legs, an' horses wif five legs,—" Stanislaus had been learning to count lately,—"an' horses wif *six* legs."

Again, when Miss Lyman sighed over a particularly disreputable pair of Edward Stone's trousers, remarking that she really did not think she could patch those, she was met by the assertion, "Gwey says *he* could patch 'em. He says he ain't erfwaid to patch nobody's pants. He could patch Eddy Stone's, a-a-n' he could patch Jimmie Nickle's, a-a-a-an' Sam Black's, an' an' "—this last all in a hurry, and as a

supreme evidence of proficiency in the art of patching—"he dest b'ieves he could patch Mr. *Lincoln's* pants!"

But this was more than Miss Lyman could stand. "No he couldn't either, for Mrs. Lincoln wouldn't let him," she declared, stung to retort by such unbridled claims on the part of Mr. Grey.

It is sad to relate also that Mr. Grey was a skeptic as well as a braggart, and had had, moreover, a doubtful past. This was revealed the morning after the Sunday on which Stanislaus had first encountered the Flood, the Ark, and Noah. After giving Mr. Grey on Monday morning a graphic account of the affair,—"An' Noah him went into ve ark, an' token all ve animals wif him, an' ven all ve wicked people was dwown'ed,"—Stanislaus appeared to listen a moment, after which he turned to Miss Lyman.

"Gwey says," he reported, " 'at he doesn't b'ieve all ve wicked people was dwown-ed, 'cause he was a-livin' ven, an' he was a very wicked man, an' he didn't go into ve Ark, an' *he* wasn't dwown-ed."

Miss Lyman might have forgiven Mr. Grey's skepticism, but he showed a tendency to incite Stanislaus to a recklessness which could not be overlooked.

None of the children were allowed to leave the school grounds without permission, but time and again Stanislaus slipped out of the gate, and was caught marching straight down the middle of the road leading to the village. This was a particularly alarming proceeding because at this point in the road automobiles were apt to put on their last crazy burst of speed before having to slow down to the sober ten miles an hour of the village limits. Indeed, one day, he was returned to the school by a white and irate automobilist.

"What do you suppose this little scoundrel did?" the man stormed. "Why, he ran out from the side of the road and *barked* at my car!"

"I was dest pertendin' I was a little puppy dog," Stanislaus murmured softly.

"Pretending you were a *puppy* dog!" roared the man. "Well, if I hadn't ditched my machine—! A *puppy dog* indeed!"

Stanislaus was turned over to Miss Lyman for very severe chastisement. He shed bitter tears, and in the midst of them his instigator's name came out.

"G-gwey said he al'us barked at aut'-mobiles—dest barked an' barked at 'em—dest whenever he got weady," he sobbed.

"If you ever do such a dreadful thing again, I shall give you the very worst whipping you ever had," Miss Lyman scolded. "Little blind boys have got to learn to be careful where they walk."

To which Stanislaus made the astonishing reply,—

"Gwey says he dest walked anywhere he got weady when he was little—'fore he got *his* eyes open."

That was the first hint that Miss Lyman got of it. Afterwards she and Miss Cynthia—Stanislaus's teacher—caught constant glimpses of a curious idea that dodged in and out of the little boy's flow of talk. A queer, elusive, will-o'-the-wisp idea, caught one minute, gone the next, yet informing all the child's dreams and happy castles of the future.

At first they compared notes on the subject.

"What *do* you suppose Stanny has got into his head?" Miss Lyman demanded of Miss Cynthia. "When I told him that Kent Woodward had a little sister, he said, 'Has s'e got her eyes open yet?' "

"Yes," agreed Miss Cynthia, "and when I happened to say that Jimmie Nickle was the biggest blind boy in school, he said he must be awful stupid not to have got his eyes open yet."

But afterwards they both by common consent avoided the subject. This was because each dreaded that the other might confirm a fear that was shaping itself in their minds.

It is probable that these two loved Stanislaus better than any one else loved him in all the world. Certainly if his father cared more for him he did not take the trouble to show it, having seemingly washed his hands of the little fellow after turning him over to the school. It was partly his delightful trick of individualizing people in general, and his friends in particular, that had so endeared him to these

two. "I al'us know when it's you," he confided to Miss Lyman, as he played with her chatelaine, "'cause I hear vese tinkly fings coming way and away, 'fore you gits here." While to Miss Cynthia he said, "I al'us knows you by vat sweet smell." And often he surprised them by such remarks as "You don't like wainy days, do you, Miss Lyman? I heard you tell Miss Cyn-fee-ia" (he always had to break that difficult name into three syllables) "vat wainy days de-de-depwessed you—" He got the big word out after a struggle. "I fink," he added, "vat wainy days de-depwess me too." Which last remark was simply an extra flourish of politeness on his part. Nothing ever really depressed him, and when he said, "Miss Cyn-fee-ia says s'e likes to laugh: I fink I like to laugh too," he came nearer the truth. He did like to laugh, and he loved life and all it had to offer him. Each morning was a wonderful gift to him, and his days went by like a chain of golden beads strung together on a thread of delight.

It was because of his delight in life, and because they loved him, and could not bear that Fate should prick any of his rainbow bubbles, that both Miss Lyman and Miss Cynthia avoided the subject after they had once discovered what tragic little hope his mind was treasuring.

Miss Julia, however, was different. Her sensibilities did not lead her into by-paths of pathos; therefore, when she chanced upon Stanislaus's little secret, she joyfully proclaimed it.

"Well, if that little Stanislaus isn't the funniest child I ever *did* see!" she began one evening in the teachers' hall. "Why, if you'll believe me, he thinks that children are like kittens and puppies, and are all born blind, and after a while they get their eyes open just like cats and dogs. He thinks he is big enough now to have his eyes open 'most any day. Well, I didn't tell him any better, but I thought I'd *die* laughing."

Here Miss Lyman and Miss Cynthia rose with one accord, and left the teachers' hall. Upstairs in Miss Lyman's room they faced each other.

"You knew!" Miss Cynthia half questioned, half asserted.

"How can I help knowing!" Miss Lyman cried passionately. "He's *always* telling me what he's going to do when 'I'm big an' can see.' It *isn't* a foolish idea! It's a perfectly natural one. Some one has told him about puppies and kittens, and of *course* he thought children were the same way. It isn't foolish, it's—"

"You've got to tell him the truth," Miss Cynthia interposed.

"I won't," Miss Lyman declared. "All his dreams and hopes are centered on that idea."

"If you don't tell him, the other boys will find it out soon and laugh at him, and that will be worse."

"Well, why have *I* got to tell him? Why don't you?"

"He loves you best," Miss Cynthia evaded.

"I don't believe any one will have to tell him," Miss Lyman took her up, hopefully. "I believe it will just drop out of his mind as he gets older. He'll just cease to believe it without any shock, without ever really knowing when he found out it wasn't so."

But she reckoned without Mr. Grey. He, it appeared, had fixed a date for the great event.

"Gwey says," Stanislaus announced, "vat he got *his* eyes open ve day he was five, an' he dest bets I'll get mine open ven, too."

Thereafter, all his dreams and plays were inspired by the magic words, "When I'm five an' can see." The sentence served as a mental spring-board to jump his imagination off into a world of wonder where he could see, "dest—dest as good as big folks," or "dest as good as Gwey."

Every day his fifth birthday drew nearer, and Miss Cynthia's eyes said, You've got to tell; and every day Miss Lyman avoided them.

At last it was the day before his birthday. He waked with the words, "To-morrow is my birfday," on his tongue, and scrambled out of bed, a little night-shirted figure of ecstasy. His dressing that morning—the putting on of his

shoes, the scrubbing of his fingers, the rather uncertain brushing of his hair—all went off to the happy refrain of—

"Tomorrow is my birfday, my birfday, my birfday!"

Some deep wisdom kept him from letting the other boys suspect what Mr. Grey had promised for his birthday, but when he came to Miss Lyman that she might look him over before he went to school, he pulled her down close to whisper, "I'm goin' to look at *you* ve very first one of all." And to seal the matter he deposited a kiss in the palm of her hand, and shut her fingers tight upon it.

"Keep vat till I come back," he commanded, and went jauntily off to school, where in all probability he made the same engaging promise to Miss Cynthia, and sealed it with the same token. But if he did, one may be certain he hid the token safe away in her hand. He was always shy about kisses, not being quite sure but that they might be visible. You could certainly feel the things, so why mightn't they be seen as well, sticking right out on one's cheek for "sighted" people to stare at? For this reason, he refused them on his own account, "'cause vey might show;" and those that he gave were always bestowed in the palm of the hand, where the fingers could be closed hastily upon them.

Miss Lyman sat in the clothes room that morning, and sewed and waited. Her needle blurred, and her thread knotted, and the patches seemed more difficult than ever, and all because she had told herself that presently she must take a little boy up in her lap and shatter his dearest hope with truth. She had made up her mind that when he came from school that morning she would have to tell him. Therefore she sat and sewed, her whole being tense for the sound of his footsteps. She knew just how he would come—with a sudden scamper up the steps outside. He always ran as soon as his fingers were sure of the rail, because much of his time he was an engine, "An' vats ve way twains come up steps." Then he would whisk around the corner, fumble an instant for the door-handle, and burst in upon her.

But after all, none of these sounds came. Instead, there was suddenly the trampling of grown-up feet, the rush of skirts, and Miss Cynthia threw the door wide.

"Oh, come—come quick!" she panted. "Stanny is hurt —He ran away—Oh! I *told* him to come straight to you. But he ran away down the road, and a motor—"

Together they sped down the long corridors to the hospital. They had brought Stanny there and laid him down on one of the very clean little beds. Such a tiny crushed morsel of humanity in the center of the big bare room! But his hand moved and he found Miss Lyman's chatelaine as she bent over him.

"I knowed you was comin' by ve tinkly fings," he whispered. Then—"I was dest playin' it was my birfday an' I could see . . . . Gwey said to . . . . Is you—is you goin' to punish me vis time?" he quavered.

"No, lovey, no—not this time," she faltered, for she had caught the look on the doctor's face.

"Gwey said he al'us dest barked an' barked at aut'mobiles . . . . Let me hold ve tinkly fings so's I will know you is vere." And by and by he murmured, "It'll be my birfday soon— *weal* soon now, won't it?"

"Very, very soon now," she answered, and clinched her hand tight to keep her voice steady.

"Why," he said, his restless fingers chancing upon her clinched ones, "why, you is still got my kiss all tight in you' hand. I'd fink it would be all melted by now." A little startled moan cut him short. "I hurts!" he cried. "Oh, I *hurts!*"

"Yes," she answered breathlessly, "Yes, my darling, it will hurt a little."

"Is it—is it 'cause my eyes is openin'?" he gasped.

"Yes, lovey, that's the reason." Her hand held his tight. "But it won't hurt long."

"Gwey never—never said it would hurt like vis," he sobbed.

The doctor stooped down and made a tiny prick in the baby arm, and after a little Stanislaus lay still.

"He may be conscious again before the end," the doctor said, "but I hardly think it is likely."

He was not. He tossed a little, and murmured broken snatches of words, but he was too busy going along this new

exciting path to turn back to the old ways, even to speak to his friends.

Miss Lyman sat beside him all through the bright afternoon, through the tender dusk, and through the dark. Late in the night, he stirred, flung his arms wide, and cried out with a little happy breath,—

"My *birfday!* It's *come!*"

And by the time it was morning he had gone.

Miss Lyman closed the eyes that had opened so wide upon another world, drew up all the curtains that the room might be flooded with the dancing light of his birthday morning, said a little prayer, committing him to his angel, and stole softly away.

HOME TO HIM'S MUVVER.

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I AM the happy possessor of a small goddaughter, a little lady of some three years, who is insatiably fond of stories. She prefers to have them told to her, but failing that, she will tell them herself. One of her favorite stories begins, "Once 'ere was a lil' boy, an' him went out on a bee's tail." I suppose what the little boy really went out on was a bee's trail; but to go out on its tail would certainly lead one to expect a much more unusual, not to say poignant, adventure.

I am not now concerned, however, with the beginnings of her stories, but rather with their invariable ending, which is always, "An' him went home to him's muvver." Bears, lions, tigers, even elephants and crocodiles, pass through the most agitating and breathless adventures,—adventures which, as a German acquaintance phrases it, "make to stand up the hair,"—but in the end they all go home to their mothers. Should a careless godmother omit this concluding phrase she is at once met by the horrified exclamation, "*Didn't* him do home to him's muvver?" and such a look in wide baby eyes as though the universe were tottering, that all possible haste is made to hurry the delinquent hero home

to the maternal bosom. Is not this a far more satisfactory conclusion than the old impossible fairy-tale one—"And so they married and lived happily ever after?"

"And him went home to him's muvver." What a port after stormy seas! How restful—how soul-restoring—how human!

An astonishing bit of wisdom to be evolved by a little person of three! And does it not embody a deep truth which has come down to us from the gray dawn of Time, preserved in many an old myth? One remembers Antaeus, for instance, whose strength was always renewed every time he touched his mother Terra, the earth. But my god-daughter's formula is matched by a far more wonderful story. One of the most often recounted adventures of her heroes is, "An' him ate a lot of can'y an' got very sick, an' *ven* him went home to him's muvver." "I will arise and go to my Father—" Is not hers an exquisite baby version of the Prodigal Son, freshly inspired, I do not doubt, by the great Source of all inspiration? And has not her little tongue expressed a deep need felt by us all?

Just what I mean by a going-home to one's mother in this larger sense, is perhaps a little difficult to define. Yet, surely, it must be a universal experience. Have we not all at some time—often following a period of confusion and stress of circumstances — suddenly experienced that deep sense of finding ourselves where we belonged? A sense of restfulness, of home-coming, of general rightness and well-being? It is a sloughing off of the non-essential and the trivial, and a shifting of the spirit into deeper and simpler channels; a pause, when in the midst of all this mad dance of time and circumstance one gets a sudden, enlarging glimpse of Truth and Eternity.

I have been home to my mother very many times, and by very many different paths. Sometimes by way of books, when I have stumbled upon a revelation of thought which presses open spiritual doors; sometimes by way of familiar music; again, and perhaps most often of all, led home by Dame Nature, my hand in hers.

Every spring there is a going-home to my mother for me, when as May swings into her perfumed place among the months she finds me returned to a well-loved little corner of the world. There I am faced by the wide sweep of mountains which I have known always. I wander up and down long familiar paths, dig in old flower borders, and greet old friends. The trivial and ephemeral accumulations of the city winter melt away in this genial atmosphere of out-of-doors, but what has been gathered of permanence, the spirit takes up and knits into its being. All the spinning confusion of life is tranquilized and for a little while the soul kneels down in obedience to that world-old command, "Be still, and know that I am God," "the spirit of Truth within thee."

Ah! these Heaven-sent periods when the littlenesses of Time are swept away in a great inrushing realization of Eternity!

Out of the past I recall one such glorified moment. It comes back to me only in fragmentary memories, and yet the essentials are all there. I remember first a confused, hot, somewhat disorganized kitchen. Unexpected visitors had arrived just at supper-time, and there was bustle and haste and some apprehension lest the larder should fall short. I remember hurrying out across the back yard to the storeroom, and then, all at once, out there in the wide, soft darkness, I remember I stood still. The heat and confusion of the kitchen were almost in touch of me, and yet were infinitely far away. For an instant, I withdrew into a place of peace. I remember whispering through the dark and stillness, childishly enough, no doubt, "Are you there, little soul?" Afterwards I went swiftly on my errand, and presently was gathered back into the kitchen's confused bustle. But now all was changed. For that glorified instant out there in the dark I had touched bottom. I had been "home to my mother." A sordid way of return, the reader may think; and yet, does not much of the best in life flower out of its small, apparently sordid necessities?

But what was this return? Nothing was apparently changed by it, and yet everything was really changed. It

was a spiritual setting of one's house in order; a showing up of temporal things in the light of things eternal.

There comes a time for all of us when we are met by the need of some such setting in order. Surely the world is faced now by as crucial a need as it ever knew. Very terrible situations are starting up before us. In a few breathless, poignant months the old comfortable ways of half the world have been trampled into blood and destruction. We stand still, appalled, asking ourselves how we may meet these overwhelming catastrophes. I answer in all seriousness and with a deep conviction that it can be done only by going home to our mother. Only those of us can withstand the awful present who have the ability to enter into spiritual sanctuaries. Only the things of the spirit can shelter us; only our souls the big guns cannot blow to atoms. Health and wealth, ease, prosperity, security, where are they now? Ask Belgium. Ask Poland. Nay, ask half mankind.

"Be still and know that I am God." Oh, little god-daughter, this is the real going home to one's mother. I can ask no more golden talisman for you to hold fast, through all the years to come and on into eternity, than this magic gift of the spiritual return.

THE LITTLE TRUMPETERS.

From *The Atlantic Monthly*, April, 1922. Used by permission.

I met the herald jonquils
  Amid the grass to-day,
They trooped, the little trumpeters,
  In glad and green array;
Each held a golden bugle,
  And each a spear of green,
They said they were the messengers
  From April's misty queen.

Spring gave a swift direction,
  A hidden countersign,—
Mayhap it was the bluebird's pipe,—
  They straightened up in line;
There came a rushing whisper,
  A mystic sudden breeze;
It tossed their little horns on high,
  Their trumpets to the trees.

They blew a golden message,
  A shout of love and spring,
A tip-toe blast of just one word—
  A word for stars to sing;
They tossed their living trumpets,
  The word they blew and blew—
And the word, O Lord of Life, the word
  Was You! You! You!

WALTER HINES PAGE

WALTER HINES PAGE

[1855—1918]

EDWIN ANDERSON ALDERMAN

WALTER HINES PAGE and the writer of this sketch were brought up in the same old southern state and in the same general era of sacrifice and seriousness which characterized a land smitten by war and revolution and grimly struggling back into the field of national consciousness and modern democracy. I must, therefore, speak of him not in any fashion of memorial stateliness, but intimately as one who knew and loved him.

Walter Page was a big, wholesome, clear-sighted human being, gifted with a genius for enthusiasm, a talent for seeing things in the large, and courage to pursue and fight for the attainment of his vision. His mind was not of the logical or analytical type. He somehow discerned, by a sort of swift intuition, the essence of things and then went after what he desired to bring about with something of the passion of a practical crusader. It is possible, therefore, to see and trace with clearness the outlines of the life of this purposeful democrat who thought little of himself, but much of his country and of mankind, as he traveled from the cotton fields of North Carolina to the Court of St. James.

Walter Hines Page, editor, publisher, and the United States Ambassador to Great Britain, was born in the little village of Cary, near Raleigh, North Carolina, August 15, 1855. He was the son of Allison F. and Catherine Raboteau Page. His ancestors were southern planters chiefly of English origin with admixtures of Scotch-Irish and Huguenot strains. He was ten years of age when the Civil War came to a close and thus his thoughtful boyhood was passed amid the social and economical ravages of the period of reconstruction, and the first ambitions to awaken within him were doubtless the ambitions to heal the wounds of war, to master the secrets of industrial democracy, to substitute for the old obstacles to growth and progress the weapons of a new age and a new order. His first dream was the rebuilding of old commonwealths lying in ruins about him and appealing to his love and loyalty by their inherent greatness and splendid gallantry, and his last dream was the unification and rebuilding of a world order enveloped in catastrophe by the mad ambitions of an outworn autocracy. Such unity of purpose and such consistency of effort are seldom comprehended in the careers of modern publicists and statesmen. The predominant qualities in the

youthful Page were intellectual and literary, and, unlike many southern youths of his day, he was fortunate enough to receive the best education obtainable in the South of his time. His preparatory instruction was received at the Bingham School, a famous military school of his native state. He was graduated in 1876 from Randolph-Macon College, distinguished for its sincerity and high standards. In the autumn of 1876 he began a post-graduate course at Johns Hopkins University, then newly established at Baltimore and attracting to its doors by reason of the great scholars called to its service and its inspiring ideals of research and scholarship, the ambitious young scholars of the country. He remained at Hopkins as a fellow in the Greek language and literature for two years, meeting there incidentally another young southerner laying the foundation of his attainments in government and political science, Thomas Woodrow Wilson by name. I saw Walter Page for the first time in 1879. He was standing up before a group of North Carolina school teachers, into whose society I had casually strayed at my old University at Chapel Hill, lecturing to them and seeking to make clear to them the Greek view of life and the meaning of the Hellenic spirit. He was going about it eagerly and unconventionally, and one might have imagined that his chief purpose in life was to engraft the Greek view of life upon those elementary school teachers.

At the age of twenty-three young Page grappled with life in earnest, and for the next twenty years he may be seen roving and fighting about the country in ever-increasing posts of difficulty and responsibility, with perfect unity of purpose striving to comprehend the currents of American life, to interpret them to the various sections, and to express them fairly and vividly. Intellectually he was a born radical, in the best sense of that much abused term, and professionally he was a born publicist and editor. Nothing ever came before his eyes from the moral law to a piece of useful mechanism that he did not challenge its claims to perfection and ask if it might not be made better, and no spectacle ever unfolded itself before him from a court ball at Buckingham Palace to the closing exercises of a negro school, that he did not have the impulse to describe it and pluck out its meaning, so that others may know and understand. What he most loved to do was to clarify and simplify events and situations and problems, and what he most detested and greeted with explosive scorn and raucous denunciation was pretentious dullness and muddle and mediocrity.

During these twenty years he was respectively schoolmaster in Louisville, editor of newspapers in Missouri and North Carolina, founding the *State Chronicle* in the latter state in 1883, and con-

ducting it for two years through a brilliant and stormy, if unsuccessful career. In the meantime he wrote syndicate articles for New York, Boston, Chicago, and Philadelphia papers, became literary editor of the *New York World,* went to Utah to study Mormonism, roamed the South as a student of sociological and enconomic problems, and finally found his *métier* in the managership of the *Forum,* a moribund magazine which he quickly restored to vigor and prosperity.

As the result of this success, which was the magazine achievement of his time, Page, in 1896, became the editor of the *Atlantic Monthly,* then the most distinguished magazine editorship in America. Thus at forty, Page had achieved the top of his profession. The success of the *Atlantic* under its new, virile, directing mind brought prosperity to the publication and added fame to its editor. In 1899 Page joined hands with Mr. Frank N. Doubleday in the formation of the great publishing house, bearing their names. It was impossible, however, for Page to spend his life in the publishing business simply. His busy brain generated ideas, his interest in men and in the progress of American democracy demanded a platform and a sounding board. The editor-soul of him required expression and in the year 1900 Page founded the *World's Work,* giving to it its impressive name, its ideals, its comprehensive view of the vital and progressive achievements of mankind. I question if any man in the world ever enjoyed himself more thoroughly than did Page in the dozen years between 1900 and 1913. He loved books and was interested in their making. He saw the magazine which he had founded grow in usefulness and influence. In "The March of Events" he commented upon and interpreted the men and events that were shaping the destiny of his country and the world with fresh vigor and amazing candor.

> *"To business that we love we rise betime*
> *And go to't with delight"*

became alike the motto of the new publication and an exact expression of its editor's spirit. This recital of Page's activities in journalism and editorship does not, however, give an idea of the scope of his interests and his labors. The controlling idea in the mind of Page was his belief in democracy as the ultimate form of government among men. I have never known a more perfect democrat than Walter Page. He called it the great Hope. The conception thrilled, exalted, and guided him as religion used to guide its devotees in the Age of Faith. His incisive mind quickly saw the absolute interdependence of education and democracy and his roman-

tic affection for his native region, the South, caused him to throw his energies at an early date into the movement to furnish that region with an adequate system of public education. While editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* he had published serially and anonymously 'The Autobiography of a Southerner' under the pseudonym of Nicholas Worth. The book was not kindly received in the South, for Page, with his usual frankness, set forth what he conceived to be certain hindering forces and prejudices at work in his old homeland. But his motives were high and his passion real and sincere for the clearing away of difficulties and the unobstructed advance of the South into power and prosperity.

As early as 1897 in a memorable address entitled "The Forgotten Man" delivered before the State Normal and Industrial School for Women at Greensboro, North Carolina, he had formulated a great program of educational development for the southern states, and this was followed by numerous addresses in all parts of the South, insisting in his intensely practical way upon the need of sanitation, diversified agriculture, and highway construction. Two agencies, the Southern Education Board and the General Education Board, were then newly formed for promoting these great civilizing forces, and Page became charter member of both. He quickly saw the error of much of the education given the negro in the early experiments in that field and gave his hearty support to the industrial training advocated and exemplified by Hampton and Tuskegee Institutes. As a member of President Roosevelt's Country Life Commission he gave time and thought to the enforcement of rural life and as a member of the International Health Commission, he took keen interest in abolishing disease and extending the conveniences and necessaries of civilization to backward peoples. All this sort of effort stimulated his imagination and seemed to him to be laying the basis of real social progress.

It was the fortune of the writer to be thrown often with Page during this brief period and thus to be able to discover in him those charming and appealing personal qualities which gained him friends wherever he went. Zest in living, pride of toil, fertility of resource, genius for friendship informed and illuminated his eager days.

He had married in 1889, Alice, the daughter of Dr. William Wilson, of Michigan. Three sons and one daughter had been born to them. The marriage was an ideal union, and Page found the rearing of a family, as he found almost every task, a spirited and exciting adventure, the result of which he lived to see notably successful. Page was a bluff outright sort of man who won friends, not by adroit suavity, but by straightforward candor, but he was a man

of wide and tender sympathies who took great joy in praising others and discovering talents in others. He was eternally looking for practical excellence in people, and then prodding them on to do their best. Friendship was a great emotional fact to him, not a vague polite usage. During the busiest period of his life, he once found time to send weekly letters throbbing with sense and nonsense and humor and wisdom and quaint conceits to beguile the sickness and loneliness of a friend.

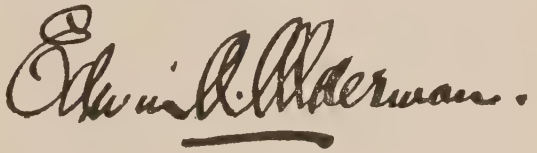
Page was one of the first men in America to discern in Woodrow Wilson a new and potential figure in American politics. At Christmas, 1912, he wrote me: "I do profoundly hold the democratic faith and believe that it can be worked into action among men. I have a new amusement, a new excitement, a new study, a new hope and sometimes a new fear—and its name is Wilson." He worked unselfishly for the election of this new Hope, and though in no sense a regular party man, the president quickly named him for the most important post in our foreign service, the Ambassadorship to Great Britain, and in April of that year he took on the duties of that post, and for the five most critical years in Anglo-American relations, discharged those duties with such ability as to justify me in declaring his appointment the wisest diplomatic choice of President Wilson. No man since Charles Francis Adams has so profoundly affected the relation between these two great English-speaking peoples. Even before the outbreak of the great war he had won his way and demonstrated his peculiar fitness for the new task by his broad outlook, his quality of spirit, his literary attainments, his sympathy with arts and letters, and always his unpretentious Americanism.

'The Life and Letters of Walter H. Page,' by Burton J. Hendrick, now issuing from the press, will give to other ages an unforgettable picture of his genius as a letter writer and of his activities in the Ambassadorship before and during the war. His claim to distinction in the field of pure literature rests upon his letters. They belong among the letters that will live and his name may be fairly mentioned along with Lowell and William James and Robert Louis Stevenson as a master of that most human form of literary expression. The Mexican crisis, the Panama tolls, tested his power of statesmanship immediately, and his speeches throughout England on educational, literary, and patriotic occasions soon placed him securely among the unusual men who have represented America at the English Court. And then the war came. It was my fortune to be his guest in London during the days which saw the first battle of the Marne, and to be a witness to the scope and burden of the vast labors that

then fell upon him. There is no space in this brief sketch to recite these labors. He became for a while a sort of Ambassador in General for all the countries at war with the Allies. Great problems of organization and helpfulness fell upon him and his staff. He was punctilious in all the proprieties of his station, but his discerning eye saw immediately the meaning of this world conflict, and in my judgment, he never drew a neutral breath until the armistice bells pealed out the victory. In his judgment the issue at stake was whether the Teutonic, imperialistic view of society and government or the democratic view expressed in the forms of law and social organization characteristic of English, American, and French society should prevail in this world. In brief the freedom of the individual and the progress of democracy were at stake in all lands. One great purpose of reconciliation, the union of the North and South, had guided his early days. Another great similar purpose, the union in sympathy and understanding of the United States and Great Britain, now dominated his mind. He genuinely believed that such a union was the most desirable thing in modern civilization and he bent all his energies and proper efforts to its realization. His negotiation with the British Foreign office over the blockade will disclose the delicacy of a situation, which in other hands might have had disastrous consequence. With vigor, and often with severity, he upheld the rights of America as a neutral and cared for American interests with uncompromising intelligence. His friendship with Sir Edward Grey and other leading men of the British Cabinet enabled him to accomplish his end without friction, but his mind was ever occupied with the thought that this conflict was our conflict, and that we must join hands with the allies to conquer a lasting peace and future liberty. The entrance of America into the war gave him great satisfaction, for though loathing war, he felt that our intervention was necessary to victory, and in 1917, though failing in health, he became a powerful bulwark to the allied cause. The pent-up conclusions his eager spirit had reached poured forth to his government. He kept the president informed of every current flowing in English life. He reported events and opinions, pleasant and unpleasant, with vigor and authority. He wrote as a man who saw human liberty menaced and would preserve it for mankind even at the sacrifice of his life. He urged that all available destroyers be sent to Europe; that American banks be prohibited from transferring funds or credits to Germany; that a department of munition be founded; that man power be conscripted; that a department of technical and financial matters be created; and, above all, that a unit or units of American troops be sent to England and France. Indeed, in

a very high sense he became the voice of the new world cheering forward the old in its struggle for freedom.

In August, 1918, broken in health at last he was forced to resign his great office, in the hope that the quiet and peace of his old home would restore him to health, but it was not to be. He had wrecked his body in the service of men and came home to die in December, 1918, while all the world was thrilling with the victory he had dreamed of and worked for, and planning for the new peace which would, as men then thought, establish a new era in human society. This tired and faithful servant of the state who had fought to the finish and won the fight in a crisis of the world, met his end with courage and dignity, and at his own request, was laid to rest under "the long leaf pines" of his native home, which he loved so simply and had served so faithfully.



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The appended list of titles gives a very inadequate idea of Page's literary output. The pages of his magazines, of course, are full of his clear and vigorous writing. In some way his scores of speeches made in England, as many as twenty a month, are not available in printed form. His chiefest claim to literary fame will rest upon his letters.

The Mummy Letters. North Carolina State Chronicle, 1886.

Rebuilding of Old Commonwealths. New York, 1902.

A Publisher's Confession. New York, 1905.

The Southerner: Being the Autobiography of Nicholas Worth. New York, 1909.

Fourth of July Address. London, 1917.

The Union of Two Great Peoples: An Address at Plymouth, England, August 4, 1917. London, 1917.

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Life and Letters of Walter Hines Page, by Burton J. Hendrick. Garden City, New York, 1922.

PLEA FOR POPULAR EDUCATION.

From 'The Rebuilding of Old Commonwealths.' Copyright by Doubleday, Page & Co., and used here by the permission of the publishers.

THE old aristocratic system had a leaning towards charity as the ecclesiastical system has; and the view of education as a charity has always been one of the greatest weaknesses of both systems. Education pays the State. The more persons educated the better education pays the State. But to dole it out to a restricted number is to regard it as charity, to turn the State into an alms-giver. Most of the Eastern States, where the aristocratic idea was strongest, have stopped short of free universities; but many of the Western States have been wiser.

In the State of Michigan, for instance, a child of either sex may begin its education at a public school and pursue it through the State University without charge; and this University has become one of the strongholds of learning in the Union and one of our great schools. A similar system has been adopted in Kansas, in Texas, and in other States. Any child in any one of those great Commonwealths may have free training from infancy to maturity—free training in one of the most efficient systems of education ever devised by man. And this system has been constructed and developed almost within the lifetime of the youngest of us.

The opportunity exists in North Carolina to establish a similar system by a single effort and without any considerable increase of expenditure. We have our State University, most useful and vigorous under its recent President, and its present one, and we have our three larger and older denominational colleges—Davidson College with its solidity and old-time dignity, Wake Forest College, a striking demonstration of what people of moderate means may at any time do when they work with united purpose, and Trinity College with its new life made possible by its generous benefactors. We have all these and the other State schools and denominational schools for boys and for girls. If they could all be united into one great school, it would at once become by far the most efficient and note-

worthy institution in the South. And there is no reason why it should not become one of the great seats of learning in the Union. If the doors of such an institution were thrown open free to every boy and girl in the State, and there were free schools to train them for it, we should no longer talk of forgotten men and women; and people from other States would seek homes here. These counties would be peopled at last by as useful and as cultivated a population as any in the United States.

Nor need the religious influence of any of the denominational colleges suffer by such a move when the time for it comes. Every one might have its own domitory and religious supervision over pupils of its own sect. A definite movement of this sort has already been made where the denominational schools have shown a wish to become a part of the system of public education.

But I have wandered too far from the problems of the immediate present. Such things as I have spoken of, we may look for in the future. What may we not look for in the future? Whatever I may say in prophecy would be as inadequate as all that I might say in congratulation. Great changes come as silently as the seasons. I am no more sure of this spring time than I am of the rejuvenation of our society and the lifting up of our life. A revolution is in progress, and this institution is one of the first and best fruits of it. I declare in truth and soberness, that this is the most inspiring sight that I have ever seen in North Carolina, and before the moral earnestness of well-trained women social illusions vanish and worn-out traditions fall away.

O earnest young Womanhood of the Commonwealth, we that had forgotten you now thankfully do you honor. Many a man with the patriotic spirit that is our inheritance has striven to lift dead men's hands from our stagnant life and has been baffled by a century's inertia. I speak the gladdest speech of my life when I say that you have lifted them. This institution and your presence is proof that the State has remembered the forgotten woman. You in turn will remember the forgotten child; and in this remembrance

is laid the foundation of a new social order. The neglected people will rise and with them will rise all the people.

Educational work in these States is sometimes more than the teaching of youth; it is the building of a new social order. The far-reaching quality of the work that the energetic educators in the South are doing lifts them out of the ranks of mere school-masters and puts them on the level of constructive statesmen. They are the servants of democracy in a sense that no other public servants now are; for they are the rebuilders of these old commonwealths.

Any man who has the privilege to contribute even so small a thing as applause to this great movement feels the thrill of this State-building work so strongly that he is not likely to take a keen interest in such tame exercise as historical speculation. Yet it would be interesting to speculate on the effects of Jefferson's plan for public education if it had been carried out. Would the public schools not have prevented the growth of slavery? True, public schools and slavery, as well as most other human institutions, are the results of economic forces; but, if the masses of the Southern population had been educated, or trained to work, (and such training is education) a stronger economic impetus might have been given to diversified pursuits than cotton-culture gave to slavery, and the whole course of our history might have been changed. But, whatever may have been the results of Jefferson's educational policy if it had been worked out in Virginia, the development of Southern life in the next hundred years will be determined by the success with which it shall now be worked out. The nature of the problem is clear. The work will be slow and the recovery from these last efforts of slavery may require as long a time as it required to abolish slavery; but of the ultimate result no man who can distinguish dominant from incidental forces can have a doubt.

The Southern people were deflected from their natural development. They are the purest of American stock we have. They are naturally as capable as any part of our population. They are now slowly but surely working out their own destiny; and that destiny is a democratic order of

society which will be an important contribution to the Republic that their ancestors took so large a part in establishing. Rich, undeveloped resources of American life lie in these great rural stretches that are yet almost unknown. The foremost patriotic duty of our time is to hasten their development.

THE UNITED STATES AND GREAT BRITAIN.

Speech delivered at Plymouth, England, August 4, 1917.

We are met on the most tragic anniversary in history. It is not a day to celebrate for its own sake. What we shall be glad to celebrate will be the day of victory, and its anniversary ever afterwards. But, before we achieve victory, it is fit that we meet on this dire anniversary to fortify our purpose, if it need fortifying; to pledge ourselves that the brave men who have died shall not have died in vain; and to re-assert our purpose to finish the task even if it exhaust the vast resources and take the heaviest toll of the valiant lives of the Allies in Europe and of the Republic across the sea. For what would the future of the human race be worth if the deliberate and calculated barbarism of our enemies overrun the earth? The supreme gift of free government, which this brave island gave to the world and to which all free lands chiefly owe their freedom, would be swept away. Let the darkness of death overtake us now rather than the darkness of tyranny should sweep over all free lands.

We do not need to review these terrible three years. Everyone of us is constantly doing that whether he would or not. For the war has shut most preceding experiences and memories of normal and joyful tasks out of our minds. But there are several facts that we may profitably recall.

The chief one is the fact that the war was thrust on us. Not only did the Allied Nations not begin it; they did nothing to provoke it. They did all they could to prevent it. Documentary proof of this is abundant, and has been so

clearly cited that I shall not weary you with another recital of it.

Another fact is the persistent denial by German public men and soldiers that the war was of their making. This is important not only as a measure of their moral qualities, but as an indication of their method of retreat. They will appeal to the pity of the world that they set out to subdue.

It is surely proper for us on this tragic anniversary to ponder on these large facts while we strengthen our resolve to save ourselves and the world from a degrading servitude that would be worse than death. After the war is ended and we can look back calmly at these years, they will, I imagine, stand out in our memory, in certain moods, as a horrible nightmare, in certain other moods as a time of heroic cleansing of the earth of an ancient and deadly malady. Military despotisms have ever been one of the greatest evils of human society. We have now learned, that with modern physical progress they are become far more dangerous and far more loathsome than they were in simpler times.

But after these general reflections on the nature of the great conflict, I think it more proper that I should speak, in this place of sacred historic associations for so long a part of American life, rather of one great by-product of the war, of one happy incident which may well turn out to be the best result of it: I mean the closer coming-together of the two great English-speaking parts of the world.

No American can come to Plymouth without thinking of the going of the English from these shores to the new land where they set up a new freedom and laid the foundations of the most prosperous and hopeful community of the earth. In the course of time those New World communities fell apart from political allegiance to the Old Land. But they fell apart from the Old Land only in political allegiance. If we had need to discuss this political divergence, I should maintain that political separation was as well for you as it was necessary for us, and that by reason of it human freedom was further advanced, and a new chapter in free men's growth opened throughout the English-speaking world.

The American Revolution was a civil war fought on each side by men of the same race. And this civil war was fought in the Colonial Assemblies, and in Parliament as well as on the battlefields in America, and it was won in the Colonial Assemblies and in Parliament as well as on the battlefields in America; for from that day on you have regarded Colonies as free and equal communities with the Mother Country. This civil war naturally left a trail of distrust, the greater because of the long distance between us by sail. But, when the first steamship came over the ocean, and still more when the cable bound us together, a new union began to come about because these eliminations of distance set the tide of feeling in the natural course laid out by kinship and common aims.

But in the meantime the American community had developed in its own way, and our life had become more and more different from life in this Kingdom. We became so fixed and so different in our conventions and ways of life that we could not easily come back to your conventions and ways of life if we would.

In fact there is no other test that the British people have had—no test that any people has ever had—which proved its great qualities so well as the British settlement and management of America. Here were men in a new land cut off from close contact with their kinsmen at home, who took their political affairs in their own hands, and thereafter were without guidance or support from the mother country. How did the race stand such a test? No other migrating race has stood such a test so well; and those first English colonists have now grown, by natural increase and by numerous adoptions into a people which today includes more English-speaking white men than the whole British Empire. They have not only outgrown in numbers all the British elsewhere; but they have kept what may be called the faith of the race. They have kept the racial and national characteristics. They have kept British laws, British freedom, British parliaments, British character. I am not boasting,

ladies and gentlemen, of my own land; I am only reciting how your race has endured and survived separation from you and your land. Our foundations were British; our political structure is British with variations; our social structure is British—also with important variations; more important still, our standards of character and of honor and of duty are your standards; and life and freedom have the same meaning to us that they have to you. These are the essential things; and in these we have always been one. Our admixture of races to make a richer American stock is similiar to the admixture of races that went, in an earlier time, to the making of a richer British stock on these Islands. In most of our steps forward in human advancement we have but repeated in a larger land and under new conditions the steps that you took in these Islands in the struggling days of the making of our race and in the beginnings of its institutions.

During the long period of sailing craft and before the telegraph, we lost no racial characteristics. We lost only close personal contact. We lost personal acquaintance. We even had sharp differences of opinion, which in fact is a quality of our race. But, if you review our history carefully, you will discover, I think, that no difference that ever arose between us was ever half as important as it got credit for being at the time. Most of them were superficial differences. Such as were more serious found settlement—once again by war and many times by patient study that led to understanding. And when they were settled, they were settled. That has always been our way with one another.

We were, under the influence of swift communication and travel, already losing our long isolation, and you were relaxing your misjudgments when our Civil War again proved that we were made of the same stuff that has made the race on this Island; and we swung into a period of even closer understanding.

And now the day of our supreme test and of the heroic mood is come. There is now a race-reason why we should

have a complete understanding; and such a complete understanding is come.

You will, I hope, pardon me, for even alluding to our old differences; for they are now long forgotten far-off things. I allude to them only to clear the way. It is not the going of the Pilgrims nor the falling away of the colonies that we now celebrate, but rather the coming of American warships which symbolize the new union of the two peoples that this fierce assault on our civilization has revealed afresh. Politically two peoples. In all high aims and in the love of freedom we are one, and must now remain as one forever.

This war has swept away incidental differences between us as a harrow smooths a field. Not only are our warships come—our troop ships, too, have landed an army on the soil of our brave Ally where the enemy yet keeps the wavering line of an invader; and more warships will come and more troop ships, million-laden if need be, till the line is forever broken and till the submarines are withdrawn or are forever submerged. There is coming the greatest victory for free government that was ever won, and the day of this victory which we are both fighting for may turn out to be the most important date in our history or perhaps in all history.

And the necessity to win it has cleared the air as no other event in modern time has cleared it; and but for the millions of brave lives that are gone out, this clearing of the air would richly repay all that the war will cost.

It has revealed the future of the world to us not as conquerors but as preservers of its peace. The free peace-loving nations will have no more of this colossal armed and ordered murder and pillage; and no combination of the peace-loving nations can be made effective without both branches of the English-speaking peoples. This Empire and the Great Republic must, then, be the main guardians of civilization hereafter, the conscious and leagued guardians of the world.

The following letters are taken from the forthcoming 'Life and Letters of Walter Hines Page,' by Burton J. Hendrick. Copyright by Doubleday, Page & Co. By kind permission of the publishers and author.

Mr. Page to Mr. Arthur W. Page, Now Editor of The World's Work.

Gordon Army Hotel, Elgin, Scotland.

September 6, 1913.

DEAR ARTHUR:

Your mother and Kitty and I are on our way to see Andy [Andrew Carnegie]. Had you any idea that to motor from London to Skibo means driving more than 800 miles? Our speedometer now shows more than 700 and we've another day to go—at least 130 miles. And we haven't even had a tire accident. Andy, of course, is merely a good excuse to come driving to see England and Scotland. We're having a delightful journey—only this country yields neither vegetables nor fruits, and I have to live on oatmeal. They spell it p-o-r-r-i-d-g-e, and they call it púruge. But they beat all creation as carnivorous folk. We stayed last night at a beautiful mountain hotel at Braemar (the same town whereat Stevenson wrote 'Treasure Island') and they had nine kinds of meat for dinner and eggs in three ways, and no vegetables but potatoes.—But this morning we struck the same thin oatbread that you ate at Grandfather Mountain.

I've never understood the Scotch. I think they are, without doubt, the most capable race in the world—away from home. But how they came to be so and how they keep up their character and supremacy and keep breeding true needs explanation. As you come through the country, you see the most monotonous and dingy little houses and thousands of robust children, all dirtier than Niggers. In the fertile parts of the country, the fields are beautifully cultivated—for Lord This-and-T'other who lives in London and comes up here in summer to collect his rents and to shoot. The country people seem desperately poor. But they don't lose their robustness. In the solid cities—the solidest you ever saw, all being of granite—such as Edinburg and Aberdeen, where you see the prosperous class, they

look the sturdiest and most independent fellows you ever saw. As they grow old they all look like blue-bellied Presbyterian elders. Scotch to the marrow—everybody and everything seems—bare knees alike on the street and in the hotel with dress coats on, bagpipes—there's no sense in these things, yet being Scotch they live forever. The first men I saw early this morning on the street in front of the hotel were two weather-beaten old chaps, with gray beards under their chins. "Gudddddd Murrrrninggggg, Andy," said one. "Gudddddd Murrrrninggggg, Sandy," said the other; and they trudged on. They'd dethrone kings before they'd shave differently or drop their burrs and gutturals or cover their knees or cease lying about the bagpipe. And you can't get it out of the blood. Your mother* becomes provoked when I say these things, and I shouldn't wonder if you yourself resent them and break out quoting Burns. Now the Highlands can't support a population larger than the mountain counties of Kentucky. Now your Kentucky feud is a mere disgrace to civilization. But your Highland feud is celebrated in song and story. Every clan keeps itself together to this day by its history and by its check. At a turn in the road in the mountains yesterday, there stood a statue of Rob Roy painted every stripe to life. We saw his sword and purse in Sir Walter's house at Abbotsford. The King himself wore the kilt and one of the plaids at his last court ball at Buckingham Palace, and there is a man who writes his name and is called "The Macintosh of Macintosh," and that's a prouder title than the King's. A little handful of sheep-stealing bandits got themselves immortalized and heroized, and they are now all Presbyterian elders. They got *their* church "established" in Scotland, and when the King comes to Scotland, by Jehosaphat, he is obliged to become a Presbyterian. Yet your Kentucky feudist—poor devil—he comes too late. The Scotchman has preempted that particular field of glory. And all such comparisons make your mother fighting mad.

W. H. P.

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*Mrs. Walter H. Page is the daughter of a Scotchman.

Mr. Page to the President.

London, Sunday, August 9, 1914.

DEAR MR. PRESIDENT:

God save us! What a week it has been! Last Sunday I was down here at the cottage I have taken for the summer—an hour out of London—uneasy because of the apparent danger and of what Sir Edward Grey had told me. During the day people began to go to the Embassy, but not in great numbers—merely to ask what they should do in case of war. The Secretary whom I had left in charge on Sunday telephoned me every few hours and laughingly told funny experiences with nervous women who came in and asked absurd questions. Of course, we all knew the grave danger that war might come, but nobody could by the wildest imagination guess at what awaited me. On Monday I was at the Embassy earlier than I think I had ever been there before, and every member of the staff was already on duty. Before breakfast time the place was filled—packed like sardines. This was two days before war was declared. There was no chance to talk to individuals, such was the jam. I got on a chair and explained that I had already telegraphed to Washington—on Saturday—suggesting the sending of money and ships, and asking them to be patient. I made a speech to them several times during the day, and kept the Secretaries doing so at intervals. More than 2,000 Americans crowded into those offices (which are not large) that day. We were kept there till two o'clock in the morning. The Embassy has not been closed since.

Mr. Kent of the Bankers Trust Company in New York volunteered to form an American Citizens' Relief Committee. He and other men of experience and influence organized themselves at the Savoy Hotel. The hotel gave the use of nearly a whole floor. They organized themselves quickly and admirably and got information about steamships and currency, etc. We began to send callers at the Embassy to this Committee for such information. The banks were all closed for four days. These men got money enough—put it up themselves and used their English banking friends for

help—to relieve all cases of actual want of cash that came to them. Tuesday the crowd at the Embassy was still great but smaller. The big space at the Savoy Hotel gave them room to talk to one another and to get relief for immediate needs. By that time I had accepted the volunteer services of five or six men to help me explain to the people—and they have all worked manfully day and night. We now have an orderly organization at four places—The Embassy, the Consul-General's Office, the Savoy, and the American Society in London, and everything is going well. Those two first days, there was, of course, great confusion. Crazy men and weeping women were imploring and cursing and demanding—God knows it was bedlam turned loose. I have been called a man of the greatest genius for an emergency by some, by others a damned fool, by others every epithet between these extremes. Men shook English banknotes in my face and demanded United States money and swore our Government and its agents ought all to be shot. Women expected me to hand them steamship tickets home. When some found out that they could not get tickets on the transports (which they assumed would sail the next day) they accused me of favoritism. These absurd experiences will give you a hint of the panic. But now it has worked out all right, thanks to the Savoy Committee and other helpers.

Meantime, of course, our telegrams and mail increased almost as much as our callers. I have filled the place with stenographers, I have got the Savoy people to answer classes of letters, and we have caught up. My own time and the time of two of the Secretaries has been almost wholly taken with Governmental problems; hundreds of questions have come in from every quarter that were never asked before. But even with them we have now practically caught up—it has been a wonderful week!

Then the Austrian Ambassador came to give us his Embassy—to take over his business. Every detail was arranged. The next morning I called on him to assume charge and say good-bye, when he told me that he was not yet going! That was a stroke of genius by Sir Edward Grey who informed him that Austria had not given Eng-

land cause for war. That may work out, or it may not. Pray Heaven it may! Poor Mensdorff, the Austrian Ambassador, does not know where he is. He is practically shut up in his guarded Embassy, weeping and waiting the decree of fate.

Then came the declaration of war, most dramatically. Tuesday night, five minutes after the ultimatum had expired, the Admiralty telegraphed to the fleet "Go." In a few minutes the answer came back "Off." Soldiers began to march through the city going to the railway stations. An indescribable crowd so blocked the streets about the Admiralty, the War Office, and the Foreign Office, that at one o'clock in the morning I had to drive in my car by other streets to get home.

The next day the German Embassy was turned over to me. I went to see the German Ambassador at three o'clock in the afternoon. He came down in his pajamas—a crazy man. I feared he might literally go mad. He is of the anti-war party and he had done his best and utterly failed. This interview was one of the most pathetic experiences of my life. The poor man had not slept for several nights. Then came the crowds of frightened Germans, afraid that they would be arrested. They besieged the German Embassy and our Embassy. I put one of our naval officers in the German Embassy, put the United States on the door to protect it, and we began business there, too. Our naval officer has moved in—sleeps there. He has an assistant, a stenographer, a messenger: and I gave him the German automobile and chauffeur and two English servants that were left there. He has the job well in hand now, under my and Laughlin's supervision. But this has brought still another new lot of diplomatic and governmental problems—a lot of them. Three enormous German banks in London have, of course, been closed. Their managers pray for my aid. Howling women come and say their innocent German husbands have been arrested as spies. English, Germans, Americans—everybody has daughters and wives and invalid grandmothers alone in Germany. In God's name, they ask, what can I do for them? Here come stacks of letters sent

under the impression that I can send them to Germany. But the German business is already well in hand and I think that that will take little of my own time and will give little trouble. I shall send a report about it in detail to the Department the very first day I can find time to write it. In spite of the effort of the English Government to remain at peace with Austria, I fear I shall yet have the Austrian Embassy, too. But I can attend to it.

Now, however, comes the financial job of wisely using the $300,000 which I shall have to-morrow. I am using Mr. Chandler Anderson as counsel, of course. I have appointed a Committee—Skinner, the Consul-General, Lieut.-Commander McCrary of our Navy, Kent of the Bankers Trust Company, New York, and one other man yet to be chosen—to advise, after investigation, about every proposed expenditure. Anderson has been at work all day to-day drawing up proper forms, etc., to fit the Department's very excellent instructions. I have the feeling that more of that money may be wisely spent in helping to get people off the continent (except in France, where they seem admirably to be managing it, under Herrick) than is immediately needed in England. All this merely to show you the diversity and multiplicity of the job.

I am having a card catalogue, each containing a sort of who's who, of all Americans in Europe of whom we hear. This will be ready by the time the *Tennessee** comes. Fifty or more stranded Americans—men and women—are doing this work free.

I have a member of Congress† in the general reception room of the Embassy answering people's questions—three other volunteers as well.

We had a world of confusion for two or three days. But all this work is now well organized and it can be continued without confusion or cross purposes. I meet committees and lay plans and read and write telegrams from the time I wake till I go to bed. But, since it is now all in

*The American Government, on the outbreak of war, sent the U. S. S. Tennessee to Europe, with large supplies of gold for the relief of stranded Americans.

†The late Augustus P. Gardner, of Massachusetts.

order, it is easy. Of course I am running up the expenses of the Embassy—there is no help for that; but the bill will be really exceedingly small because of the volunteer work—for awhile. I have not and shall not consider the expense of whatever it seems absolutely necessary to do—of other things I shall always consider the expense most critically. Everybody is working with everybody else in the finest possible spirit. I have made out a sort of military order to the Embassy staff, detailing one man with clerks for each night and forbidding the others to stay there till midnight. None of us slept more than a few hours last week. It was not the work that kept them after the first night or two, but the sheer excitement of this awful cataclysm. All London has been awake for a week. Soldiers are marching day and night; immense throngs block the streets about the government offices. But they are all very orderly. Every day Germans are arrested on suspicion; and several of them have committed suicide. Yesterday one poor American woman yielded to the excitement and cut her throat. I find it hard to get about much. People stop me on the street, follow me to luncheon, grab me as I come out of any committee meeting—to know my opinion of this or that—how can they get home? Will such-and-such a boat fly the American flag? Why did I take the German Embassy? I have to fight my way about and rush to an automobile. I have had to buy me a second one to keep up the racket. Buy?—no—only bargain for it, for I have not any money. But everybody is considerate, and that makes no matter for the moment. This little cottage in an out-of-the-way place, twenty-five miles from London, where I am trying to write and sleep, has been found by people to-day, who come in automobiles to know how they may reach their sick kinspeople in Germany. I have not had a bath for three days: as soon as I got in the tub, the telephone rang an "urgent" call!

Upon my word, if one could forget the awful tragedy, all this experience would be worth a lifetime of commonplace. One surprise follows another so rapidly that one loses all sense of time: it seems an age since last Sunday.

I shall never forget Sir Edward Grey's telling me of the ultimatum—while he wept; nor the poor German Ambassador who has lost in his high game—almost a demented man; nor the King as he declaimed at me for half-an-hour and threw up his hands and said, "My God, Mr. Page, what else could we do?" Nor the Austrian Ambassador's wringing his hands and weeping and crying out, "My dear Colleague, my dear Colleague."

Along with all this tragedy come two reverend American peace delegates who got out of Germany by the skin of their teeth and complain that they lost all the clothes they had except what they had on. "Don't complain," said I, "but thank God you saved your skins." Everybody has forgotten what war means—forgotten that folks get hurt. But they are coming around to it now. A United States Senator telegraphs me: "Send my wife and daughter home on the first ship." Ladies and gentlemen filled the steerage of that ship—not a bunk left; and his wife and daughter are found three days later sitting in a swell hotel waiting for me to bring them stateroom tickets on a silver tray! One of my young fellows in the Embassy rushes into my office saying that a man from Boston, with letters of introduction from Senators and Governors and Secretaries et al., was demanding tickets of admission to a picture gallery, and a Secretary to escort him there.

"What shall I do with him?"

"Put his proposal to a vote of the 200 Americans in the room and see them draw and quarter him."

I have not yet heard what happened. A woman writes me four pages to prove how dearly she loves my sister and invites me to her hotel—five miles away—"please to tell her about the sailing of the steamships." Six American preachers pass a resolution unanimously "urging our Ambassador to telegraph our beloved, peace-loving President to stop this awful war;" and they come with simple solemnity to present their resolution. Lord save us, what a world!

And this awful tragedy moves on to—what? We do not know what is really happening, so strict is the censor-

ship. But it seems inevitable to me that Germany will be beaten, that the horrid period of alliance and armaments will not come again, that England will gain even more of the earth's surface, that Russia may next play the menace; that all Europe (as much as survives) will be bankrupt; that relatively we shall be immensely stronger financially and politically—there must surely come many great changes—very many, yet undreamed of. Be ready; for you will be called on to compose this huge quarrel. I thank Heaven for many things—first, the Atlantic Ocean; second, that you refrained from war in Mexico; third, that we kept our treaty—the canal tolls victory, I mean. Now, when all this half of the world will suffer the unspeakable brutalization of war, we shall preserve our moral strength, our political powers, and our ideals.

God save us! W. H. P.

Mr. Page to Col. Edward M. House.

London, September 2nd, 1915.

DEAR HOUSE:

You write me about pleasing the Allies, the big Ally in particular. That doesn't particularly appeal to me. We don't owe them anything. There's no obligation. I'd never confess for a moment that we are under any obligation to any of them nor to anybody. I'm not out to "please" anybody, as a primary purpose: that's not my game nor my idea—nor yours either. As for England in particular, the account was squared when she twice sent an army against us—in her folly—especially the last time, when she burnt our Capitol. There's been no obligation since. The obligation is on the other foot. We've set her an example of what democracy will do for men, an example of efficiency, an example of freedom of opportunity. The future is ours, and she may follow us and profit by it. Already we have three white English-speaking men to every two in the British Empire: we are sixty per cent. of the Anglo-Saxons in the world. If there be any obligation to please, the obligation is on her to please us. And she feels and sees it now.

My point is not that, nor is it what we or any other neutral nation has done or may do—Holland or any other. This war is the direct result of the over-polite, diplomatic, standing-aloof, bowing-to-one-another in gold lace, which all European nations are guilty of in times of peace—castes and classes and uniforms and orders and such folderol, instead of the proper business of the day. Every nation in Europe knew that Germany was preparing for war. If they had really got together—not mere Hague Sunday-school talk and resolutions—but had really got together for business and had said to Germany, "The moment you fire a shot, we'll all fight against you; we have so many millions of men, so many men-of-war, so many billions of money; and we'll increase all these if you do not change your system and your building-up of armies"—then there would have been no war.

My point is not sentimental. It is

(1) We must maintain our own self-respect and safety. If we submit to too many insults, *that* will in time bring Germany against us. We've got to show at some time that we don't believe, either, in the efficacy of Sunday-School resolves for peace—that we are neither Daughters of the Dove of Peace nor Sons of the Olive Branch, and

(2) About nagging and forever presenting technical legal points as lawyers do to confuse juries—the point is the point of efficiency. If we do that, we can't carry our main points. I find it harder and harder to get answers now to important questions because we ask so many unimportant and nagging ones.

I've no sentiment—perhaps not enough. My gushing days are gone, if I ever had 'em. The cutting-out of the "100 years of peace" oratory, etc., etc., was one of the blessings of the war. But we must be just and firm and preserve our own self-respect and keep alive the fear that other nations have of us; and we ought to have the courage to make the Department of State more than a bureau of complaints. We must learn to say "No" even to a Gawdamighty independent American citizen when he asks an improper or impracticable question. Public opinion in the United

States consists of something more than the threats of Congressmen and the bleating of newspapers; it consists of the judgment of honorable men on courageous and frank actions—a judgment that cannot be made up till action is taken.

Heartily yours,
W. H. P.

*Mr. Page to Dr. Edwin A. Alderman**

Embassy of the U. S. A., London,
June 22, 1916.

My Dear Ed Alderman:

I shall not forget how good you were to take time to write me a word about the meeting of the Board—*the* Board there's no other one in that class—at Hampton,** and I did most heartily appreciate the knowledge that you all remembered me. Alas! it's a long, long time ago when we all met—so long ago that to me it seems a part of a former incarnation. These three years—especially these two years of the war—have changed my whole outlook on life and foreshortened all that came before. I know I shall never link back to many things (and alas! too, to many people) that once seemed important and surely were interesting. Life in these trenches (five warring or quarreling governments mining and sapping under me and shooting over me) —two years of universal ambassadorship in this hell are enough—enough, I say, even for a man who doesn't run away from responsibilities nor weary of toil. And God knows how it has changed me and is changing me: I sometimes wonder, as a merely intellectual and quite impersonal curiosity.

Strangely enough I keep pretty well—very well, in fact. Perhaps I've learned how to live more wisely than I knew in the old days; perhaps again, I owe it to my old grandfather who lived (and enjoyed) ninety-four years. I have walked ten miles to-day and I sit down as the clock strikes eleven (P. M.) to write this letter.

*President of the University of Virginia.
**Hampton Institute, at Hampton, Va. Southern Education Board

You will recall more clearly than I certain horrible, catastrophic, universal-ruin passages in Revelation—monsters swallowing the universe, blood and fire and clouds and an eternal crash, rolling ruin enveloping all things—well, all that's come. There are, perhaps ten million men dead of this war and, perhaps one hundred million persons to whom death would be a blessing. Add to these as many millions more whose views of life are so distorted that blank idiocy would be a better mental outlook, and you'll get a hint (and only a hint) of what the continent has already become—a bankrupt slaughter-house inhabited by unmated women. We have talked of "problems" in our day. We never had a problem; for the worst task we ever saw was a mere blithe pastime compared with what these women and the few men that will remain here must face. The hills about Verdun are not blown to pieces worse than the whole social structure and intellectual and spiritual life of Europe. I wonder that anybody is sane.

Now we have swung into a period and a state of mind wherein all this seems normal. A lady said to me at a dinner party (think of a dinner party at all!), "Oh, how I shall miss the war when it ends! Life, without, will surely be dull and tame. What can we talk about? Will the old subjects ever interest us again?" I said, "Let's you and me try and see." So we talked about books—not war books—old country houses that we both knew, gardens and gold and what not; and in fifteen minutes we swung back to the war before we were aware.

I get out of it, as the days rush by certain fundamental convictions, which seem to me not only true—true beyond any possible cavil—truer than any other political things are true—and far more important than any other contemporary facts whatsoever in any branch of endeavor, but better worth while than anything else that men now living may try to further:

1. The cure for democracy is more democracy. The danger to the world lies in autocrats and autocracies and privileged classes; and these things have everywhere been dangerous and always will be. There's no security in any

part of the world where people cannot think of a government without a king, and there never will be. You cannot conceive of a democracy that will unprovoked set out on a career of conquest. If all our religious missionary zeal and cash could be turned into convincing Europe of this simple and obvious fact, the longest step would be taken for human advancement that has been taken since 1677. If Carnegie, or, after he is gone, his Peace People could see this, his Trust might possibly do some good.

2. As the world stands, the United States and Great Britain must work together and stand together to keep the predatory nations in order. A League to Enforce Peace and the President's idea of disentangling alliances are all in the right direction, but vague and general and cumbersome, a sort of bastard children of Neutrality. *The* thing, the *only* thing is—a perfect understanding between the English-speaking peoples. That's necessary, and that's all that's necessary. We must boldly take the lead in that. I frankly tell my friends here that the English have got to throw away their damned arrogance and their insularity and that we Americans have got to throw away our provincial ignorance ("What is abroad to *us?*"), hang our Irish agitators and shoot our hyphenated and bring up our children with reverence for English history and in the awe of English literature. This is the only job now in the world worth the whole zeal and energy of all first-class, thoroughbred English-speaking men. *We* must lead. We are natural leaders. The English must be driven to lead. Item: We must get their lads into our universities, ours into theirs. They don't know how to do it, except the little driblet of Rhodes men. Think this out, remembering what fools we've been about exchange professors with Germany! And the English don't know *how* to do it. They are childish (in some things) beyond belief. An Oxford or Cambridge man never thinks of going back to his University except about twice a life-time when his college formally asks him to come and dine. Then he dines as docilely as a scared Freshman. I am a D. C. L. of Oxford. I know a lot of their faculty. They are hospitality itself. But I've never yet found out one important

fact about the university. They never tell me. I've been down at Cambridge time and again and stayed with the Master of one of the colleges. I can no more get at what they do and how they do it than I could get at the real meaning of a service in a Buddhist Temple. I have spent a good deal of time with Lord Rayleigh, who is the Chancellor of Cambridge University. He never goes there. If he were to enter the town, all the men in the university would have to stop their work, get on their parade-day gowns, line-up by precedent and rank and go to meet him and go through days of ceremony and incantations. I think the old man has been there once in 5 years. Now this mediævalism must go—or be modified. You fellers who have Universities must work a real alliance—a big job here. But to go on.

The best informed English opinion is ripe for a complete working understanding with us. We've got to work up our end—get rid of our ignorance of foreign affairs, our shirt-sleeve, complaining kind of diplomacy, our sport of twisting the lion's tail and such things and fall to and bring the English out. It's the *one* race in this world that's got the guts.

Hear this in confirmation: I suppose 1,000 English women have been to see me—as a last hope—to ask me to have inquiries made in Germany about their "missing" sons or husbands, generally sons. They are of every class and rank and kind, from marchioness to scrub-woman. Every one tells her story with the same dignity of grief, the same marvelous self-restraint, the same courtesy and deference and sorrowful pride. Not one has whimpered—but one. And it turned out that she was a Belgian. It's the breed. Spartan mothers were theatrical and pinchbeck compared to these women.

I know a lady of title, very well to do, who for a year got up at 5:30 and drove herself in her own automobile from her home in London to Woolwich where she worked all day long in a shell factory as a volunteer and got home at 8 o'clock at night. At the end of a year, they wanted her to work in a London place where they keep the records of the Woolwich work. "Think of it," said she, as she shook her

enormous diamond ear-rings as I sat next to her at dinner one Sunday night not long ago, "think of it—what an easy time I now have. I don't have to start till half-past seven and I get home at half-past six!"

I could fill forty pages with stories like these. This very Sunday I went to see a bed-ridden old lady who sent me word that she had something to tell me. Here it was: An English flying man's machine got out of order and he had to descend in German territory. The Germans captured him and his machine. They ordered him to take two of their flying men in his machine to show them a particular place in the English lines. He declined. "Very well, we'll shoot you, then." At last he consented. The three started. The Englishman quietly strapped himself in. There were no straps for the two Germans. The Englishman looped-the-loop. The Germans fell out. The Englishman flew back home. "My son has been to see me from France. He told me that. He knows the man"—thus said the old lady and thanked me for coming to hear it! She didn't know the story has been printed.

But the real question is, "How are you?" Do you keep strong? able, without weariness, to keep up your good work? I heartily hope so, old man. Keep good care of yourself —very.

My love to Mrs. Alderman. Please don't quote me—yet. I have to be very silent publicly about everything. After March 4th, I shall again be free.

Yours always faithfully,

W. H. P.

LULAH RAGSDALE

[1862—]

HELEN PITKIN SCHERTZ

LULAH RAGSDALE, appraised in her State as the flower of its woman-authorhood, was born February 5, 1862, at Cedar Hall, the stately plantation home of her mother's family—the Hookers—then in Lawrence County, Mississippi; it has since been absorbed into the newer county of Lincoln. Some four months later her father was killed in the Seven-Days' Battle in the vicinity of Richmond, in consequence of his intrepidity and daring. The tragic events preceding his death left to the infant a heritage of temperament and a passionate love for her South which has influenced her expression in romance and poetry. Her father, James Lafayette Ragsdale, was descended from several generations of the family name in America, prominent in Colonial Virginia; the ancestry was originally Scotch-English. His immediate line moved to South Carolina, his father later settling in Georgia. While a very young man, James Ragsdale chose Brookhaven, Mississippi, for permanent residence, when the great Illinois Central Railway laid its tracks through that town. There he married Martha Louise Hooker, one of the beautiful Hooker girls as they were known throughout the South; their family was luminant in Mississippi history and were from England, direct descendants of Captain William Hooker, who, having died of yellow fever at Pascagoula, still lies in that picturesque hamlet. Charles E. Hooker, known as Mississippi's "silver-tongued orator," is a member of this family. The maternal grandmother of Lulah Ragsdale was the queenly Anne Ray to whom the noted Indian statesman, Greenwood Le Flore, for whom Leflore County and the city of Greenwood, Mississippi, are both named, once offered his hand, and at whose princely estate "Malmaison," her grandparents were afterwards often entertained in royal state. This historic place is now occupied by the Rays, relatives of the grand old statesman's first love.

The early education of Lulah Ragsdale was conducted by her mother, a woman of brilliant attainments and with her own ideas of individual education. Discerning the child's trend of tastes, she exacted the memorizing of long poems which were as food to her poetical and dramatic talents. At a sufficiently mature age the young girl was placed in Whitworth College, Mississippi, her mother having returned to Brookhaven. Without interruption Miss Ragsdale continued her course of study until her graduation, always taking first rank in "expression" and composition and always just "get-

ting-by" on mathematics! The young student read voraciously such books as her careful mother permitted her to have—Scott's novels, Dickens, George Eliot, with an occasional dip into 'St. Elmo' for lighter reading; added to these were Shakespeare and other standard poets which provided a substantial mental diet to her thriving powers.

After graduation, for a few years Miss Ragsdale led the visiting, dancing, happy-go-lucky life of the young "Main Street" girl—but always with a latent desire burning under her other interests to go upon the stage. She was also writing verse at this period, because there was no resisting "the numbers" that came to her inspirationally, but which she made no effort to force into print. Her college days had been punctuated by "acrostics" to her mates; and several of her essays having been written in verse, her English instructor, Professor R. S. Rickets, afterwards affiliated with Millsaps College, Jackson, Mississippi, urged her to take her poetry seriously and to express her opulent self by rule of dactyl and spondee. Between sixteen and seventeen Miss Ragsdale wrote her first novel and, being ignorant of the manner of forwarding manuscripts to publishers, the young girl took the exact dimensions of that legal-cap, hand-written ream, called on a friendly carpenter and had him fashion a small wooden box in which to deposit the manuscript. The carpenter, as much interested as the author, nailed on the top securely; a veritable coffin it proved to be, for artist and artisan shared the disappointment of never again hearing from the precious manuscript. Miss Ragsdale now believes that the package of youthful hope was sent in answer to some spurious advertisement for manuscripts and that the rich pine box went for the kindling of some fire in some obscure grate!

About this time Miss Ragsdale visited New York with relatives and while there made occasion to study dramatic art with Miss Fannie Hunt, an English actress-teacher, who encouraged the young girl to go upon the stage. While considering this plan, she sent her first mature poem to *The Times-Democrat* which, under the tutelage of Marion A. Baker, boasted the best purely literary page in Southern newspaperdom. The offerings on this page were required to be of a high standard and no money could buy space for meretricious efforts or for advertising thereon. The girl of dual talents received a notice of the poem's acceptance with intense delight and her literary ambition was revived, though the dramatic was never relinquished. This commendation from the *New York Clipper* has no trace of sectional favoritism: "Miss Lulah Ragsdale made a

charming and lovable Fiordelisa ('The Fool's Revenge'). She is an accomplished actress and her appearance verified all the predictions made for her by a host of friends." The fine interpretations were in support of Herbert Marsden, the brilliant and gifted New Orleans actor who made his stellar debut at the old Grand Opera House in September, 1889, his engagement being highly successful. Miss Ragsdale proceeded to New York and plunged into writing, always keeping an eye on the stage as a future intention. All this time poems were appearing over her name in *The Times-Democrat* and her fame was gradually widening.

Then came events which called her back to Mississippi and made it imperative that she become a regular wage-winner rather than a fastidious dilettante. She put her experience and training in dramatic art into practical use by accepting a position in Whitworth College. This procedure was not to the taste of the brilliant girl, teaching was boresome, but her love for her art and her desire to do well whatever she did put spirit into her work and she made so great a success of it that she has only relinquished it within the last two years. Her activities have been numerous—as a member of the faculties of Whitworth, of Belhaven, in Jackson, Mississippi, and in the conduct of a studio in Memphis, Tennessee. She has also given recitals several seasons through Southern states, presenting many of her own sketches. In 1892 the novel 'The Crime of Philip Guthrie' appeared with her name, a psycho-physical novel, particularly interesting to the student of theosophy and astral theories. In 1895 her poem, "There," was accepted by *Harper's Magazine,* lines full of the luscious eloquence that characterizes her lyrics; "Haunted" appeared in *The Chap-Book,* "If I Could Know" was printed in *The Boston Arena,* "Faith" in *Munsey's Magazine,* and other poems of fervid emotion and delicate imagery followed rapidly, bringing fresh honors to the gifted girl.

In 1897 *The Lotus* used several of Miss Ragsdale's short stories, of which "The Hand of Angèle" attracted most attention. This is the experience of a Louisiana girl who contracts leprosy; this dramatic tale with inevitably tragic ending is one of the somberest of her many narratives. The New Orleans Carnival is vividly described, intensifying the blackness of the pall which envelops the erst-radiant central-figure. In 1917 appeared in *The Magazine of Poetry,* Boston, when Miss Ragsdale was serving on the State Committee on Illiteracy, the vital poem, "The Illiterate," containing elements of pathos that grip the heart in reading. This poem was widely con-

ied. Hundreds of poems and stories have answered the inspiration of this gifted woman, published in periodicals which demand adherence to the highest standards. In 1899 Mrs. Nelson Wheatcroft's School of Acting produced at the Empire Theatre, New York, a one-act play entitled "Mother" which instantly brought to the author the additional honors of playwright. In 1903 J. B. Lippincott published a novel, 'A Shadow's Shadow,' which is a passional adventure of a gently-born actress and a lover whose measure of merit is equal to her own. Copies of this novel are now rare, owing to the great fire in the Lippincott establishment. The author has no copy of this tale which has been likened to the best output of Amélie Rives in conventional leash!

During these years of keen activities as writer, teacher, and reciter, Miss Ragsdale found time for club work, and she acknowledges that some of her happiest inspirations came from her Brookhaven Woman's Club, "The Peripatetics." Through club affiliations she won, during the years of 1914, 1916, 1917, two first prizes for short stories, which are herewith reproduced; in 1917 the results of the literary contest of the Mississippi Federation of Women's Clubs brought her first honor through "The Mother's Son" (poem); and second honor through "Will o' Wisps." In the same contest she was given first honor for her short story, "The Lilac Peignoir." Miss Ragsdale always presented her poems and stories anonymously and has never failed to receive honors in any contest she has entered, being judged by professors of English at the Universities of Virginia, Tulane, and Mississippi. In 1909 "The Mother's Son" was accepted by *Harper's Weekly,* and in 1910 *Young's Magazine* published her short stories, "The Whistlepunk," "Spangles," "The Little Ghost," and others. In 1917 Miss Ragsdale's short story, "A Woman's Glory," came out in *Today's Housewife,* but it was not until the appearance of her novel, 'Miss Dulcie from Dixie,' brought out in 1917 by D. Appleton & Company, that Miss Ragsdale felt that her years of hard and interrupted writing were showing substantial fruition. She was giving time to club and civic activities, depriving her jealous art of its unremitting demands while her freshest energies went to the enlightenment of young women in the routine of teaching. "Miss Dulcie" is an unconventional, lovable unaffected girl whom neither beauty nor homage can spoil. The tale is witty and pathetic, with a deeply intellectual undertone which makes of it something more than a diversion; it is rather an enlargement of one's acquaintance among real people, a life of strong contrasts that is re-

volving about the reader. The vividness of Miss Ragsdale's portrayal of Southern life shows her familiarity with the best in it; and her metropolitan scenes are full of thrills and adventure. This novel has been termed a perfect idyl and has the distinction of being one of the first books to bring back the popularity of the South as a setting for romance. Naturally, so actable a story drew the attention of picture-producers and the screen rights to 'Miss Dulcie of Dixie' were sold to the Vitagraph Company in 1918, and produced by them with Gladys Leslie in the title-rôle under the direction of Joseph Gleason. *The Motion Picture News* of March 22nd of that year referred to this release as "attracting widespread attention, not merely on the score of its dramatic interest, but because of its wonderfully realistic depiction of Southern manners and atmosphere."

In 1920 Miss Ragsdale's novel, 'The Next-Besters,' was issued by Charles Scribner's Sons and in the same year the screen rights were purchased by Lasky's Famous Players. 'The Next-Besters' was listed as a best-seller for several months in New York reviews, and in many Southern cities. It has unobtrusive philosophies and delicious humor and its situations are always unexpected. In 1921 Miss Ragsdale suffered a nervous breakdown. This year has not meant inactivity, however, for with the stirrings of a newly restored health, her old ambition has revived and is making a new challenge to her art. She is recuperating in her old home in Brookhaven, a stately ante-bellum mansion set in a park of ancient trees. Of it Miss Ragsdale says: "I think this place I 'grew up in' has had much influence on my work. Also, I am sure teaching the young girls in college has influenced me much in my portrayal of my girls in 'Dulcie' and 'Pat' and 'Polly.' So the hateful teaching did me good, after all. It certainly made me understand girls and love them."

In all these years of literary productions, however, her desire for the stage has burned always on, and the conviction that this was, after all, nay, before all, her real vocation, has remained with her. We find this in her own wistful words: "I think I have been merely a 'Next-Bester' all my life."

Lulah Ragsdale Schertz.

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A BIRD OF PASSAGE.

From 'Miss Dulcie of Dixie.' Copyright, 1917, D. Appleton & Co., and used here by permission of the author and the publishers.

THE old Colonel sat at the foot of his table and glanced across the silver and the crystal at the vacant place at its head. But the Colonel had eaten many Christmas dinners in this lonely state, and today as he carved the prodigious turkey he only smiled with soft resignation at the chair that his young wife had left untenanted nearly nineteen years before. At his elbow old Charlotte stood ready to anticipate the Colonel's slightest wish, and just now as he transferred a slice of the turkey's delicate meat to his own plate the old black woman suddenly laughed aloud; then as he turned his fine white head with slow inquiry she almost blushed with apology. "'Scuse me, Colonel, 'scuse me, but I never sees you cyarve a turkey 'thout bein' recominded o' the first time you ever come to see Miss Dulcie. Does you 'member we had turkey for dinner that day?"

"I should say I do, Charlotte. I was asked to cyarve, and I was so conscious of her eyes upon my fingers that I nearly sent the bird flying into the air."

"He sholy was a slippery bird, Colonel, but I reckon you never did know how near you did come to losin' dat fowl dat day."

"How was that, Charlotte?"

"I dunno as I ought t' tell you, Colonel, but I spec Miss Dulcie'd tell you herse'f ef she wuz here today."

"If she were here today," the old Colonel echoed, scarcely knowing he was speaking, and the old black woman went on to tell her story.

"You 'member it was in Naw Leens [New Orleans] de fust time you ebber met Miss Dulcie; the time her Uncle Bob and her aunt Dora tuk her down to see that Muddy Glaw."

"Mardi Gras—yes."

"You wuz already well acquainted with her Uncle Bob —bein' as how you an' he done fit in the war togedder . . . As soon as you's made acwuainted wid Miss Dulcie you don fell in lob wid her—you couldn't er ho'p it, Colonel, an' she as sweet as a rose in her twentyeth year. You fell in lob with her first sight, an' fo' dat Muddy Glaw's over you done tole her so, too."

"Yes, on a balcony, with the old French city frolicking below us. That was a happy time."

"I spec so, Colonel. I spec so . . . . You axed her Unc' Bob fer her right away, bein' as how she didn't have no pa; her ma—Miss Mary—bein' a po' widder lady. An' her Unc' Bob an' her Aunt Dora was mo'n willin', an' Miss Dulcie come home wid de ring on'er finger, an' her eyes brighter'n de ring . . . But a month atter dat you wrote you'se comin' to see her, an to ax her ma f'r her right an' proper . . . Lord! I won't nebber forgit them days. De war done left us all po' as Job's turkey, an' Miss Dulcie's widder-ma po'rer than anybody. But when you writ you wuz comin' we scrummaged 'round an' got hold er a fine turkey, an' made a cake, an' kilt the last old Dominicker rooster the day befo' to have a fine chick'n-pie. You wuz to

git to our town on Sunday mornin', an' Miss Dulcie spected you to come a-callin' to her house as soon as you 'rived an' stay to dinner. I dunno how de mistake comes to happen, Colonel, but you wuz a-laborin' under the repression dat Miss Dulcie would be goin' ter de church f'r de mornin' service, so you dresses at de hotel an' goes to the church, spectin' to meet her dar, an' wa'k wid her fer de dinnin'. But when you gits to de sarvic an' looks 'roun', no Miss Dulcie—Miss Dulcie all de time dressed in her pink Nun's Veillin', a-settin' at home waitin' fer you to come dar; Miss Mary an' me in de kitchen jes' a-poking wood in de stobe, an' a-watchin' dat turkey gittin' jucier an' jucier, an' de graby bubblin' up out'n dat chick'n-pie lak water out'n a spring . . De cake an' ambrozy a-settin' on de sideboard, an' de room smellin' all ober of narcisses an' vi'-lets . . . But you wuz all de time waitin' up in de church-house wonderin' what you gwine do, an' how you gwine to git to Miss Dulcie's dat time o' day, hit bein' mos' dinner-time, an' you not knowin' fer sho whether you wuz expected or not.

"Well, Mr. Bob's sister wuz at church, an' she, (not knowin' nuffin 'bout dat turkey up at our house) she axes you ter go out ter Mr. Bob's fer dinner, an' you says 'thank you,' kase you didn't know whut else to say, I reckon. Mr. Bob he lives 'bout a mile ter de odder end o' de town, an' you goes a-walkin' long wid Mr. Bob's sister out t' Mr. Bob's an' Miss Dora's house. Well, Miss Dulcie's little sisters wuz at church, an' when dey seed dat dey jes' come flyin' home: 'Oh, Dulcie—Dulcie—whut you tink? Yo' sweet-'eart wuz at church an' he done gone out t' Unc' Bob's fer dinner.' Wid dat Miss Mary frowed up her hands an' turn pale ez a ghost; 'An' Sis Dora ain't got no sort o' dinner,' she gasps. 'She gibbed me 'er last turkey—an' dar he lies a-roastin' now; an' my fine chick'n-pie what's fittin for Gen'al Lee heself to eat! All gwine ter be wasted! Here, Charlotte, here, chillum, I tell you whut we'll do, we'll jes' wrap these fings up well, an' you-all go a-flying out to Sis Dora's wid dis dinner fas' ez yo' laigs kin carry you.' I tuk the turkey, Miss Bessie tuk the chick'n-pie an' de res' uv 'em tuk de odder fings—we wraps'em up in tisshu

paper, an' we starts in a percession fur Miss Dora's . . . But, Colonel, you an' Mr. Bob's sister done got out dar long time ago, an' when Miss Dora seed you comin' she most faint. 'Lord! yonder come the Colonel here, an' I ain't got no kind o' dinner an' Sis' Mary she got turkey and amborzy an' all up to her house.' So she come down like a grand princess, an' she say: 'Oh, Colonel, dis will neber do! Dulci'll be jes' too disappointed. She was so sot on havin' you to dinner wid her today. I does wish we could keep you, but you mus' jes' turn round an' go right up dar.' Den you an' Mr. Bob's sister turns 'round an' go right up dar. But you had not mor'n got started when de persession wid de dinner winds in sight . . . . Well, when we seed you leavin' Miss Dora's, an' us makin' fer thare wid de dinner we mos' faints! Miss Bessie sot her chick'n-pie down on the sidewalk, an' runned 'cross an' whispered, 'Go back—go back to Aunt Dora's: we got de dinner! we got de dinner!' But Mr. Bob's sister knowin' she could not make no yearthly excuse ter turn back, she marches you right straight on up ter Miss Mary's. Well, when Miss Dulcie an' her ma see you comin' up de front walk—dey mos faints deselbes . . . De dinner wuz gone—an' the wust of hit wuz, Colonel, dar wuz nothin' left in dat house but some leetle old stringy sweet p'tatotoes an' a chunk o' bacon so fat 'twa'n't fittin fer nothin' but ter mak soap grease out of—war don lef' us po' ez po' white trash, but jes' as proud ez when we had cake to feed to the pigs . . . Well, Miss Mary turned white ez 'er collar, an' Miss Dulcie turned pink ez her dress, an' you come in—han—some! Unck—oo! de gals sho did look bak at you dat day. Po' Miss Mary she jes' set down in de kitchen an' cried. De fire wuz done out, but she kindle hit up. She sliced some of that fat bacon, an' put some o' dem po' little taters in ter bake, an' all the time she kept saying, ter herself, 'Oh, dis makes me so mortified I feel lak I could die! De idea o' settin' Dulcie's financier down t' a dinner lak dis!' Hit was gwine on ter free o'clock, an' dat bacon was tryin' t' crisp up, an' dem little taters was gittin saft, when she looked out de kitchen windo',

an' ef she didn't see der persession windin' in sight! (Miss Dora done turned us back soon ez we get to her house.)

'Bress Gawd!' cried Miss Mary, frowin' 'up her hands. 'Bress Gawd! yonder comes de dinner back' We slips in de back way, an' I hustles dat bird on de table-jes' ez juicy as if he hadn't trabled a couple o' miles since he wuz roasted. Den I goes into de dinin'-room an' say:

'Ladies and gent'men, dinner am served.'

"And you an' Miss Dulcie come walkin' down de long hall lookin' lak a queen an' king togedder, only she was right pale thinkin' o' dat fat bacon, an' dem little taters she suspected to see on de table. But when she got to de do' an' seed dat turkey lyin' so innocent lak on the big white turkish dish she mos faints.

'Colonel,' said Miss Mary, 'will you do us de honors an' cyarve de fowl?'

"An' I mos' bus' out laughin' when I seed you stick dat fork deep into dat turkey's breas' much ez ter say 'I got you fast this time!'

"I ain't neber seed you cyarve a fowl sence, Colonel, without bein' recomminded o' de first time you eber come to see Miss Dulcie."

THE MOTHER'S SON.

From *Harper's Weekly*. Used by permission.

Ah, Son, my only one, my errant son,
Who wanders somwhere on the earth's big breast—
But who can say?—to east or else to west,
Whatever way the fever leads you on,

And, fearful of the straight-set eyes at home,
The way-bound feet, that know no tingling need
Of wide white road or sparkling, open meed,
Keeps silent lip to every pleading "Come"—

Your quiet mother, with the busy hands
So full of duties dull, uncolored thread,
And feet that round and round the circle tread,
Nor ever break its bound—she understands!

Hush! by the soft red hearth how oft at night
Has she a-sudden listed in the wind
The call—the call! and, guilty, turned to find
Calm eyes a-wonder at her look of flight.

Ah, Son, who wanders as the wild wind blows,
From what full vein you drew that vagrant blood,
From what winged soul you took that tameless mood,
Your mother, in her narrow boundary, knows.

THERE.

From *Harper's Magazine.* Used by permission.

Here I am sick with thinking and with dreams,
With memories of struggles lately past.
Here come to me the town's sharp, fretful streams
Of jarring sounds—that all sweet sounds outlast.

There in the wood's shut heart is spacious calm,
And vast, deep silence; and sweet spicery
Shed downward from the purple pines like balm,
Good to sad souls a-break for sympathy.

There from the open mouth of one cool spring
The gurgling laughter breaks in silvery streams,
Too soft to mar the quiet of a human thing
Beside it, resting from late fever-dreams.

There vague, fresh airs uplift, like finger-tips,
The matted curls from off the throbbing brain;
And vapor kisses, from the mist's light lips,
Dissolve upon the cheek in fine, sweet rain.

There is green shadow, shot with threads of gold,
Too mellow-toned to strain an aching eye.
And there a heaven of bluets on a wold
Far up a sloping hillside that lies by.

There can one catch, too, prone in emerald gloom,
Semblance of dawn; rose-billows foaming fair,
Of a peach orchard full of clustered bloom
That blows pink flakes afar: *Would I were there!*

HAUNTED.

From the *Chap-Book*. Used by permission.

Wide echoing emptiness and wind-blown space,
  Worn thresholds, over which gay troops of dreams
Fled, laughing back, to mock the vacant place—
  So stands my heart's-house, while the darkness teems.

Night is far spent—Joy's pink wreath faded lies
  Brown on the stone-cold floor. A poppy bloom
Wild Passion dropped, I hold to lidded eyes;
  'Twere time the last guest left the darkening room.

All of my heart's-house tenants long since fled,
  Why should that one pale ghost-guest, Memory,
Where Love's last little fire dies dull and red,
  Still sit and gaze across the coals at me?

IN LIFE'S GARDEN.

From the *New Orleans Times-Democrat*. Used by permission.

The gate of Life's garden she entered,
  The joy of her youth in her eyes;
Each blossom and bud seemed to beckon,
  And no knowledge had made her wise.

The lowest and palest and sweetest
  She missed as she hurried them by,
To gather the gayest and brightest
  That caught at her innocent eye.

But the brightest was brimming with poison,
  And dripping with scarlet dyes;
And never again in the garden
  She walks with untroubled eyes.

THE MAGDALEN.

From *The Smart Set.* Used by permission.

Lord, where the red, red kiss
Printed its redder stain
See now, how pallid it is,
Worn, as by dripping rain.

Down through the gray, gray years—
Ashes of one delight—
Lo! how the long, slow tears
Have washed it till it is white.

Whiter than snow, and yet
Is there a lip so fine
That, knowing, would heedless set
Its costliest kiss on mine?

God seeth only the snow,
Man keepeth visions of red;
And the trailing years must go
Empty and barren and dead.

IF I COULD KNOW.

From the *Boston Arena.* Used by permission.

If I could know that in that other place
Whence Death shall lead me for his chief surprise—
Though it be some far star, or though it lies
Impalpable about me, etherwise—
If I could know that I should find your face—

Not with transfigured glory; not sublime
With that new living that I have not shared;
But that dear, well-remembered face that fared
Earthward with mine; that same face, dusky-haired,
And full of light and song as summer-time—

If I could know that not a smile or line
Had changed in all that happy, earthly guise—
The gay, free lips would make the old replies;
And not a look from those familiar eyes
Had altered since they looked their last in mine;

If I could know that with the same old love,
The same old laughter, and the same old thought,
The same familiar life—so richly fraught
With mutual memories that it seems wrought
Into the very blood, and flesh above;

If we took up again that wonted life
Into whose careless round Death stepped one day
And broke the happy customs; with his gray
And awful fingers, leading you away,
And leaving sudden wild surprise and strife;

If I could know that I should find you, YOU—!
You whom I loved, you whom I lived beside,
You whom all life has ached for since you died,
Death were the truest friend; and naught beside
His coming were worth having—IF I KNEW!!

WILL O' THE WISPS.

"Mother, Mother, what is that light
Away off there on the edge of night?
All greeny-gold like a fire-bug's glow—,
It moves! It beckons! and I must go."
"Ah, cover your eyes, my little son,
To the cove of my bosom run, run, run!
The night is dark and the wood is damp,
And the Will O' the Wisp is out in the swamp."

"Mother, what *is* the Will O' the Wisp,
That your voice must hush to a frightened whisp'?
And why, when the night is dark and damp,
Does it beckon me out to the dismal swamp?"

"Once while your heart in my body beat,
Through the swamp's black tangles it led my feet,
And left me lost in the lonely wood—
Oh, the lure of its light is in your blood."

"What is that light in the far-off West,
That stirs in me, Mother, this strange unrest?
Its beckoning glimmer is all that I see—
It is gold—gold—gold! and it calls to me."
"Oh, silence its whispers, my bonny lad,
While the youth in your veins is full and glad;
While your eyes are clear, and your curls are crisp,
For the lure of gold is a Will O' the Wisp."

"Mother, what is this light o'er me?
It flashes pink from that far North Sea
Whose icen walls are an opal bowl—
It would lead me safe to the ultimate Pole."
"Son, my son, with the bearded face,
With the straight form supple with manly grace,
Have you forgot the cheat of the West?
'Tis the light flung out from your vagrant breast."

"Mother—Mother! That mighty flame!
'Tis the glory-torch on the Mount of Fame;
Its fire can weather the wind's wild stress
And it lights me the road to happiness."
"Oh, Son, with the heat in your hectic cheek,
Your breath is short and your limbs are weak;
Set your eyes where the stars shine cold and crisp—
For Fame is life's cruelest Will O' the Wisp."

WHICH?

From the *Times-Democrat*. Used by permission.

I am the living and she is the dead.
Here where the lilies burn tall and red,
Out of the cool green grass-sward spread,
I, the remaining, keep faith with the fled.

Dead to the sweet, clear calls of Spring,
Dead to the Mock-bird's echoing ring;
Dead to the pulse of each quickening thing—
To the buds and the blooms that I, sorrowing, bring.

Dead to the flickering, sun-wrought net
Dropped through the trees o'er her coverlet
Heavy with crimson lilies set;
Dead to the day's warm smile, and yet—

Alive in the light of a mystery
That darkens and threatens still o'er me;
The dread, implacable "Yet-to-be-"
No more a terror for her to flee.

Alive to the reason of all strange things
That cloud and darken with questionings
My struggling soul. To the woe that wrings,
To the blow that smites, to the hurt that stings.

Alive in a sentience fed full and clear
From the source of all knowledge, burning near;
With a life that has burst from its covering, sere
To the flower of the bud of her plant-life here.

Here where the lilies burn tall and red
Over the form that her freed soul shed
When it broke through its casing and upward fled—
WHICH IS THE LIVING AND WHICH IS THE DEAD?

WORSHIP.

From the *Times-Democrat*. Used by permission.

I went to Church to-day.
With bared unconscious head,
I dropped into a peaceful pew
With smooth brown satin spread.

A flavorous golden bell
Had lured me from the thrall
Of cold, set temples in the town,—
The Jasmine's scented call.

The light came green and gold—
There was no tint of sin—
It seemed the holiest temple
I had ever worshipped in.

The Choir, in surplices
No human hand had wrought,
Poured out the marvelous melodies
No human voice had taught.

Some chaste, white Nuns were there,
The Dogwood Novices,
Who leave behind them, when they go,
Their scarlet Rosaries.

Some flower-world royalty
In purple humbleness
Each regal little body bent,
The Violet Princesses.

The wild Azalea girls
Laughed even while they prayed;
And yet 'twas such fragrant prayer
I could not wish them staid.

I knew their little souls
  Were clean and sweet and free,
For all their foolish, flimsy pink
  And ragged finery.

There was no text; we sat
  In silent scented calm
And felt the lesson softly fall
  In breaths of blessed balm.

I had been torn with Creeds,
  Things dimly understood:
To-day, I saw the soul of truth
  Bare in God's good greenwood.

BEATRICE RAVENEL

[1870—]

DU BOSE HEYWARD

BEATRICE WITTE RAVENEL, the daughter of Charles Otto Witte and Charlotte Sophia (Reeves) Witte, was born in Charleston, S. C., on August 24th, 1870.

It may be said that Mrs. Ravenel is not only characteristically Southern, but, in a broader sense, American; for, on her mother's side, she is descended from Huguenot, English, and Welsh colonial settlers, who have played their part in the country's history.

At the time of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, in company with other Huguenots, Jean Bounetheau, Mrs. Ravenel's great-great-great-grandfather, came to America in 1685, and settled near Charles Town. His son, Peter Bounetheau, held a commission in Marion's Brigade, as did another of Mrs. Ravenel's ancestors, Edward Weyman. The latter was a son of the Rev. Robert Weyman of Philadelphia, and was a member of the Provincial Congress, and of the "Liberty Tree Party." A third ancestor, Enos Reeves, held a lieutenant's commission in the Pennsylvania line, and was one of the original members of the Society of the Cincinnati. His wife was Amy Legaré, great-granddaughter of the Huguenot, Solomon Legaré.

It is not a matter for surprise that Beatrice Ravenel should be possessed of artistic talent. Her grandfather, Matthew Sully Reeves, of the well known Sully family, was a musician, and two generations earlier the creative talent had manifested itself in Thomas Sully, many of whose notable portraits still adorn the walls of old Charleston houses, some of them in the possession of Mrs. Ravenel's own family.

Charles Otto Witte, the father of Mrs. Ravenel, was born in Hanover, Germany. He was the son of Ernest Witte who for many years represented the county of Luneburg in the upper house of the Parliament of the Kingdom of Hanover. His grandfather, also Ernst Witte, was the mayor of Blomberg by life tenure; his wife, before her marriage, had been court reader to the Kurfurst von Butcheburg.

Charles Otto Witte came to America in 1846, and settled in Charleston in 1847, where he entered upon a successful and distinguished business career. As Consul for the German Empire, Norway, and Sweden, he rendered valuable services to these govern-

ments, and upon his retirement from office he was decorated by the German government. He had previously received the Order of Vasa from Sweden. He early became an American citizen.

Beatrice Ravenel attended "Miss Kelly's School," a fashionable private school for girls in Charleston. In 1889 she entered Radcliffe College as a special student, and studied there for three years. After an interval, she returned, in 1895, for two more years, which were mainly devoted to the study of English.

During this period Mrs. Ravenel had a short story, "A Case of Conscience," published in *Sribner's Magazine,* while another, "A Little Boy of Dreams," was included in the second volume of 'Chap-Book Stories.' Two poems appeared in the short-lived *Knight Errant* and several stories and verses saw the light in *The Harvard Monthly* and *Advocate.* One article in the former, "The Coming Man in Fiction," was partly reprinted in *The Literary Digest.*

In 1900 Beatrice Ravenel married Francis Gualdo Ravenel, whose mother, Mrs. St. Julien Ravenel, is well known as the author of 'Eliza Lucas' and 'Charleston, the Place and the People.' Four years later their daughter, Beatrice de St. Julien Ravenel, was born.

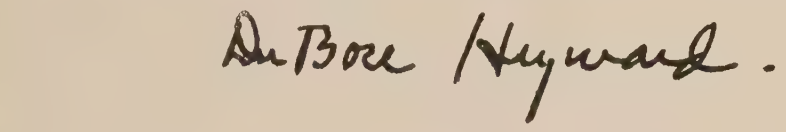
In 1918 her long silence was broken by a poignant war poem, "Missing," which appeared in *The Atlantic Monthly* of January, 1918, has since been reprinted in three collections, and instantly won recognition and a place for Beatrice Ravenel in the poetic revival that was then gaining headway in all parts of America.

During that year of the war, when the national spirit of service was awakened, and the heart of the nation was stirred to its depths, it was inevitable that the creative impulse should seek expression, and in response to its promptings, Beatrice Ravenel entered seriously upon her career as a writer. "Missing" was followed in the pages of *The Atlantic* by the "Lines on a Sun-Dial," and "The Swamp" (November, 1918), and in *Harper's Magazine* of February, 1919, by "After Battle." It was in 1919 also that her short story, "The High Cost of Conscience," was published in the January number of *Harper's.* This story was selected by the O. Henry Memorial Committee from many hundred manuscripts submitted as one of the twelve best, and was published in the first O. Henry Memorial volume.

Since 1919 Mrs. Ravenel has been on the staff of *The State,* of Columbia, S. C., as a reviewer and a writer of special articles and paragraphs. Her work has received wide comment among the exchanges and reviews.

In February of 1920, Mrs. Ravenel's work was again interrupted; this time by the sudden death of her husband. In the passing of Francis Ravenel not only his immediate family but a large circle of friends experienced a deep loss. He was a man of more than common cultivation, peculiarly endearing charm of manner, and a philosophy of life that was tinged by an eternally triumphant sense of humor.

In her home in old Tradd Street in Charleston, Mrs. Ravenel has again seriously returned to her literary work, dividing her time between her writing and the companionship of her daughter. It is likely that the immediate future will see her best and most permanent contribution to literature.



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MISSING.

From *Atlantic Monthly,* January, 1918, with permission of author and publishers

Lord, how can he be dead?
For he stood there just this morn
With the live blood in his cheek
And the live light on his head?
Dost Thou remember, Lord, when he was born,
And all my heart went forth, thy praise to seek,
(I, a creator even as Thou,)—
To force Thee to confess
The little, young, heart-breaking loveliness,
Like willow-buds in Spring, upon his brow?
Newest of unfledged things,
All perfect but the wings.
Master, I lit my tender candle-light
Straight at the living fire that rays abroad
From thy dread altar, God!
How should it end in night?

Lord, in my time of trouble, of tearing strife,
  Even then I loved thy will, even then I knew
That nothing is so beautiful as life! . . .
  Is not the world's great woe thine anguish too?
    It hath not passed, thine hour.
  Again Thou kneelest in the olive-wood.
    The lands are drunk with sharp-set lust of power,
  The kings are thirsting, and they pour thy blood.
But we, the mothers, we that found thy trace
Down terrible ways, that looked upon thy face
And are not dead—how should we doubt thy grace?

How many women in how many lands—
  Almost I weep for them as for mine own—
  That wait beside the desolate hearth-stone!
Always before the embattled army stands
  The horde of women like a phantom wall,
Barring the way with desperate, futile hands.
  The first charge tramples them, the first of all!

Dost Thou remember, Lord, the hearts that prayed
  As down the shouting village street they swung,
  The beautiful fighting-men? The sunlight flung
His keen young face up like an unfleshed blade . . .
  O God, so young!

Lord, hast Thou gone away?
  Once more through all the worlds thy touch I seek.
    Lord, how can he be dead?
For he stood here just this day
  With the live blood in his cheek,
    And the live light on his head?
    Lord, how can he be dead?

ON A SUN-DIAL.

(AN INSCRIPTION)

From *Atlantic Monthly*, July, 1918, with permission of author and publishers.

Follow the Sun as I : His favor keep.
Nor fear the Night that cometh : Sweet is Sleep.

THE SWAMP.

From *Atlantic Monthly*, November, 1918, with permission of author and publishers.

Love called me like a beacon on a hill,
With all the flickering odors of the dark,
And the sharp spurt of fireflies, spark on spark,
And beckoning glimmer of the window-sill;
Low, like his arms, the skyward branches came,
Outlined in down of flame.

I dug my face in leaves. The hovering tree
Laid his swift hands on me,
His careless, thousand-fingered, merciful touch.
The wind that wearied him from side to side
Washed through me like a tide,
And led me past the taloned shadows' clutch
Where the slow swamp lies ambushed to the south.
My feet took hold on their accustomed trace.
And lo, at last I guessed Love's secret face
And the forbidden kisses of his mouth.

Like a cold knife lay on my throat the dew,
Leaves on my lids, and on my slackening heart
The silence, beating like another heart.
Less and less near the need of living grew.
The weary night dragged like a tale of years
Her tense unresting planets overhead;
The keen grass murmured of the happy dead
That never know its rustling in their ears.
Through the desirous grass my will might seep,
Delicious, irresponsible as tears.
Love, the great lover, my submission bore
Surely to some good ending, safe and deep;
Dead Love, that giveth his beloved sleep—
He that hath nothing better, nothing more.

Almost I slipped my hand in his to go;
When lo, a little dawn-wind like a child

Came singing, and the feathery rushes piled
Their plumes together singing. To and fro
The gray veils of the cloistered moss bowed low
In endless adoration. Lines of white
On Gothic brambles, truculent and wild,
And roots like cunning carvings of delight
Breathed out, because the very dawn had smiled,
Seeing the miracle of the swamp in spring;
The sacred, seven-veiled lustre of the light
Walked on the water, kindling ring on ring.

The water broke in irised arc and shoal—
Green snakes with touches exquisite and long;
More rhythmic than the fresh-of-morning song
The mocking-bird jets spattering from the brake.
Like some squat Eastern god, macabre, droll,
The alligator shot a silvery wake.
Small outcast creatures quavered into sight
Through elf-lock tangles of the lily-stem;
They pelted me with childish gifts of seeds
Until I noticed them,
The wonderful, the holy little weeds.
Gnats woke the air to fluting spray of gold.

The buzzard floated with an angel's flight
On motionless wide wings,
Effortless, far above our windy strife.—
For God, being God, who said, "Let there be Light,"
Cannot at all withhold
Some beauty from abominable things,
Some good from life, yea, even from my life.

Death called me like a beacon on a hill,
But smokily, as wood-fires dim and drowse
In sunshine when the early wind is still.—
I lit the patient hearth-fire in the house.

THE SHIFTED STANDARD.

From *Harper's Magazine,* March, 1920, with permission of author and publishers.

"ARE you too busy to hear me run through the plot?" asked Novella.

The Editor was in his normal condition. The study fire, instead of being the emblem of relaxation that it seemed, was egging him on to see entirely new sidelights on his work. He had listened to Novella all her life, however, and habits of thought are harder to change than political boundaries, as recent happenings abundantly demonstrate.

"It begins just before the hero is born."

"Can't we skip twenty years?" pleaded the Editor. "They generally disagree with me raw."

"Very well, I'll skip nineteen. If he is old enough to fight he is old enough to have love-affairs," declared Novella, dogmatically. "He strolls around with a girl—just girl, you know, angel-idiot type, all the virtues, does decorative art things—that kind. I think that I sha'n't let her kiss him; the bloom, you know, is so important."

"Oh, preserve her bloom by all means."

"*His* bloom, silly. Of course this affair is merely tentative."

"Why? She seems so suitable," grieved the Editor.

Novella fixed him with patient contempt. "If we wasted him on a girl like that he'd never be anything but a successful leading citizen. They quarrel because she wants to devote herself to her invalid mother, and he is all for love and mother well lost. That's so modern, isn't it? Think of the watchful waiting of the old-fashioned suitor. Then the real woman comes."

The Editor involuntarily straightened his eyebrows, shoulders, and tie.

"She is quite old, about twenty-five, and world-weary. She has every fault except a genius for living. She is music to hear, but won't play; and interpretation to watch, but doesn't dance. And when a poem is seething under the ice that coats the volcano she doesn't squander it in words—she lives!"

The Editor blinked; the glare was blinding. "He falls in love with her?"

"What's more, he ought to fall in love with her. She's so—developing. The other was one of these but-for-the-grace-of-God women, don't you know. I forgot to say that he is perfectly beautiful and innocent."

"Do I understand that he had been in the army?" queried the Editor, impulsively.

"Certainly. He had had a careful mother and a most particular top sergeant. If you read the newspapers properly you would know that our army led the sheltered life. Well, he wants to marry the woman, but she declines because she is afraid that he will outgrow her. She has the Higher Ethics, you see, so she offers to be his wife in all—but name only," explained Novella, without blinking an eyelash.

The Editor again blinked several. "My dear child!"

"That's so modern, isn't it? You know how they do heroines nowadays, don't you? The author says, 'Now how would a spirited young man with an artistic conscience, if any, behave in this situation?' Then he goes ahead."

The Editor had suspected it. "But the beautiful, innocent young hero?"

"He is scandalized. He walks the streets all night, his mind a chaos. Then at dawn he sees candles shining through the door of a church; you know how they beckon. He slips in and goes to sleep in a pew."

"Natural touch," conceded the Editor.

"When he wakes a pageant is going on in the chancel. Little girls in white, deliciously awkward, like rows of freesias that won't keep the row. The faulty beauty of it pierces his heart. The divine *gaucherie* of nature, don't you know, the absolutely right wrongness of it." A sudden mist surprised Novella's intelligent eyes. "Anyhow, the way he feels is perfectly beautiful. I haven't worked up that bit yet; I'm waiting for a moon. It decides him."

"To refuse. Thank Heaven," sighed the Editor, much relieved.

"*No.* To accept, goose. He understands at last that there is only virtue and that is tolerance; that the lesson of

life is not to be fastidious. That's so modern, isn't it? He flies to her. It is still very early; he finds her—"

"At breakfast," decided the Editor, sternly.

"He throws himself on her shoulder and says, 'My woman, my only, I will reform you!' "

The Editor said nothing. Novella rose, stuffed her papers into a thoroughly modern muff, and held out an absurd hand. "I must run now. I'll send you the manuscript in a couple of weeks. I'm a Junior now, you know, so I haven't any too much time. Thank you *so* much for liking it. Good-by."

After a pause in which his wits seemed to settle, the Editor pursued the spiral of faint orris out into the hall. "But Novella," he hissed into the well of the staircase, "Novella, what about his bloom—the bloom that was so important?"

"Oh yes," floated the joyous voice from below, "that was what we were saving it for."

When the story arrived the Editor with deep misgiving sent it down the ways.

It had an enormous success.

THE SWORD.

(Unpublished)

Fresh from the fire I came
Into the fire of the strife,
Thirsty, uneasy with life,
And I sang at my work like a flame.
Hearken! On Malvern Hill
After the charge went by,
Quietly, up at the sky
Smiling, the boy lay still.
Over death's threshold he trod
And answered the smile of God
As a soldier son to his sire.
But I was a trampled fire,
I lay dead on the sod,
I, the sword.

Only the heart may know
The bitterness of the heart.
Baffled, I hung apart
On the wall where the shadows go,
Pondering a tale that is told
Of a Pleiad with broken wing
Lost in a mist of tears . . .
But counsclors wise were the years
With gifts that the elders bring
From their treasury, new and old.

With the stir of the land I stirred,
I sang in the night a word
To the boy, the grandson of my boy.
I sang of the swords of the dead
Heaped like the harvester's sheaves,
And the conflict's undying joy;
Of Excalibar's mystical bed
Drowned in the lily-leaves
Till Arthur shall come to his own.
(This is the day. Awake!)
Of the sword of the Maid of France
Raised from the altar-stone,
And the archangel-sword of her glance.
(France hath need of thee. Wake!)
I sang of the Druid sword
Wet from the oak-tree's spell,
In the hands of Fianna's horde
That routed the devils in hell.
(Again are they on thee. Awake!)
Of the swords of the Three of Rome;
Of the kreeses of Eastern kings
That shrieked when the point went home
In an ecstasy of delight
As a diver shouts when he springs;
Of the sword of the dead man's fight
Won on a lilied lea,
(Kitchener, even as thy might

Sweeps like a wind from the sea
Over the lilies of France.)
I sang of his grandsire's sword,
Of the Southland and old romance,
Of the urge of the crowded hour
That is more than a lover's joy.
In the night, when the heart has power,
I cried to his heart the word.
So I made love to the boy,
I, the sword.
I sang, The old order is passed . . .
And the Soul of thy land, at the last
(I speak, I, the sword),
Take her, as men of the South
Welcome the bride; and thy bond
Seal with the kiss of her mouth
To the borders of death and beyond.
Under myrtle and Cherokee rose,
With voice of palmetto and pine
Hymning the bridal above,
Take her, for she is thine,
And the foes of her house are thy foes;
Take her to honor and love,
And to have and to hold and to ward
With the sword.
He slipped me free from the sheath,
As something accustomed and known
New and miraculous grown.
Stooping, he kissed without shame
My blade, and we mingled like breath,
(Wonderful grown and new!)
And stark in his ardent young hand
I bowed to the Soul of my land
And adored.
Out of the fire I came . . .
Into the fire anew,
We, the Sword!

"QUAND VOUS SEREZ BIEN VIEILLE."

(Unpublished)

When I am very old,
Huddled over the fire,
Watching the covetous points of the flames . . .

They will grope for me with your hands,
(Fallen to ash),
Your hands that are threaded through mine like music,
Daring, interpretative,
Signalling with soft intimations,
"It is I, only I." . .
Hypnotic, breaking the guard
Of the oubliette of the spirit,
The innermost keep.

She slumbers,
The twilit Self.
Should I not be ashamed to open her eyes for another?
Should I not be ashamed
To cover her lips from your kiss?

The scarlet breath of the sunset
Pulses over the brown, enervated wood-paths
Holding them back from the night . . .

When I am very old,
Huddled over the fire,
I shall warm myself with your hands.

WHEN.

(Unpublished)

When they have finished the barricade
(Neatly, for women have helped)
Over the smugly suburban roadway,
And machine-guns have wheeled to the corner,
The ghost of the boy that you were

Shall blaze on the top in the splendid, irrational glory of
torches,
Mating with flame.

You have been rooted since then
In the packed-down earth of the city,
Taken a wife and a child and a stable place in society.
Tight-lipped and disgusted,
The man that you are
Stands behind the reasonable machine-gun.

THE SONG OF THE UGLY WOMEN.

(Unpublished)

How can I make you aware
She is the music scored on the indolent page,
I am the music loose in the beating air?
I am the beauty she seems . . .
As frantic birds in a cage
Draw the delirium of high-bosomed branches and clouds
through the mesh
And fuse them into a blinding, musical rage,
So I filched for my soul.
This rough burden of flesh
God gave me to wear.—
My spirit I stole.

I am the truth of your dreams.
I am the swan, she is the shade of the swan on the lake;
And you, blind and distraught,
Lean to the imagery,
Only the shadow you take.
Is it naught to you, is it naught
Life itself is passing you by,
And questings and mysteries,
And the curious treasures of bliss,
And the scope of the world that your wastrel hands let fall
Like fruit from the southern wall,—
And all that there is?

I am Beyond, I am Over-the-Hill!
After her fringe of gardens (delusion, watchful and still),
Come barren of common and household furrow and field.
But I am the message of seas, unearthly flaws in the reeds
and the whins,
I am the call where the trailless woodrow bends,
The leap of the heights where the last strained earth-tip ends
And the freedom of God begins.

Under the husks of my hands are the pleading colors of
flowers, the touch of the dew,
Under my lusterless eyes are the singing flights of the sky.
How can I make you know—how can I hold you before
The beauty in me that is I,—
Oh more, oh more,—
The beauty in me that is you?

DEATH'S NURSERY.

(Unpublished)

In dreams I come upon my quest:
I feel the wings about my head,
I feel the Quiet in my breast . . .
Lord, is it thou? Lord, he is dead!

The golden youth that keyed his voice,
His bearing like a wood-tree's stem,—
Death takes the perfectest for choice . . .
Look Thou that he doth cherish them!

Look that he plant a garden, deep
With boughs whose silence falls like shade;
That harbored there the young things' sleep,
All unfulfilled, that Thou hast made:

Unseeded grass that plumes the fen,
Small birds with dust-stopped voices fine,
And all the beautiful young men
That fall along the firing line,

Their loves unbudded, wistful-gay,
(Tentative touch and flickering gleam) . . .
And ever with the cool of day
Walk Thou therein and touch their dream.

I watch the feathering of the lake,
The trailing stir among the weed;
The reeds a windy music make
More magical than any reed;

Things fugitive, as light as wings
That leave no wake . . . Who wastes like Thee
Such sweetness on such passing things?
How great must then Thy beauty be!

THE WORST.

(Unpublished)

There can be no talk of forgiveness
Ever between us two.
It was I that my faithlessness injured,
And you wronged you.

Your eyes, your intemperate kindness,
Must I bear them as long as I live?
Your love is my wild expiation.
Oh, do not forgive!

NORVAL RICHARDSON

[1877—]

FRANCIS PENDLETON GAINES

AMONG southern writers of fiction who have utilized native resources and have also enlarged the scope of their labors to include material from remote lands, Norval Richardson holds a place of distinction. For this dual achievement he has had uncommonly fortunate heritage and training. Born in a characteristically southern town, the son of a Confederate veteran who was, however, a native of Massachusetts, reared under the post-reconstruction influences of Mississippi, educated in both the South and the North, engaged professionally in service for his nation in four foreign countries, Mr. Richardson appears singularly well equipped for the literary tasks he has undertaken.

Like the renowned Prentiss, whose literary biographer Norval Richardson was to become, Lee Richardson, father of the subject of this sketch, emigrated from New England in the ante-bellum days when the virgin territory along the lower Mississippi was attracting in great quantity the talent of the eastern states. Settling in Mississippi, the young stranger became immediately identified with the commonwealth of his adoption. He married Miss Louise French, a Mississippi girl; he championed the cause of Mississippi and her southern sisters in the Civil War; and after that conflict he continued to reside in Vicksburg where he was honored by all his neighbors and where he became the founder of a family that has ever since been prominent in the life of the little city on the bluffs.

Into this famliy Norval Richardson was born on October 8, 1877. The early environment of his life was, of course, predominantly southern; but he was given new and wide perspectives by frequent summer visits to his paternal kindred in New England. A part of his elementary education, moreover, was received in the schools of Lawrenceville, New Jersey. When the time came to enter college, he elected the Southwestern Presbyterian University of Clarksville, Tennessee, a historic institution which has for many years drawn largely upon the circles of Vicksburg youth. Mr. Richardson proved a good student; but, as is the case with many literary men of history, the guiding forces of his general academic experience were his own powerful interests, which ran along aesthetic lines, rather than the definite requirements of the curriculum.

After his college days were over, he entered into business as secretary of Lee Richardson & Company, a firm of Vicksburg carrying on several forms of commercial activity. While here he did his first literary work; but the gleam had lured his vision since his fifteenth year.

In 1909 Mr. Richardson joined the diplomatic service of the United States. His first assignment was to Havana where he remained as second secretary of the legation until 1911, when he was given a similar position in Copenhagen. Later in this same year, he was named special envoy of his nation to the funeral of King Frederick VII of Denmark. In 1913 he was transferred to Italy; and he remained with the embassy in Rome during the entire period of the war. He was at this time exceptionally busy with the innumerable details of his position; but he continued somewhat irregularly his literary work. In 1920 he was again moved, this time to Lisbon where he resides at the time of this writing. On January 6, 1917, it should be added, Mr. Richardson was married to Miss Mabel McGinnis.

Six novels and a considerable group of short stories constitute the literary production of this writer who, it will be remembered, is still young. Reversing, after a fashion, the artistic life story of his distinguished fellow-townsman, Judge Harris Dickson, who began far afield and gradually came home for his themes, Mr. Richardson did his first work literally in his own community. 'The Heart of Hope' (1905) represents chiefly an assembling of material with which the author had been for a long time familiar; indeed, much of it was gathered from the reminiscences of his own relatives. Considered as a first novel, the book is in many respects a remarkable success. Mr. Richardson was less than a month in writing the entire story, yet so accurate was his knowledge of his subject-matter and so unerring was his instinct for organization and treatment that the volume amply justifies the *Bookman's* rather conservative verdict of "distinctly above the average." The story treats in a manner at once sweeping and detailed the siege of Vicksburg. It is interesting to note, in passing, that the spectacle of this little river town defying for six weeks a gigantic attack by land and by water—during which time the inhabitants were forced to burrow for safety from the shells and were reduced to menus of terrible desperation—has captivated the imagination of many of our story-tellers; this picture of the young artist whose family had lived through the whole story is probably the most intimate and the most convincing.

In 'The Lead of Honour' (1910) Richardson brought out a more ambitious and a more finished work. He had been for some

time interested in the memoirs of Sargent Prentiss, one of the colossal figures of the stirring Mississippi history of the second quarter of the last century and one of the really fascinating personalities of the annals of the entire nation. The novel which came as a result of this interest is both a good story and a valuable contribution to the chronicles of a great period. The plot is structurally sound and is vital throughout. The theme is one of perennial charm, that immolation which is inspired by transcendent love. The character of Prentiss is developed in masterly fashion; we learn of his sensitiveness to his lameness, of his modesty, of the loftiness of his purposes, of his intuitive genius as well as his sound reasoning, of that matchless oratory which no printed page can reproduce since it sprang from the compelling personality, and, withal, of his immeasurable tenderness of heart. If we admired Prentiss before reading this book, we love him when we reach the end. The volume, too, is a veritable chapter from the life of the times. Here are the vast plantation systems still exhibiting survivals of the old Spanish days; here are glimpses of the political ferment and of the crude judicial procedure; here are etchings of the negro, that asset of incalculable value to our literature. We find the devotion, born in chivalric souls that "were as white as their faces were black"; we catch echoes of the weird superstitions; we discern, justly presented, the conflicting attitudes of the southerners on the great question later to shake the continent; the liberal spirit which looked and hoped for gradual emancipation contrasted with the intolerance that could see in the blacks only so much live stock.

Inasmuch as this work represents a notable contribution to the interpretation of the South, her history and her institutions, we may be pardoned for giving to it a special emphasis. Many of our really gifted writers, apparently, have presumed that the only wholly worthy accomplishment must be in those cosmic spaces of art that do not admit of geographical identification. Our criticism has sometimes manifested an eagerness to bestow on this kind of effort applause quite disproportionate to the aggregate success. It is almost pathetic to recall how many of our apostles of beauty we have likened unto Keats; how many of our writers, we have fondly believed, saw nature as Wordsworth saw; how many epics have been laboriously and seriously compared to 'Paradise Lost.' Meantime, discounting the dialect work and under-estimating the purely indigenous, we have sometimes missed the very qualities which give to southern literaetur its peculiar significance. Yielding both in creative urge and in critical temper profound allegiance to the unquestioned axiom that "Beauty is truth," we have not always appreciated the inference of

the other half of the dictum; for truth is beauty, yes, the truth that is in the life of a people. And where has life been lived in a more richly varied form than in our own South? May we not, therefore, fairly commend those talented spirits who have endeavored to give to this life, never again destined for material existence, an immortality of art? Without these chroniclers of the splendid ages, should not we join the dim procession of those peoples who "had no poet and they died?"

Let it be repeated, then, that in this particular book we find a delightful literary phenomenon; a Mississippi author, working from a Mississippi point of view, treats with skill not less than with sympathy a dominant Mississippi figure; and provides for his story a superb setting of Mississippi customs.

We may, in this connection, mildly regret that from this point on the uniquely southern elements are not found in Mr. Richardson's work. But whatever our patriotic impulses may be, we are surely gratified to find that he has gone steadily forward in the mastery of his art. The intermediate novels, 'George Thorne' (1911) and 'The Honey Pot' (1912), thoroughly charming works as they are, do not mark any special advance. Attention is centered more on character and situation and less on background. But it is most encouraging to find in his two later novels the best specimens of technical craft which he has yet produced. This fact makes it reasonably certain that Mr. Rihardson will never belong to that group of writers who fail in maturity to realize the promise of youth.

Passing attention, even within the brief compass of this article, should be paid to these two recent works, 'The World Shut Out' (1919) and 'Pagan Fire' (1920). The former volume in particular has called forth complimentary recognition from critics not only in America but also in England. Both of these stories are laid in Italy. Unlike some of our novelists who have attempted to introduce continental settings, Mr. Richardson is thoroughly conversant with his localities. He makes of the bits of local color important and attractive elements of the general effect. It is a token of his patriotism that in both of these novels the principal figures are Americans.

As a writer of short stories, Mr. Richardson has probably reached a larger audience than as a novelist; certainly he has been most cordially received in this field. A series of stories, for instance, appearing in *Scribner's Magazine* during 1917 received honorable mention in Mr. O'Brien's anthology of the best stories of that year. It is patent, none the less, that Mr. Richardson is fundamentally the novelist. Corroboration of this judgment is suggested

by the fact that the very series mentioned in the preceding sentence is in reality a kind of a serial grouped around the winsome personality of Dr. Cooke, the hero of all the episodes. The stories are not so perfectly chiseled that they leave the general impression of no superfluous word; nor are they so brisk that they may be classed with that popular variety, the "breezy"; rarely are they so tense as to be electric. On the other hand, the plots are unfolded leisurely—effectively, to be sure, but deliberately. Characterization is established not by the significant flash or two, but by a slow accumulation of petty and indirect bits of evidence. The style, always easy, is sometimes chatty. But every story reveals the general traits in which the author excels; close observation, keen sense for the significant detail, accurate insight into human nature, gentle humor, sympathy delicately manifested, a certain wholesomeness, not in the least akin to didacticism, and, above all, ability to present "a good story well told."

In a final glance at Mr. Richardson, we recognize an author who, though still in the vigor of youth, has to his credit achievement of considerable bulk and of unquestionable quality, achievement, moreover, that indicates steady development. Surely his future is worthy of our increasing interest and confidence.

Francis Pendleton Gaines

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HIS WEDDING PRESENT.

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NOTE: Sargent Everett (Sargent Prentiss) loves with deep devotion his former little pupil, Natalia Brandon. At twelve years of age, she had gone North and in the intervening seven years, forgetting the dreams of her Mississippi girlhood, has become engaged to Morgan Talbot. Now she is again at home, having returned to be married in the mansion of the childhood days. Meantime, her cruel step-mother, sold Dicey, the old "mammy"; Everett, out of affection for Natalia, bought the faithful slave.

THE day deepened in beauty as the hours passed, and all the while elaborate decorations were being arranged throughout the house. Many friends came, bringing wagon loads of trailing vines and ferns and wild hydrangeas. Festoons of southern smilax were twined about the columns and draped from one to the other, so that the old house looked gay and youthful, as it had many years ago; and along the veranda, tables were placed on which stood tall crystal globes protecting the candles which were to illumine the place at nightfall; and along the balustrade of the upper balcony was a row of candles which encircled the house, and would make it a blaze of glory.

In the grove hundreds of transparencies were hung high among the thick foliage, vying with the white blossoms in doing honour to the occasion; two big piles of brush were placed far out on the road beyond the gate, which were to be set ablaze in the evening and light the late arrivals on their way.

Within, the large salon was heavy with the odor of gardenias. The walls were covered with the fragrant blos-

soms and from the corners of the ceiling to where the bronze chandelier swung with its hundred and fifty candles, garlands of ivy were draped. Across the hall, the dining-room floor was waxed until Zebediah pronounced it too slippery for any one to stand on, much less attempt dancing. Even the library was thrown open, a thing never done before in entertaining, and all the wedding presents displayed there—presents that brought smiles and tears to Natalia, for in many of these gifts she realized that the friends of her parents were parting with their heirlooms to do her honour. There were priceless pieces of Sevres china; a huge punch bowl of Bohemian glass, the sides cut in broad panels which showed layers of rose and cream; candlesticks in bronze and brass and silver; many pieces of Sheffield plate and silver that had come to America with its early settlers; and, causing more trouble and amusement than all the others, a magnificent peacock sent by old Mrs. Buckingham, which thought its special duty was to make the air ring with hideous cries.

In the late afternoon Natalia went down the stairs on the back veranda to inspect the last touches that Mrs. Jervais and Mrs. Houston were giving the supper table. The veranda had been enclosed the whole length in osnaburgs, and a long table extended from one end to the other, literally groaning under the weight of appetizing delicacies.

Already the front of the house was gay with the people who had driven many miles to the wedding, and whose carriages and wagons were encamped without the gates awaiting the return to them in the early morning; for it was the custom of those days to spend the entire night in jollification, the fiddlers never resting their bows until the sunlight clashed with candle-light.

"Oh, Natalia, look at those nougat pyramids! Aren't they dreams!" Millicent cried. "I know they must be six feet high."

"They were made in New Orleans," commented Mrs. Jervais, proudly, following the girls as they moved down the table, inspecting everything.

"Won't it be a pity to break them? But of course every one will want a souvenir to take home. Natalia, I think you

ought to keep one whole in memory of the day. And there's the wedding cake! In five terraces! Isn't it beautiful? Where in the world did you get it, Mrs. Houston?"

Mrs. Houston's eyes lit up with enthusiasm.

"I made every bit of it myself. It took the whites of fifty eggs!"

"What on earth did you do with the yelks?" exclaimed Millicent, dumbfounded.

"Is there nothing I can do?" Natalia said, putting her arms about the old lady and kissing her cheek. "How good you all are to me! I seem to grow happier every moment—"

The clang of the door-bell broke on her unfinished words, and in the next moment a servant had entered with a note. Natalia took it from the salver, and glanced at the address, drawing her brows together, as if in recollection. The others waited silently impatient.

"Do open it, Natalia," Millicent cried. "I know it's another wedding present. Won't you read it aloud?"

Natalia still held the note in her hand, thoughtfully regarding it.

"I'm trying to remember whose writing it is, it's very familiar. Oh, I know now. It's Sargent Everett's."

She tore open the envelope, letting it fall to the floor as she hurriedly read the note. When she looked up again, the tears were streaming down her face.

"He has sent me the most precious wedding present in the world," she cried, with a sob in her voice. "He has given Mammy back to me."

She ran through the dining-room, and down the full length of the hall, and out on to the front porch, throwing herself into the old slave's arms.

"He has given you to me, Mammy! He has given you to me! You're mine—you dear old Mammy Dicey! Come on upstairs to my room and tell me all about it. Mammy, I'm getting everything in the world to-day. Isn't it wonderful? And now you've come back to me!"

She pulled the old woman up the steps beside her, and into the big room where they had spent many hours together.

It was about dusk, and the room was in the quiet gloom of twilight. Natalia locked the door after they had entered, and pushing a big arm chair close beside the bed, she led Dicey who stood in the centre of the room, dazed into forgetfulness by the familiar objects about her, to it, and made her sit down while she threw herself on the bed and drew the old slave's hands into both her own.

"It's like old times, isn't it, Mammy? Just exactly like it used to be—you there beside me when I went to sleep. Oh, Mammy, I'm so happy! I want to cry just a little like I used to, and you hold my hand and pat it and sing to me —very soft and low, ah! now!"

And with the light gently fading from behind the bowed blinds, and the room sinking into darkness, the old slave chanted softly, with the tears streaming down her furrowed cheeks:

"Whar, oh, whar am de Hebrew chillun,
Whar, oh, whar am de Hebrew chillun,
Whar, oh, whar am de Hebrew chillun,
Way ober in de promis' lan'!

MISS FOTHERGILL.

(DR. BROOKE'S LOVE-AFFAIRS)

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NOTE: The serenity of quiet village life is disturbed by the appearance of a musical comedy "road show." The hopelessly mediocre performance is redeemed only by the charm of the leading lady, Mimi Fothergill. She faints while on the stage. Dr. Brooke and his friend (the narrator of the story) carry her to the home of Mrs. O'Herron. On the next day, despite the protests of Jim, the manager, Dr. Brooke refuses to allow Miss Fothergill to go with the company. Watched carefully by the physician and nursed by genial Mrs. O'Herron, the little acress slowly regains strength.

I FOUND Miss Fothergill sitting in a reclining chair under the pine-tree at the corner of the garden, quite at home and with every evidence of the permanency which was causing Mrs. O'Herron so much perturbation. A faded lavender frock and a white sunbonnet made up the costume which I fancied had been supplied by the complaining landlady. Neither was becoming; in fact, there was something ludicrous

in the contrast between the antiquated costume and the quaint, mimic-lined face of the actress.

At first she appeared rather quiet, though always responsive. Her face lighted up so delightfully when she said anything; and her eyes, wonderfully expressive and ever changing in such a way that you were never sure which color they really were, were full of the gayety I remembered seeing that night on the stage. Beneath her entire lack of conventionality, her ignorance of what you *précieux* would call refinement, was that same jolly comradeship which had shown in her acting. It made her very human, so very human, and lovable. You felt that she was the sort of person that might lead any life, probably had, and yet retain a certain freshness, a certain hopefulness, that would always be fresh and clean. Her voice, too, was appealing; it was clear and high and very girlish; it went a long way toward softening the vulgarity of her language. Dear me—what language! Many times I had no idea of the significance of her expressions; Dr. Brooke never had. This appeared to amuse her immensely, and when we would ask her to repeat what she had said she would call us country folks, "farmers," and laugh gayly; and when she laughed your heart went out to her, every bit of it.

"Say, but it's funny being here in this stepping-off place," she said. "Take it from me, I never figured on anything like this. Never been this far off the trolley-line before. But, you know, on the square—I'm not joshing—I'm getting to like it. It's kind o' clean and sweet and still. Gee!—but it's still at night. Gave me the willies at first, but I'm getting hardened to it now. Makes me think, and believe me, I'm not strong on thinking."

If you could have seen the way Dr. Brooke treated her! He literally hung on her words, part of this attitude due to his effort at understanding her vocabulary. I believe the finished courtesy of his manner puzzled her. You see, she had never known anything like it. At first she appeared almost to resent his perfectly maintained dignity; then, gradually, she began to see it was natural and came from the heart. Even so it was disturbing to her; at times it made her

a little constrained, it even made her a bit angry—at herself and at him. Yet, beneath it all, you could see in her eyes that, though she were puzzled at this utterly new politeness and respect, she was immensely pleased.

"Yes, I'm getting to like it," she went on. It puts you on to yourself. You find out what you like"—suddenly the gayety went out of her face and left it hard and drawn—"and what you hate."

Dinah announced a patient and, as Dr. Brooke left us to go into the house, I saw with a start what had caused Mrs. O'Herron so much alarm. It was the expression in Miss Fothergill's eyes; the same expression I had seen before in other eyes—Adelaide's, Mrs. Merryweather's, Lucrezia's. I verily believe if I saw a woman look at him without that expression I'd think something was wrong with her. And yet, somehow, I was unprepared to see it in this battered little derelict from goodness knew where. It seemed absurd, improbable. What could there be in Dr. Brooke to attract her!

Her next words were, in a way, explanatory.

Still watching his departing figure, she said, more to herself than to me: "He certainly has been mighty white to me. Never had anybody so good to me before. Oh, I've had 'em good to me, but not like him; the others always gave me the notion they were after something; but he! not a bit of it! He's so easy and gentle-like, and real kind." She lay back in her chair and let a little sigh escape her. "Gee—but it does me good all over to be hanging around here all day—with him."

I saw her frequently after this first meeting, always seated under the pine-tree in the garden. It was a strange contrast, she and that old garden.

I have not told you much of this garden, in the fear that you would not see it as it really is. It doesn't lend itself to description; it must be felt. It has always reminded me of an old friend, the sort we are fond of, yet neglect until trouble comes; then we are quick enough to remember and hasten there to find the welcome we are so sure of receiving, the comforting companionship, the soothing silence that was

forgotten in happier moments. It was almost wholly in shadow, this garden cool, quiet shadows in which you could sit and look out upon the splotches of sunlight and color. It hadn't had the care of a gardener for years and years, perhaps it was that which made it so friendly and fragrant. Nor did it have any of the snobbism of your modern gardens, made overnight and crowded with showy, scentless flowers; it had never attempted Italian formality; there were no Noah's Ark trees and hedges, no perfectly shaved lawns, no swept walks; indeed, it wasn't a bit of a well-groomed garden. Still, it had everything it ought to have: two very, very old elms—there's shade for you; heaps and heaps of honeysuckle—there's fragrance; a row of sunflowers, some towering hollyhocks, stray groups of larkspur, poppies everywhere, and some sturdy rose-bushes—all this for color. There were other flowers, too, but they were only guests for the season; these others had always been there and always would be. I almost forgot the fish-pond with no fish in it, and the pine-tree at the corner of the fence. "That a garden!" you exclaim, contemptuously. Ah, but you are an outsider! You don't understand! But Miss Fothergill—Mimi, as we grew to call her—did. Why? Bless me if I know! It was just a little thing like that in her, a sensitiveness and feeling, way down below the hard crust of her battered life, that made you love her.

One day Dr. Brooke brought a letter out to her. Mrs. O'Herron had sent it on from the grocery. Mimi looked at the address with no change of expression, said it was from Jim, and tore it open. A money order fell into her lap. After reading the letter she told us he was on his way back east, would come by for her soon, and had sent her fifty dollars. After this announcement she looked away, thoughtful and without the least evidence of pleasure at the news. Then, quite suddenly, the corners of her mouth twitched and she smiled, exactly as a little child would have done over some wholly wonderful, unexpected prospect. A few minutes later, with hardly a word of farewell, she left us.

On my way home I passed Mrs. O'Herron's and as usual stopped. A peculiar thing about Mrs. O'Herron's

grocery is that, to save your life, you can't pass it by. Every one I know feels the same way. You are drawn unconsciously within its portals, and once there, if you are a self-respecting, conscientious person, you don't leave without buying something.

Mimi at the far end of the shop called me. I approached and found her poring over a jeweler's catalogue.

"What do you think would tickle him most?" she asked, her eyes still glowing with childish joy.

"He! Who?"

She drew down her mouth in a delightfully deprecating manner. "Cut it out. Don't try to kid me. Dr. Brooke —of course. Did you think I meant the street-sprinkler?"

I sat down beside her and smiled.

"Would he like this?" She frowned over the choice, exactly like a little girl. "What would he like? It's almost put me on the blink, trying to dig out something that would please him. You guys get everything that's coming to you; you ain't ever wanting a thing with all your heart, are you? Anyhow," returning to the catalogue, "I'm up against it good and hard."

I suggested calling Mrs. O'Herron in to give her opinion. This brought a frown from Mimi and a certain stiffening on the part of Mrs. O'Herron. It was plain enough that they were not hitting off very well.

"She's dead against my giving him anything." Mimi tossed her head at the landlady.

Indeed Mrs. O'Herron was! 'Twas throwing away good money to give the doctor anything; that was what it was. As for his having any kind of jewelry, what would he be after doing with it? A watch-chain? Didn't he already have one? Gold-rimmed spectacles? Bless you, he didn't wear them! He didn't have to, thanks be to God! A cigarette-case? Hadn't she seen herself that he didn't smoke anything but a pipe! "Take it from me, Miss Fothergill, don't throw away the good money you have. Be saving it. 'Tis always a rainy day that do be coming."

Mimi shook her head impatiently. "Cut it out. I know what I want to do; and I'm on to you. I know why you are so dead against it."

Mrs. O'Herron's face showed consternation. She even took a step away from Mimi. And Mimi! You may be sure she saw her advantage and followed it up. She smiled in that sweet way women use instead of cursing each other.

"'Tis my frugal sense that's after helping you to put by your money," Mrs. O'Herron continued, very mild.

"Not on your life is it!" Mimi answered.

Mrs. O'Herron drew herself together with visible alarm, yet with a curiosity that must be allayed.

"What is it by way of being, then?"

Mimi lifted her eyes, her lips still curved in the honeyed smile.

"It's because you're stuck on him yourself. See!"

(IV)

A fortnight later a large package arrived addressed to Miss Mimi Fothergill, care of Mrs. O'Herron, et cetera. It was very light, much too light for its size, Mrs. O'Herron commented. She didn't believe there was anything in it. Mimi made no explanations. Without opening it she called Patrick to fetch it to Dr. Brooke's, and set off there with him at once. Arriving and finding him out, she dismissed Patrick and carried the case herself into the garden. She tore off the wrapping-paper, set the case—imitation leather—in a chair, and lifted the lid. She appeared very much pleased, inspected the contents one by one, arranged them carefully, then lowered the lid and sat down on it, spreading out her skirts in such a way that the case was no longer visible. Then she waited. You may guess—that is, if you have ever given a present because you wanted to and not because it was an obligation—how impatiently she waited.

When Dr. Brooke came he found her sitting there, the sunbonnet fallen back from her head, her hair glowing in the sunlight, her strange little face flushed, her big, uncannily big, eyes gleaming with excitement.

"Why didn't you stay away for good? I thought you'd forgotten your cue."

He explained that he had been way, way out in the country to see a very, very ill patient.

She hardly listened. "Something's come for you!"

"Something for me!"

She nodded. "A handout—a present."

He laughed and said it was so long since he had had a present that he wouldn't know how to accept one.

At this she clapped her hands and laughed gayly. "Gee! That makes me glad all over."

"That I haven't had a present for so long?"

"Yes. And that it's up to me to give it to you."

"You!"

She nodded, stood up, and thus displayed the case.

"It looks mighty big," he said, taking a step toward it.

She caught hold of his hand and held him back. "You've got to guess first what's in it."

But how could he! A box like that! There might be anything inside! A riding saddle! A set of harness for the speckled mare! Or—yes, he had it now! It was one of those patent foot-warmers to put in his buggy on cold winter nights.

She laughed until the tears came into her eyes. He was the original funny man! A foot-warmer! Golly!

Then, what was it? He gave it up. It was quite beyond him.

She raised the lid and all the while watched him closely. No wonder his eyes blinked. The sight was dazzling. Carefully arranged on a green satin lining—an effect calculated with infinite pains—was a glittering array of toilet articles. Twenty pieces, each one engraved impressively with a mammoth "B". Nothing had been forgotten, not even the nail-buffer and an enameled pot of cream.

Dr. Brooke's astonishment was sincere. He was probably wondering all the time what under the sun he was going to do with it. Dr. Brooke and a complete outfit of toilet articles was the extreme of incongruity. But he was pleased —Mimi was sure of that until he turned toward her and

actually scowled. She caught her breath with surprise, disappointment, then anger.

"*You* bought all that for *me!*" Everything about him was accusing; his eyes, his voice, his pointing finger.

She nodded, quite bewildered. "You don't like it?" she asked.

"It is beautiful. I *do* like it—but—"

"Yes?"

"You ought not to have spent all that money on me. You can't afford it. You must have spent every bit of that fifty dollars!"

"I did; every red cent of it."

"Don't you know it was wrong?"

She shook her head, still puzzled. "I wanted to do it. The money was mine. Why shouldn't I?"

He looked at her very gently, he even smiled a little; then he took her hand and drew her toward a chair. She obeyed docilely. His manner was quite beyond her.

"Don't you know, Mimi, that Jim sent you that money to live on, not to squander in this way! You ought to be more thrifty."

Her spirit was returning. "Oh, cut out that sort of josh. I hate thrifty people."

"Still—you've got to live. And you haven't the right to throw away your money on me. It's all wrong!"

She looked at him thoughtfully, silently, and gradually there came into her face a dull, half-angry, half-wounded flush. Finally, she got up, closed the lid of the box, and stood looking down at it with slightly trembling lips.

"You don't get me at all," she said, in a voice full of bitter disappointment. "It ain't that bunch of things I'm giving you; I don't care a hoop about them. They're the purple limit; I'm on to that myself. Some of 'em ain't even marked sterling!" She gave the case a disgusted glance and turned away. Her eyes, at first angry, were now intent with the thought she was trying to express. "You don't get me at all," she repeated. "Can't you see it would be swell for me to give you something, me that's always been handed out presents and never even thought about handing out anything

in return! I wanted to try the giving stunt on myself—just to see how it felt! Don't you know how pious ginks are always chewing the rag about it! It's the first time I ever thought about it myself. On the square it is. You're dead right about my needing the money. I'm that hard up, and I need some new rags about as bad as I ever did. But I thought I'd better strike, right off the bat, this time and do something that had hit me all in a heap! You see, you've been mighty white to me when I was knocked out and since."

Suddenly her voice broke and she turned away. Dr. Brooke took a step toward her.

"Mimi!" he exclaimed.

"No, don't break in, let me get through with this job. I want to sort o' talk it out to myself and see where I stand. It's new dope to me; never met up with it before! Mebbe you don't believe it, but I've been kind o'set up over it. Been batty for a couple of weeks thinking about giving you this stuff. And now "—she choked back a sob—" well, I guess I've fallen to your game this time. You see, you sort o' fooled me with that gentleman-like way you've got. That, and this sleepy, God-forsaken hole threw me off my nut!" Again she stopped, as if at a loss how to continue. Then, with a visible effort, she forced herself to meet Dr. Brooke's eyes and with crimson face and angry eyes rushed on: "Oh, I know you're straight goods and all that, but when it comes to a showdown, you just ain't there! You ain't willing to take anything from me. Yes, I'm on to your reasons now, even if it did take me a month to fall to it. You think I'm a rotter! Well—what if I am? It's none of your business. That's up to me!" She broke down completely this time and, struggle never so hard, she could no longer keep back the tears. They gushed down her cheeks. "I'll wire to Jim to come and get me. This place is giving me the willies, anyhow."

Dr. Brooke let her finish, let the tears come in torrents, let her sink down on the case and cover her face with her hands. He even waited a few minutes until she had sobbed herself into exhausted calm. Then he went to her, took hold of both her hands, and raised them to his lips. Poor

little battered Mimi! It was probably the first time she had ever had her hands kissed.

"Mimi," he said, looking down at her—you know how —"I don't know anything about you; I don't want to. It's what you are, what you can't help being, what God made you, that I love."

She looked at him through tear-dimmed though still doubting eyes. Gradually, under the infinite gentleness of his glance, she smiled.

"Then—then you are going to take it?"

"It will be my most treasured treasure of treasures."

She dried her eyes. "Now—quit your joshing." She laughed, and gave a dubious glance at the case, and, still dubious, looked again at Dr. Brooke. "You don't think it's the purple limit?"

"It's the prettiest thing I ever saw."

"Golly! But you're a hot-air artist. I'll bet you don't know what a single thing's for!" She held up the buffer. "What's that?"

She had him. He turned red and stammered. She grabbed his hand, opened the pot of cream, dipped her finger in it, and touched each one of his nails with the rose-colored salve. Then she polished them vigorously. Dr. Brooke manicured! It's too much for the average mind to take in!

In the midst of this happy scene the florid manager arrived.

I walked down to the village that evening and was hailed by Mrs. O'Herron. Her face told me that something pleasant had happened.

"She's gone, thanks be to the good Lord," she broke out, before I had gone up the steps. Jim had come for her, given her just three hours to get ready, and had carried her off to the train. If I wanted to bid her farewell I'd just have time to reach the station. The train was coming in at that moment.

I ran to the station and arrived in time to see Mimi boarding the train. I followed her into the car. Her greeting was hardly cordial; indeed, I felt rebuffed and chilled. She said nothing, expressed no regret at leaving,

gave me a very limp hand, and looked at me with dull weary eyes that brought back forcibly the memory of her first appearance among us. The florid manager was profuse in his thanks for all we had done for her and did his best to make up for Mimi's dreary silence. Any one could have seen that she was utterly miserable.

During the few moments I talked to the manager she took a piece of paper out of her purse, scribbled a few lines on it, and, watching an opportunity, thrust it into my hand.

"Give that to him. Good-by."

Again she gave me a limp hand and an attempt at a feeble smile.

I went straight to Dr. Brooke's and found him sitting in the dark on the front porch.

He greeted me with a question. "Did she go on that train?"

We could still hear the distant rumble and now and then a long, mournful whistle.

"Yes. She has gone. What happened?"

"He came for her."

"But she looked so broken up over something!"

He did not answer. We smoked in silence a long time. I did not get it out of him that night, and it was only long afterward that he would discuss her at all. Even then, it was only through inference that I was able to piece together the end of that day.

The florid manager's arrival in the garden, shown there by Dinah, was a thunderclap. Mimi had not expected him for at least a week. Her surprise had left her silent. Even after his announcement that he had come to fetch her away with him she had said nothing and followed him out of the garden with barely a word to Dr. Brooke.

A half-hour before the train left she had appeared in Dr. Brooke's dining-room. He was at supper. Without a word she slipped into a chair beside the table and gazed at him. She brushed aside his courtesy and his questions and continued staring at him as if she were trying to force her thoughts into his consciousness.

Finally she spoke.

"Do you want me to stay here?"

He rose, went to her, and laid his hand on her shoulder.

"Mimi—you wouldn't be happy here. You—"

She threw off his hand and stood up.

"All right. That's all I wanted to know!"

Before he could say another word she had gone.

At the end of an hour's silent communion I rose to go home.

"You don't think she would have been happy here, do you?"

"I can't say. Women don't seem to care much about the place if the man they love is there."

"But surely—with her—"

I gave him the scribbled lines she had sent him. He went in the house to read them.

He has never told me what she wrote.

HENRY RIGHTOR

[1870—1922]

EDWIN LEWIS STEPHENS

[Mr. Rightor died on June 23, 1922, about two months after this sketch was written.]

NEW ORLEANS is unique among cities. Its romance, origin, traditions, and manners—French and Spanish and the blending of these with English; its isolation as a colonial portion of the civilization of continental Europe, planted upon the Southern border of a colonial portion of English civilization in America; its beauty of physical environment, of river and lake and sky; its semi-tropical fauna and flora, and the mildness of its climate in all seasons—all have combined to give it an exceptional character and distinction. This is somehow intuitively felt and realized by all visitors, who are almost invariably impressed with a sense of the note of romance in the voice of this charming new-old city. But "the great city," as Whitman says, is the one which has "the brawniest breed of orators and bards"—those who can interpret it and give forth its true voice. And I doubt whether the spirit of New Orleans has yet been more truly voiced than through the fugitive and hitherto little-known verse of Henry Rightor.

In his palmy newspapering days, as reporter, "colyumist," editor, critic, and general *scriptotum,* when his range was wild and free, he wrote now prose, now verse, short story, aphorism, epigram, Epictetic maxim, lyric, ballade, or musical comedy, and was once hailed in an appreciative headline as "Henry Rightor, Playwright." "He has the distinction," that critic said, "of being the author of the last two plays written in this city—'The Military Maid' and 'The Striped Petticoat.' And when it is considered that this play (the latter) was written while the author was traveling over Texas, writing his manuscripts on the letterheads of two dozen different hotels at night, after the day's work in a business as foreign to the composition of a play as bookkeeping is to landscape painting, it is in order to build high hopes on Mr. Henry Rightor, Playwright. If he lives, the world shall hear from him. File this away for future reference." I did so, heeding the prophet's words, and now after twenty-three years hail their fulfillment—greeting, however, not the playwright but the poet. For meanwhile he forsook all other forms and clove only unto verse, "throwing its spangled web about his naked speech to make it bold."

Henry Rightor did most of his verses during his associate-editorship of *Harlequin*, "foremost literary and political weekly of the South," during the first decade of the twentieth century. At the time this vigorous and brilliant publication was launched by the late Joseph M. Leveque, there was an unusually original, aggressive, and virile group of rollicking young literary and artistic blades in New Orleans—such as Rightor, Leveque, Marye Trezevant, Henry Mayo, Walter Parker, Scudday Richardson, Henry Wehrman, Robert Pitkin, and a dozen other mad wags and free lances, who were filled full "as flesh with sin" of the romantic and carnival spirit of New Orleans—affecting a Bohemian freedom and burgeoning with renascent chivalry and Elizabethean expression. It was their favorite Quixotic conceit to fancy themselves members of Lafitte's pirate crew, and to take the famous or notorious names of those buccaneers for their *noms de plume*—as *Gambio, Beluche, Stede Bonnet,* and *Dominique You*—to sign to their swashing and martial articles in *Harlequin.* And there was also a poetic *Columbine,* who conducted a brilliant literary *colyum* for *Harlequin,* under the heading, "In the Salon"—and thereby hangs Romance, for in this *Salon* and its fair editor, "Columbine" (Miss Ella Ernest), our *Harlequin* poet met his fate—"and they were married in the spring!" And after this they settled down to happy home-making, and although still contributing to *Harlequin* during its brief existence, she conducting the *colyum* and he writing verses, her chief writings thenceforward were *the characters of young Rightors,* while his were—insurance! For since then three lovely daughters and a son have blessed their union; two of the daughters are married, while the third, Alice, following her parents' example, is a writer on the staff of *The Times-Picayune;* the boy, "H. R., Jr.," rejoices in the possession of his first shotgun; and "H. R.," the father, has lately been promoted to be General Agent for Louisiana, of the great Insurance Company he has so long and faithfully served.

All this while the poems have reposed in the ancient and neglected files of the defunct *Harlequin*—there, like *Sibrandus Schafnaburgensis,* to "dry-rot at ease till the Judgment-day," were it not for the recent chance persuasion by friends of the too modest author, that he dig them out and publish them; and it is by special permission that I here anticipate that publication by presenting a dozen or more characteristic selections from the forty-five or fifty poems of the forthcoming volume.

Henry Rightor, elder son of the late Nicholas H. Rightor, Judge of the Civil District Court of New Orleans, was born—but

let him speak for himself; the following autobiographic sketch, elicited in a recent letter, is characteristic in terseness, humor, and modesty:

"Born in New Orleans (*Quartier Latin*), January 18, 1870, of poor but honest parents, both of same having been ruined by the war. Father a Colonel in Confederate army. Mother, daughter of physician-sugar planter. Spent most of youth riding around in skiffs, New Orleans then being inundated every time it rained, a kind of muddy Venice. Ancestry Irish, French, Hollander. Educated by Creole ladies of reduced fortune, priests, and United States Naval Academy. Sportsman from earliest youth, still afflicted. Newspaper writer, 1890-1897, work taking me through Western tropics and widely through the Southern countries. Chicago during the World's Fair; special letters from there. Then into business till now, writing from time to time. Organizer of Gulf Coast Naval Training Association during the war, territory Tampa to Brownsville, training men for the navy. Some technical success and honors in business. Father of large and merry family, and personally of a glad boyish nature, though exceedingly ugly and badly, incurably sunburned. Very fond of bananas and black coffee, and an inveterate smoker. Do everything 'off the bat.' Painstaking and hard-working. A Democrat, a Mason, fond of policemen, trappers, luggermen, man, negroes, and honest folk generally. A good citizen, I believe, and devoted to my native city, my family, and my friends. Except for these shining attributes, a mediocre modest man, somewhat above middle age, bull-headed and reaching conclusions solely on the strength of my own personal observations."

In bidding to acclaim Henry Rightor as a sort of poet laureate of New Orleans, I do not speak as one having authority, nor deny the bias of personal admiration and friendship, but only offer a tentative suggestion, subject to whatever rival claims may arise. But I confidently believe that after the collection and publication of the poems he wrote for *Harlequin,* and a few on his cuff or the backs of old letters, from time to time since then, New Orleans will quickly realize its fulfillment of the second part of Whitman's recipe for "The Great City" (referring to the "brawny breed of bards"):

> "Where the city stands that is loved by these,
> and loves them in return and understands them—
> There the great city stands."

And the first document that should be offered in evidence is undoubtedly the apostrophe to New Orleans, which is probably the best single poem the name of the "dear old city," and the region round about, has yet inspired—

"Old sweet New Orleans!
Pleasant as a grove
Lulled by soft airs!
* * * * * * * * * * *
Metropolis of Love,
City of sins and saints,
Pleasure's perpetual cantonment,
Perennial garden
Of amaranthine youth!"

Other poems typical of those which express the unique flavor of New Orleans, the beauty of its regional setting, and the spirit of Romance, are: "Under Creole Skies," "The Moon," "Rouge et Noir," "Song of the Jolly Roger," "A Valediction to Old Clothes," "The Lost Tavern," "A Ruined Plantation," "Songs of the Marshlands," "Caribbea," and "A Congo Incantation."

"Caribbea" is a colorful Kiplingesque picture of wild tropic life on the Caribbean Islands:

"High above the wild surf rising,
Hear the Carib music play!
They are dancing, they are dancing,
Down in Ramatilla Bay!

"Oh, the witches they are sitting
In a row upon the strand;
And the nude muchachas flitting
Up and down the yellow sand.

"'Tis a pity, 'tis a pity,
There be those who toil away,
Never heard the tumtirity
Down in Ramatilla Bay!"

"A Congo Incantation" is a most intense and vivid song of "voodooism," a poem that will doubtless be recognized as high art for its remarkable conforming of sound and meter to sense, to convey the impression of a weird black witch's dance:

"Under the moon, Wayadi,
Under the wet swamp stars,
By the rotten tree by the small canal
Where the black ooze creeps, Wayadi,
Meet me, O queen of the Voo-Doos,
In the still of the poisonous swamp-land!"

Education and the Fine Arts

But not alone upon poems of local color will this volume bid for fame, for there are many others among them whose appeal is universal, reaching wherever beats the human heart. Such for example are the little poems of home joy and affection: "Purity," "A Seaside Lullaby," and "A Fairy Love Letter"; and the poems of love and passion, such as "A Lament" ("O Love, the light is dead upon the sea"), "Treasures," and "Little Girl Far Away."

And another group of unlimited interest are the meditative and philosophic verses, sometimes Epicurean, or again deeply idealistic, such as "Meditations," "Isolation," "Encouragement to Poets," "Unrest," "Loneliness," and the mystical "Seventy Lepers."

And finally there is a delightful whimsical group that belong to folly, humor, and nonsense, such as his anacreontic "Toast," "The Miracle of Mantobay," "I Hate to Die for This," "Brown's Regimen," and "The Futility of Attempting to Overturn Established Institutions." The last two are not included in those selected for publication in the proposed book of poems, but appeared in a booklet entitled "Harlequinade" during the first year of *Harlequin*.

It is my conviction that Mr. Rightor's name deserves to be included in the Who's Who of American minor poets; that it needs only the publication of the occasional verses he flung off long ago in *Harlequin* to bring his genius into wide recognition and appreciation; and that the "atmosphere" and the "biosphere" of New Orleans will hereafter be sought for in the poems of Henry Rightor as much as in the poetic prose of Cable and Lafcadio Hearn.

Edwin Lewis Stephens

(All the following poems of Mr. Rightor appeared in *Harlequin*, New Orleans, of which he was Associate Editor.)

NEW ORLEANS.

Land of big moons!
Country of wild Romance!
Region of jasmines, oleanders, cane,
Of cypresses and swamps,
Of jealousy and love,
Of wine and fight and song,
Strong men and gentle girls,
And all the strange entanglement of blood,

Spanish and French and all the Latin kind,
Savage and sage!
Land of emotion, sentiment and hate,
Brawls and affections, roysterings and tales,
Of surging passions, breezes soft or gales,
And Nature-voices sweet as singing sails!

Ho! dear old city, Capital of all,
Metropolis of Love,
City of sins and saints,
Pleasure's perpetual cantonment,
Perennial garden
Of amaranthine youths!
Dim Florence held such children-folk of old,
And pleasant Athens in the ghostly days,
And olden Spain these many years ago.

Old sweet New Orleans!
Pleasant as a grove
Lulled by soft airs!
Dear old-world city, mighty as the new,
Yet calm in thy soft dignity!
Ah, how I love thee, city of my youth!
Thou art so sweet,
Looking, from where thou liest in the shade,—
Minding thy books and ballads,
Thy fountains tinkling sweet old Latin airs,—
Across the world,
Free from its fever;
Gentle in thy strength,
Conning thy quaint traditions
Of priest and pirate
And several-nation rule;
And, from the ruins of thine ancient part,
Ruling the magic building of the new,
Quiet as a god!
No vulgar, slavish seizin of thy soul
Is held by commerce.
Thy people playful work and workful play,
And sing their songs through all the working day.

Thou dear old wayward place!
Thy blemishes are beauties to my eyes,
Thy sins frank virtues, whimsical old town!
Thy darling discords, sweet cacophony,
Are melodies, and lull me like the sea!

Stray on, old city, through thy myrtle groves,
Sing still thy songs, sin on thy harmless sins,
And plant thy Creole vines
On modern steel and masonry!

UNDER CREOLE SKIES.

It was sweet, in the old soft weather,
  Where the Creole skies were blue,
To dream and to laugh together,
And love, as we used to do.

Your cheeks were as oleanders,
  And your hair was a copper crown,
And your eyes were as deep as shadows
  When the night comes dropping down.

Your voice was the voice of summer,
Your touch was the touch of rain,
And your heart, like the heart of music,
  Beat sweetly against my brain.

I gave you a gown, remember,
  It was made of the thin blue sky,
And a kerchief made of a cloudsail
  That the wind brought drifting by.

And a sash made out of a rainbow,
  And a brooch made out of a star,
And lace from the looms of ocean
  Where the surf goes over the bar.

And I gave you a castle, lady,
That was builded of sighs and dreams,
And looked on a fairy woodland
That was bright with a hundred streams.

And you made me a vow, remember,
As low and as true as mine,
And both of the vows, my darling,
Were made of the same moonshine.

But 'twas sweet in the old soft weather
Where the Creole skies were blue,
To dream and to laugh together,
And love, as we used to do.

THE MOON.

See where the moon goes riding there!
Fair as a girl is she;
She letteth a-down her shining hair
Over the land and sea;
It falleth about the jasmine sweet,
She kisses his breath away,
And the ghost of his love steals faint and fleet
Up to my garret gray;
And ah! as I sing in my lonely place,
Her beautiful form I see,
And her odorous hair is on my face,
And her eyes look down on me.
My lover's the moon, the moon, the moon,
With her shining hair and her silver shoon;
We'll dwell in a castle silver-fair,
With turrets of purple, towers of air,
We'll visit strange countries, realms of light,
And I'll rest in her arms tonight, tonight,
And I'll sing to my mistress all night long,
A wondrously beautiful, tender song.

PURITY.

Dear little girl, in the morning dew,
When I walk in the garden alone with you,
The flowers are sweet and the air is new,
And the world is fair and the skies are blue.

Sweet little girl, when the lights are low,
And you whisper your prayers to me, lisping slow,
God's in His Heaven, I know, I know,
And God's little angels are here below.

Dear little girl, 'tis a weary race,
But God in His wisdom He giveth grace,
At the morn and the eve in your pure young face,
And it maketh the world a Heaven-place.

A SEASIDE LULLABY.

Hush-a-bye baby and slumber,
  Silence is on the sea;
The whole merry world is a-dreaming,
  Excepting my babe and me.
The fishes are drowsily swaying
  Their dear little sleepy heads
And the little stars twinkle no longer
  But sleep in their cloudy beds.

Hush-a-bye baby and slumber;
  Breezes are whispering low;
Rocking the dear little wavelets
  Drowsily to and fro.
Softly the moonlight is spreading
  Its carpet across the sea,
And o'er it we'll journey together
  To dreamland, my baby and me.

A FAIRY LOVE LETTER.

Dear little darling, far away,
  Sweet little Golden-Green,
Ever I seem to hear thee say:
  Where has he so long been?
Far to the West where the Ogres guard
  All that he works for O so hard!
Jewels and canopies, silken sheen,
  Honey and milk, spices and silk,
Palaces fair for Golden-Green.

Sweet little toddler, you as well,
  Soft little Purple-Pink,
Out of my dreams I hear thee tell
  Lisping what you think:
Papa has gone to the Busy Marts
  Working all day for his four sweethearts.
Ay, little girl, to forge the link
  Made out of gold; pray it may hold
All of us close to Purple-Pink.

Wee little Blue-Red, last of all,
  Father will sing to you:
Naught can you say, for you are too small,
  Never a thing can do.
Maybe you think in your baby way
  Papa is walking abroad to-day,
Why can't I trip on his giant shoe?
  It's tramping the west to feather the nest
Of little Blue-Red through and through.

And now little fairies, fare you well,
  Father will come home soon;
Wonderful tales he'll have to tell,
  Wonderful songs to croon.

Maybe the gold he'll carry through
  Is only the gold of his love for you,
But O, 'tis warm as a Creole noon—
Tender and true, gentle as dew,
Gold of the gold in a golden moon.

A TOAST.

To those that love: love on, for Love is fair!
To those that strive: strive on, and dream and dare!
To those that sing: sing on, forget your grief!
To those that drink: drink on, the world is brief!

ROUGE ET NOIR.

Je vais jouer le rouge par trois fois et, apres cela, le noir!

Give me of love, red lips, red lips,
  Give me of thirst, red wine,
Give me of hunger, rare roast beef,
Give me of warm sunshine.
Ho with the day and the night, ho ho,
  Ho with the wind and rain,
A riffle of snow, and your youth will go
  And never will come again.

PIRATE ISLAND.

Why do these steeds come galloping across the tropic sea?
They're making for the islands where the tender grasses be.
Why do they toss their manes about and roar upon the beach?
They're all afeared the highlands are a-rising out of reach.
And see the corpses swimming in, a-staring at the skies!
Ah lad! They'll never see 'em for the fishes at their eyes!
But what be they a-doing, swimming on with rigid arms?
They're a-looking for the treasure buried underneath the palms.

SONG OF THE JOLLY ROGER.

O Jean Lafitte he hoisted sheet
At Barataria town,
And the bosun' flung the pennant from the peak;
The winches rang, the pirates sang,
The capstan flew around,
And flutter went the pennant at the peak,
At the peak,
Flutter went the pennant at the peak.

The Guiena cook with iron hook,
He broached a keg of rum,
And the skull and bones they fluttered at the peak;
The pirates quaffed and swore and laughed,
The drummer rolled the drum,
And flutter went the pennant at the peak,
At the peak,
Flutter went the pennant at the peak.

Oh, gold in sacks and silk in packs
Are jolly things to know,
And helter flew the pennant from the peak;
And guns and pikes and marlin spikes
Are rusting down below,
So fling the Jolly Roger from the peak
From the peak,
Fling the Jolly Roger from the peak.

Oh Spanish barques are merry marks
Upon the Mex'an main,
And flutter goes the pennant at the peak;
But sweethearts' eyes are better prize,
So home we go again,
With the Jolly Roger flying at the peak,
At the peak,
The Jolly Roger flying at the Peak.

ISOLATION.

Ways there be across the marshes none may know,
Reedy bayous none discover whence they flow,
Strange paths of wind and weather.

Ghostly sails no sailor findeth on the lea,
Realms unvisited within the silent sea,
Sea-birds that moult no feather.

Deep ways within each mortal's lonely heart,
Unvisited, untraceable, apart;
No hearts may beat together.

AN ENCOURAGEMENT TO POETS.

There sat a man upon his grave and said:
What boots the good or ill when I am dead?
If I must live, then send me wine and bread;
For being here is not upon my head.
I only wait, my life's poor banners furled,
The unknown sea that rolls around the world.

Thus oftimes Conscience says: Why would you write,
When shortly there will be perpetual night?
What lanterns will there be, the ages hence,
Out of your mouldering manuscript make sense?
Ah still, poor jingler, know that through the years
Will ring the laughter and endure the tears
Of all these gay and melancholy rhymes,
The minstrelsy and music of our times;
And, though thy writ and printed lines decay,
Their souls will live in various guise alway.

THE MIRACLE OF MANTOBAY.

There was a priest of Mantobay
In worldly tact deficient,
Who grew so skilled in miracles
That none was more proficient.

The peasants of the countryside
Believed in him implicit;
The Bishop, though, began to see
His sway show a deficit.

The Bishop scratched his holy pate
For fully half a minute,
And then remarked unto himself:
"I'll shortly not be in it.

"For if this priest at every chance
His miracles doth dish up,
I'll shortly be the priest and he
Will shortly be the bishop."

He therefore called the priest to him
And said, "You've made a blunder!
So stop forthwith these miracles
Or 'ware the Church's thunder."

The priest all saddened went away,
No priest e'er treated rougher,
And said, "I only did it 'cause,
I hate to see 'em suffer."

And as he strode adown the street
A pile he passed ascending,
And saw a man about to fall;
The spectacle was rending.

It was a poor and worthy man,
To roof his occupation;
He had ten children to support
And others by relation.

There was no time the priest could lose,
The roofer poor was tumbling,
And pretty soon his bones would be
Among the bricks a-jumbling.

A miracle the only thing
To save the man from dying:
"Ah well, I'll do it anyhow,
There's nothing good as trying."

And so the priest he did the trick
As any one could see there,
And held the roofer's humble frame
Suspended in the ether.

"What have I done, what have I done?"
The priest he wailed, "Oh pish! up
High in the air the roofer lies,
I'll go and see the bishop.

"For he has set his face against
Miraculous performance,
And yet I cannot leave this man
In this unpleasant dormance."

So hied he to the Bishop straight,
Explained it from inception,
And said, "I pray your grace to make
In this case an exception.

"For if I leave the roofer up
He'll die from sheer starvation,
And if I let the roofer fall,—
Suspended animation."

The Bishop pondered long and hard
And then he gave his answer;
"I'll let you finish it this time
But don't do it again sir."

The priest all merry went away
And found the man mid-airing,
And finished up the miracle
And asked how he was faring.

"I'm thankful sir, I'm thankful sir,
You took me from this durance,
For I have many folks at home
And I have no insurance."

BROWN'S REGIMEN.

(IN THE PRE-VOLSTEAD DAYS)

Brandy when I'm weary,
Claret when I'm dry,
Porter when I have to labor long,
Zim!

Coffee when I'm sleepy,
Absinthe when I'm dull,
Whiskey when the world is going wrong,
Zim! Zim!!

ON THE FUTILITY OF ATTEMPTING.

TO OVERTURN ESTABLISHED INSTITUTIONS.

A Mumblebub, a Whoofer, and a dithyrambic Fleigh
Were seated by a pyramid upon a rainy day;
They sat beside the pyramid to try to keep away
The rain, which fell unceasingly like yellow wisps of hay.
"It isn't fair," the Whoofer said, "to stigmatize a day
That's full of rain, as being like a hen that cannot lay,
But still it's my impression that we'd obviate the spray,
If by united effort we could only find a way
Of chuggering this pyramid by blooking as we may
Until its base is skyward and its apex in the clay."

So while the rain was raining (and the water falling down)
These hyperbolic animals began to leap around;
They chuggered at that pyramid and siffled in the sound
Their blookers made in blooking on the sand-encrusted mound;
But when they'd labored patiently a century they found
That the apex still was skyward and the base upon the ground!

Then the Fleigh with obvious effort and a sapience seldom found,
Turned to his fellow blookingmen and all his thoughts unwound;
Said he, "By no suggestion may the intellect be bound,
But kindly note the sweating I have sweated on the ground;
There's something in a pyramid recalcitrant and sound:
It may be upped *ad libitum,* but never can be downed!"

A LAMENT.

I hate to die, for this:
That I shall be
The butt of every witling's phantasy:
The world to him, they'll say,
Was so and so,
And wisely straight they will proceed to show
The various paces I was wont to go.

I hate to die, for this:
That when I'm gone,
There'll be so many things in life I've done:
Such witty things I've said,
I never said,
So many women loved I've never seen,
So many places been I've never been.

I hate to die, for this:
That they shall tell
The curious ways I had of writing well—

Upon my head, perhaps,
Or on my cuff,
Ay, friends and bosom enemies will see
That my poor fame gets right ignominy.

I hate to die, for this:
That when I'm dead,
They'll heap such sins and virtues on my head,
I was so black a saint,
So pure a rake,
I went to church on every holy day
And passed my youth in ribaldry away.

I hate to die, for this:
That when I'm cold
I'll be so stupid, dull and tame and old
To lie all night and day
Sans speech or song,
To let them tramp and royster o'er my head
While I lie saintly-still because I'm dead.

I hate to die, for this:
That no more wine
Shall pass, my sweetheart, from thy lips to mine.
Well, hang the malkin world
And let them go.
This, only, is the wisdom I can show:
Thou art the one sweet verity I know.

A VALEDICTION TO OLD CLOTHES.

Farewell, old togs;
You've done your duty well,
Covering these bones against the winter's wind,
The summer's heat,
The world's mock modesty.

Great Jove! old garb,
The things that you have seen!
You've been with me on every escapade
These two and twenty months;
Ay, just so much,
For well do I recall
Slim John, the tailor, fitted you to me,
That very day
We sacked old Vargas' wine-shop,
Rue Toulouse.
Why, there's the very tear
The rum cask made,
When four of us were holding it aloft
For Joe to drink from,
Making good the boast
That he had greater puncheon room for rum
Than any cask Jamaica ever owned.
I tore thee on the hoop
Some clumsy Kinkston cooper bound it in,
Here by the elbow;
And I remember well
How 'Tita sewed the rent,
Smiling between her pearly teeth the while,
And telling Joe that Friar Tim had tried
The self-same feat last Carnival, and failed.

Ah, yes, old guise, you've had a heaving time
With muscles going under you like seas,
In many mad occasions we have known.
That place there at the knee,
Rubbed to a glisten like a shyster's cloth,
Is where I held my leg against a root
Full twenty minutes in old Congo Square,
All Souls' Day, midnight,
Giunio on my back,
Seeking to throw me with his Natchez hold.
These spots at various places round about
Are wine spots.

(Gad! the vintages you've known!)
That tear upon the sleeve
Is from a Tamil widow at Cheniere.
And here's a Chinese knife,
That time we had the brawl
With fishermen
Because we raised their nets
And levied on their flounders.
And here—
Ah, this I do recall
Better than all the other things beside,
Although there is no mark,
Save this one glossy hair,
Black as swamp midnight,
I have woven with a dagger blade
Into thy wooly mesh,
Until it is a very part of thee
And none may see it;
There on the shoulder!
Celina left it there,
That time we sat within the little church,
After the great storm,
Waiting the pilot's boat,
And she grew faint with sleep
And laid her little head a moment there
So that the pictured saints in that poor place
Became real saints,
And all the tawdry heaven on the walls
A real Elysium filled with fairest forms.
Heigho! It was but little that I saw
Of that calm heaven better blades may know.
A while it seemed, old clothes,
That I should leave my reckless, evil ways,
And know some gentle moments in my life,
And have a cot with vines before the door,
And go to mass o' holidays,
And even play contributory part
In planting blooms and black funereal wreaths

On graves of old dead ladies,
Good Friday times and other churchly days.
But—
Well then, it could not be;
You know how stout I strove,
And brushed you down
Until thyself did shine
Smart as a painted buoy;
Picked flowers like a girl
And bent them fast to thee;
And even—do not tell—
Put perfumes on thee once,
That tar and black tobacco might not reek,
So harsh for ladies.
But she was not for me;
She wed old Frere, the wealthy sugar man,
Whom straight we bumped upon his wedding day
Against a wall where groomsmen drank his health,
That he might be more capable a groom.
Well, well, old clothes,
Good-bye and fare thee well!
I'll make no love in thee,
I'll sing no songs,
Dance no more steps,
Dream no more dreams,
Drink no more wine,
Tell no more tales.
Old worn external man,
Old seedy rind,
Old crabshell cloth,
No more of thee for aye!
I'll lay thee there to moulder for thy sins,
And fatten moths,
And play abandoned friend.

U. M. ROSE

[1834—1913]

C. ALPHONSO SMITH

THOUGH I knew Judge Rose but slightly, the few hours spent with him left a singularly clear-cut and lasting impression. Of slight frame, with keen but kindly gray eyes, there was about him a refinement of expression and an easy grace of manner that bespoke an endowment more native than acquired. I had heard much of the charm of his conversation and the range of his learning. Both reports were amply confirmed, but more noticeable still was the utter absence of display. You felt instinctively the sense of reserved power. Here was a man who wore his gifts not only with modesty but with a seeming unconsciousness that they were gifts. Scholarship, ripened judgment, breadth of sympathy, intellectual alertness, felicity of phrase, these seemed to me not so much attainments as the effortless and unsolicited expressions of a personality greater than mere attainment and more suggestive of light and leading. I was not surprised to learn a few years later that President Roosevelt, after meeting Judge Rose and hearing him make but one brief address, had immediately decided to appoint him Ambassador to the second Hague Peace Conference along with such *confrères* as Joseph H. Choate and General Horace Porter. It was not Judge Rose's learning that impressed the President; it was the man back of the learning. Personality is central, attainment merely marginal.

Uriah M. Rose was born in Bradfordsville, Kentucky, on March 5, 1834. His father, Dr. Joseph Rose, of Virginia, had moved to Kentucky in 1824, and Judge Ross moved to Arkansas in 1853. "My mother died at the age of 43 in September, 1848," wrote Judge Rose in a brief autobiographical sketch, "and my father died in the following April. Then everything seemed to come to an end." Thrown upon his own resources, he first clerked in a village store, then worked on a farm. Appointed, still in his teens, a deputy clerk at Lebanon, Kentucky, he found time to study law and was graduated from the law school of Transylvania University, at Lexington, Kentucky, in 1853. During the same year he was married to Miss Margaret T. Gibbs, of Lebanon, who survives him, and moved at once to Batesville, Arkansas. In 1860 he was appointed Chancellor of the Court of Chancery, held at Little Rock, and in 1865 moved to Little Rock where he resided till his death in 1913.

Judge Rose's father believed that "education should begin in the cradle." The son held no less tenaciously that it should end only in the grave. His whole life was a continuous and cumulative education. He mastered French and German so thoroughly that, if necessary, he could have delivered a public address in either language; he made poetic versions of favorite selections from the verse of Goethe, Schiller, and Sully-Prudhomme; he trained himself to read, as Poe, Macaulay, and Roosevelt had done, page by page rather than by paragraph or sentence units; he traveled widely and observantly through Europe year after year; he kept abreast of new movements in history, fiction, and science; he made careful and wide-ranging preparation for every formal address that he delivered; he wrote a six hundred page history of 'The Bar of France,' but in an excess of modesty destroyed it; he published the first 'Digest of the Twenty-three Volumes of the Arkansas Reports'; he compiled, after conference with Jefferson Davis, Judah P. Benjamin, and other Confederate leaders, the official roster of the Arkansas Confederate troops; he gathered together a library of eight thousand volumes, each one of which, with the exception of books of reference, he had read and inwardly digested. Yet, till his seventieth birthday, his chief pursuit was law and his practice was wide, varied, and exacting. He helped to organize the State Bar Association of Arkansas, of which he was the first president, and the American Bar Association, of which he was elected president in 1901. His fruitful excursions, therefore, into other domains than those of law were but the recreations of an eager and avid spirit that knew neither pause nor weakening, one whose primal concern, it is true, was jurisprudence, but

> "Who, not content that former worth stand fast,
> Looked forward, persevering to the last,
> From well to better, daily self-surpast."

Judge Rose's knowledge of the curious and out-of-the-way things of history appears in nearly every address of his that has been published. In "The Rise of Constitutional Law" there is a minute description of the state of King John's body when it was disinterred in 1797; in his discussion "Concerning Law Reforms" there is a contrast between Coke and Bacon that is as meticulous in detail as it is informing in general content; in "Beccaria and Law Reform" and "Trial by Jury in France" there are passages that suggest the reading of some recondite treatise for the material of every paragraph. But the central thought is never submerged or entangled. Details are ministers, not masters.

There is frequently, too, a flight of fancy, a strain of beauty, an ordered reach of meditation that suggest a poetic talent leashed in to prose. The writer not only knows but visualizes, assesses, interprets. Facts, details, events have not been kept in cold storage. They have been aerated by a nimble fancy and integrated by a constructive imagination. Humor is not absent, but it is tempered by retrospect and reverie. "Professor Hilpreth, of the University of Pennsylvania," he writes in 1902, "in excavating the ruins of Nippur, in Mesopotamia, lately discovered the vault of an ancient firm of attorneys known as Murashu & Sons, who are supposed to have lived about 7,000 years ago." Then follow two pages of characteristic musing about the Murashu family that show not only a grasp of the bare fact of Professor Hilpreth's discovery, but an ability to toy with the fact, to see the flash of its facets, to throw it up and catch it, to hold it against the mirrors of the present and the horizons of the future, in a way that must have proved not only entertaining but informing to the discoverer himself. There are not many consecutive pages of Judge Rose's writing in which this lambent play of a fertile and resourceful fancy does not add a certain grace and illumination to the bare thought.

But Judge Rose's forte is in exposition. Narration, description, and argumentation all find place in his pages but they are usually made to converge upon some principle to be expounded. He analyzed with facility; but analysis was a stepping-stone to synthesis, and synthesis looked beyond to the revelation of some new truth or the exemplification of some old truth that needed fresh statement or added confirmation. Lucidity, precision, and vividness were the controlling qualities of his expository writing as they were the dominant characteristics of his thinking. Style was with him a sort of autobiography. "There is no vice, however unconscious," said the late Professor Raleigh, "no virtue, however shy, no touch of meanness or generosity in your character that will not pass on to the paper. You anticipate the Day of Judgment and furnish the Recording Angel with material." Clearness, openness, accuracy, candor were qualities of Judge Rose's style because they were expressions of his personality. Whether as a pleader under the old technical system of common law in vogue in Arkansas before 1868 or as a code pleader under the new regime, no one was ever left in doubt as to his exact meaning.

The student of exposition will find in Judge Rose's writings admirable examples of the three aids upon which all effective exposi-

tion must rely. First is his skilful use of concrete examples. Abstract statements are not allowed to stand unbuttressed. His wide reading and tenacious memory enabled him to summon to his side a host of clarifying illustrations of almost every general statement to which he committed himself. "I am not sure," he writes in his address on "Abraham Lincoln," "that any great nation has ever been born unless in throes of agony." To support this statement, every country of Europe is made to bear corroborative testimony. Such examples do more than render an abstract statement concrete; they validate as well as clarify. "There is a class of men," he says, in discussing the character of King John, "whose business it is to exonerate and to justify illustrious scoundrels." Among the whitewashed notables cited to appear are Tiberius Caesar, Richard III, Danton, Robespierre, St. Just, and Marat. "Very commonly it was said," he writes, "that the general principles announced in the Declaration of Independence were mere abstractions; this by persons who did not consider that the abstract and the concrete walk through this world hand in hand." The abstract and the concrete do walk hand in hand through this world but all too rarely through the more limited realm of spoken or written exposition.

If concrete illustration demands more of memory, analogy demands more of original thought. Unlike John Marshall who, as reported in an excerpt that follows, avoided the use of analogy, Judge Rose found in analogy an effective ally both of exposition and argumentation. In his masterly address on "The Capture of Private Property at Sea," delivered at the second Hague conference on July 5, 1907, he said: "The theory suggested, that wars are rendered less frequent and shorter by increased severity and injustice, is an ancient one that has long since been exploded." Then follows the illuminating analogy: "It is closely akin to the theory that criminal laws are efficient in proportion to the terror which they are calculated to inspire." In an address on "Changes in the Law and Its Practice," he observes that when he was admitted to the bar the law as to corporations was in its infancy: "Corporations themselves were as modest as the violet that grows by the wayside. At present they are like the genius that the fisherman in the 'Arabian Nights' released from a casket by the shore of the sea, and which at once increased in size and bulk until its head touched the skies, and its form darkened all the landscape." Sometimes the analogy comes first. In the following passage, Judge Rose is describing how King John compelled rich widows to marry court favorites, and then at-

tached their estates: "Certain astronomers think that the heat of the sun is kept up by showers of meteors that fall into it. In the reign of John rich widows were utilized in keeping up the revels of the court."

Equally effective and equally characteristic of Judge Rose's expository writing was his recurrence to origins, his practice of the historical method. "No one," he says, "can understand the results of the teachings of Beccaria without acquainting himself with the legal and social system that existed in his day and time." The history of terror as a means of enforcing obedience to law is then traced from ancient times through the Middle Ages to the rise of an enlightened humanitarianism in the year 1764 when the first edition of Beccaria's epochal work on 'Crimes and Punishments' was published. The evolutionary method of approach was habitual with Judge Rose. In the presence of every problem to be solved, his first question was, "What are the stages through which the problem has developed into its present status?" With these known and traced, exposition became at once both logical and luminous. Thus in his paper on "Strikes and Trusts," though he puts the emphasis on the methods that have been proposed for the suppression or amelioration of strikes, he yet trails the history of strikes from 310 B. C. to the present time. The historical method is usually thought of merely as an instrument of investigation, but it belongs equally to exposition. It leads to truth but it contributes also to the clarification of truth. It can be employed only by the scholar. It demands of both the investigator and the expositor a disciplined feeling for causal sequence, an ability to distinguish the essential from the non-essential, and a knowledge of the limits beyond which the mere enumeration of stages adds more of confusion than of cogency to the outline of the thought.

Judge Rose died in Little Rock on August 12, 1913. All city, county, and State offices were closed during the funeral, and a few years later by authority of the Arkansas legislature his statue was placed in the Hall of Fame in Washington. Many tributes have been paid him, but none seems to me more fitting than that with which John Marshall closed his appraisal of Washington. No word need be changed in the transfer: "Endowed by nature with a sound judgment and an accurate discriminating mind, he feared not that laborious attention which made him perfectly master of those subjects in all their relations on which he was to decide; and this essential quality was guided by an unvarying sense of moral right,

which would tolerate the employment only of those means that would bear the most rigid examination; by a fairness of intention which neither sought nor required disguise; and by a purity of virtue which was not only untainted but unsuspected."

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JEFFERSON DAVIS.

Extract from a memorial address delivered in the Hall of the House of Representatives, Little Rock, December 13, 1889. All selections are reproduced by permission of the publisher, George I. Jones

THE eyes that will read the dispassionate history of Jefferson Davis are as yet unborn. As for us, we live too near the thrilling events, the tremendous concussions, the strife, the passion, the crash, and the conflict of the period in which he played a principal part. Time was when the ancient Egyptians had a constituted tribunal, whose solemn function it was to pass on the merits of the dead before they were committed to sepulcher. At a period when there were fewer written memorials, when oblivion more quickly trampled under foot the memories of men, when all the elements of life were simpler, this speedy method of adjudication may have been deemed appropriate; but we cannot but suspect that beneath the stern aspect of the judges who were to pass on those who were insensible to rewards and beyond the reach of punishment, there was latent that

aggregation of human infirmities that more or less affected the decision, which was still liable to be reversed at some later time by a more enlightened public opinion. Not Talleyrand, not Bertrand, or Bourrienne, knew half as much about Napoleon, though they sat at the same table, and were deep in his counsels, as we who never saw him know to-day; and so of Jefferson Davis, many memorials as yet unwritten, and existing only in the minds of his contemporaries, many documents as yet unpublished, must be collated, before a fairly just estimate can be taken of his extraordinary character. The labor and the duty of making up that discriminating appreciation which is called the verdict of history must rest for a later generation, made up of men and women who will be strangers to that vast political convulsion that has darkened the process of many of our years, for a generation that will be far removed from that scene of strife and collision which have left their deep impress on everything that we see around us to-day. Few are the names that are called before that august and solemn tribunal which gives the final verdict on the unreturning past; for it deals not with the deeds or memory of common men; and its impressive adjudications are so supreme and decisive that, overriding all temporary passion and prejudice, displacing all the illusive devices of deceitful men, it has stripped the ermine from the backs of unjust and wicked judges, has removed the mask of hypocrisy from the face of the pretended saint, it has deprived kings and emperors of robe and scepter, has explored all the recesses of baseness and cupidity in high places, and has distributed the world's honors anew, lifting into fame the worthy and obscure, and fixing its indelible mark of condemnation on the unworthy and the vile of whatever rank or station.

Before that tribunal, in its high session, shall be called in due time the name of him that died but yesterday; and few names more imposing; for, however its verdict may be, none will deny that the investigation is fraught with that interest that is everywhere attracted by a great and unusual career. We may also foretell that if posthumous criticism shall number and define many mistakes that he

may have made in the most embarrassing, difficult, and dangerous emergencies—those terrible straits that most try the strength, the hearts, and the souls of men—that that later and more mature expression of justice, long deferred, will give him credit for having acted from motives as high, and as pure, and as free from all taint of sordid ambition as any patriot that ever wore the crown of victory acquired on a more successful field of battle; and that in personal and moral courage to sustain his convictions, he has had no superior among the children of men.

The exact measure of praise or censure that should be meted out to Mr. Davis it is not for us to assert; but as the world believes in the principle of representation in punishments as well as in honors, we know that he has been made the scape-goat for many sins that should be laid at the doors of others; and that as for us in the South who participated in the measures of the war, early or late, there is no reprobation that can be visited on him that will not also fall upon ourselves.

JOHN MARSHALL.

Extract from an address delivered on John Marshall Day, the one hundredth anniversary of his appointment as Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court.

MARSHALL possessed in an eminent degree the most essential qualities that go to the making of a judge. He was a thoroughly pure man; sincere, upright, and conscientious, with a strong and wholesome sense of what is right and what is wrong. He possessed also a happy and well poised judicial temperament, with that fearlessness and independence of character that enables one to perform his duty as God gives him grace to see it without regard to praise or blame. Living in tumultuous times he was often censured and maligned; but as the needle of the compass in the middle of the ship still points unerringly toward the polar star, regardless of wind or wave, so no amount of clamor, or censure, or applause could induce him to diverge a hair's breadth from what, with coolest and most dispassionate

judgment, he deemed to be the line of duty. No judge was ever endowed with a clearer vision of the most complex problems that can be presented by the endless combinations of human affairs. He possessed a most remarkable faculty of separating the relevant from the greatest mass of distracting and misleading matter, and of going straight to the heart of every controversy. In the clearness and lucidity of statement which leaves nothing upon which to hang a doubt he was probably never excelled. In this respect his opinions are models for all time. He did not sow them thick with multitudinous citations; and when he has recited the facts and has declared the law we feel that he has made everything so clear that a reference to numerous authorities would be superfluous. But it must not be supposed that because he avoided a needless display of learning Marshall did not examine attentively all of the sources of legal knowledge before making up his judgments. No man was more untiring in his investigations, or more unflagging in his researches; hence it is very dangerous to take it for granted that any opinion of his is not based on the most exhaustive inquiry as to former precedents. That very able and discriminating jurist, Mr. Hare, in his note to the opinion delivered by C. J. Marshall in Field vs. Holland, says rather sarcastically: "Mr. Justice Cowen, in Pattison vs. Hall, had satisfied himself that he had consigned to insignificance this conclusive authority by observing that in this case the books do not appear to have been consulted. It should be remembered, however, that there are some judges who consult more books than they quote, as there are others who quote more books than they understand."

One striking quality to be noticed in the opinions of Marshall is the sparing use that he makes of analogies. No one knew better that though analogies are often very striking, they are in general extremely prone to deceive and mislead. With his close reasoning, his masterly and convincing logic, he had no need of such adventitious aid. Fixing his gaze searchingly on the law and the facts of the case in hand, he was able to reach satisfactory conclusions without

invoking similitudes which might be only casual or incidental; and it is largely for this reason that we do not find in his long succession of adjudications those discrepancies and seeming contradictions that sometimes mar the decisions of judges not undistinguished for learning or for ability.

It has been said of some artists that by continually retouching and by over-elaboration they deprived their works of originality, and divested them of that individual stamp that constituted their chief merit. No such charge could be laid at the door of Marshall. He never attempted to embellish his opinions by fine writing, or by showy declamation, nor to exhaust his subject down to the last word or syllable. It was said by a great master of the art of expression that the style is the man; and the saying is certainly true of Marshall. His character was of Doric simplicity; and his style is more remarkable for its strength and unmistakable clearness of outline than for any other quality. From the first opinion that he delivered in the prime of his manhood down to the last that he delivered when he was an old man eighty years of age, we perceive the same clear and steady light illuminating everywhere the wide and varied fields of jurisprudence. If the quality of his work has a uniform excellence, its scope is immense; and it remains for us and for those who are to come after us, an invaluable inheritance forever. Generations hence, when, after a thousand vicissitudes, the face of the earth shall have been changed and renewed, and when the social and national life shall have been modified by a thousand influences of which we can have no conception, his name will be as a beacon to guide, to guard, and to preserve. Had he written no opinions save those explanatory of the principles of constitutional law, they would be remembered and studied as long as the science of government is cultivated; but his labors were not confined to these; and there is no domain of the law that he has not enriched with the inexhaustible treasures of his genius.

It is no impeachment of the glory and renown of the greatest of the Roman jurists, or of the most illustrious of

the judges of England, to say that in magnitude and importance his works far transcend their united achievements. Like them he sounded all of the depths of the law; but while they expanded and ameliorated the wide circle of existing systems of jurisprudence, a task in which he proved not inferior to any of them, his duties called him beyond into the virgin fields of constitutional law, where mere precedents could not avail, and where all of the resources of wise, prudent, and discerning statesmanship were indispensable requisites. As a member of the Convention of Virginia, and during his brief career in Congress, Marshall exhibited all of the talents of the statesman, as well as those of the most accomplished debater. If during his term as Chief Justice he could also have had a seat in the Senate, as Mansfield and Camden had in the House of Lords, his influence in the legislative department would probably have been weightier and more decisive than theirs. But the qualities that would have enabled him to achieve other triumphs were not left to rust unused; for in the unexampled condition in which the new government was placed, the construction of the Constitution demanded of the court over which he presided all of the knowledge and all of the ability which the most perplexing emergencies could exact from the rulers of nations. Here it was that he vindicated his claim to be considered not only as a great judge, but as a statesman on a level with the highest and the most accomplished that the world has seen; with such men as Madison and Hamilton, whose labors he was destined to continue and to perfect. He built on the foundations that they had laid; but with such masterly ability that no seam or fissure in the completed structure betrays any want of proportion or of harmony, or any disparity in the workmanship. In view of his double fame as a jurist and as a statesman, crowning the labors of a lifetime, John Marshall occupies a position on the page of history, and in the realm of thought, that is solitary and unique.

THE MAGNA CHARTA.

The conclusion of an address on "The Rise of Constitutional Law" read before the Pennsylvania State Bar Association, June 25, 1901

No one can sum up the debt that we owe to the Magna Charta, the one great product of the Middle Ages. We look back with feelings of aversion and pity to that dark and troubled period; to its insane crusades, to its fanatical intolerance, to its pedantic and barren literature, to its scholastic disputes, to its cruelty, rapine, and bloodshed. But the genius that presides over human destiny never sleeps; and it was precisely in that most sterile and unpromising age that the groundwork was laid for all that is valuable in modern civilization. As an unborn forest sleeps unconsciously in an acorn cup, all the creations and all the potentialities of that civilization lay enfolded in the guaranty of personal liberty and of the supremacy of the law that was secured at Runnymede. The various bills and petitions of right, and the Habeas Corpus Act, while they have given new sanctions to liberty, are but echoes of the Great Charter; and our Declaration of Independence is but the Magna Charta writ large, and expanded to meet the wants of a new generation of freemen, fighting the battle of life beneath other skies.

"Worth all the classics!" Yes, the classics that have survived, and the classics that have perished. Dear as might be to us the lost books of Livy, whose pictured page is torn just where its highest interest begins, or even some song of Homer, which, now lost in space, shall charm the ear and bewitch the human heart no more, we could not exchange for them a single word of those uncouth but grand old sentences, which, having taken the wings of the morning, have incorporated themselves with almost every system of laws in Christendom, and which still ring out in our American constitutions with a sound like that of the trampling of armed men, marching confidently up to battle; words which for ages have stayed the hand of tyranny, and which have extended their protection over the infant sleeping in its cradle, over the lonely, the desolate, the sorrowful, and the oppressed. Uttered by unwilling lips, and believed by the wretch

from whom it was extorted that it had scarcely an hour to live, the Magna Charta marks an epoch in the annals of mankind. It began a revolution that has never gone backward for a single moment; and was the precursor of that civilization the dawn of which our eyes have looked upon with joy and pride, and whose full meridian splendor can be foreseen by God alone.

"THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES."

Response to a toast on the occasion of President Roosevelt's visit to Little Rock, October 5, 1905

I WILL reply to that toast by saying that it seems to me that the most agreeable and encouraging retrospect in American history is to be found in the lives of our American presidents. Here is a fine opening for an extensive dissertation; but as this is neither the time nor the place for anything of that kind, I refrain, contenting myself with a few words.

One of the chief grounds of opposition to the adoption of the federal constitution was the liberal grant of power to the president; a very vulnerable point of attack, because men who had experienced the tyranny of George III and who had succeeded in establishing their liberties only at the price of a long and bloody war, were naturally suspicious of the one-man power.

For many years after that great controversy was settled European writers on political topics habitually prophesied that this extensive grant of power would soon lead to the overthrow of the government, and to the establishment of a despotism in its place.

We have now had a long succession of presidents belonging to many political parties; but these dire predictions have never been realized. On the contrary, our presidents have all been upright and patriotic men, attentive to their official duties, seeking in every way to promote the best interests of the country according to their several abilities and opportunities; thus putting to shame the longest and most

illustrious line of kings that ever alternately blessed or afflicted mankind.

The event has proved that our presidents have been more conservative and more mindful of constitutional limitations than the legislative department; so that by this long and consistent course of wise and prudent conduct the presidential office has acquired honor and dignity not directly derived from the constitution, thus affording new guarantees for the future.

Our presidents have all had many difficult problems to deal with; and none of them have escaped censure; for Calumny, like Death, loves a shining mark. Washington in his declining years said that he had been accused of every crime that Nero ever committed; and his immediate successors were continually assailed by the most foul and improbable slanders, falsehoods concocted by the American demagogue that walketh in darkness and lieth at noonday, or at least did so in former times; for we may now congratulate ourselves in our more enlightened age that the American demagogue, like the mammoth and the mastodon that once inhabited our forests, has ceased to exist; and that his siren voice is no longer heard in the land.

It is fortunate for us that political differences of opinion must always exist; for otherwise we should soon sink into a state of mental and moral degradation, wholly incompatible with liberty or progress; but it is a mistake to regard each recurring presidential election as a savage foray of revenge and extermination, instead of being, as it was intended, a peaceful method of solving political questions, and a necessary requisite for the continuation of a government of law and order.

It would certainly be better if our political contests could be carried on with less rancor; if we could

> *"————do as adversaries do in law,*
> *Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends."*

But it is still more unfortunate when the bitterness of controversy is carried over after the contest is ended; bad policy, too, on the part of the disappointed, since patience

and good humor take away half the sting of defeat, and signs of anger and resentment but serve to increase the triumph of the enemy, tending to make him forget that in this strange world of ours the victor of today is frequently the vanquished of tomorrow.

Most of our political opinions are by no means axiomatic truths, and none but a blind fanatic can imagine that virtue, good sense, and patriotism are only to be found in his own political party; hence, however great our political differences may be, they sink out of sight when we meet, as we do on this occasion, to do honor to the President of the United States, who is not the president of any political party, but whose proudest title is that he is president of every man, woman, and child under the protection of the American flag, whether on land or sea; a sentiment that has been often and most forcibly expressed by the words and by the acts of our most highly honored guest of this auspicious hour.

The occasion that has brought us together is not one of unmeaning compliments and of merely ceremonial display. The great and enthusiastic multitudes that fill our streets, our parks, and other public places, with their hearty greetings, your present assemblage, gentlemen, within this hall, the kindly words that have been spoken, will, we trust, carry home to our honored guest the profound assurance that this homage is not paid exclusively to the president, but that it is no less a heartfelt tribute to the scholar, the writer, the soldier, the patriot, and the statesman; one who does not fear to take the public into his confidence; one who has acquired wisdom from a long and varied experience in public affairs; one who, moreover, is a mighty hunter before the Lord, worthy to have hunted with old Nimrod himself, or in latter times with Israel Putnam, or with Daniel Boone, when bears were to be found on every hillside.

The present visit will always be the source of pleasant and grateful recollections on the part of the people of this state and city; and we would venture to hope that it may be repeated in even happier days, when the many cares of state may permit, or when these shall have been exchanged for the more tranquil pleasures of private life. We trust that

our honored guest may be blessed with health, strength, and length of days; that his administration may redound to the best and most lasting interests of the country, and to his own honor; that after the toil and responsibility of his great office are over, he may be cheered by the approving voice of his grateful countrymen and the serene consciousness of duty wisely, faithfully, and successfully performed. We have the satisfaction of knowing that whatever difficulties may arise we have a strong man at the helm, one worthy to join in the procession of the great and illustrious men who have gone before, who have reaped the reward of their services in the gratitude of their country, and who have been crowned with undying fame.

The president has lately achieved a result that I believe has no precedent in the past. By a timely and tactful interposition he has been largely instrumental in arresting the torrent of blood that deluged the soil of another hemisphere, and filled the world with horror, thus substituting the white banner of peace for the terrible ensigns of war. If it be true, as the poet tells us, that

"Peace hath her victories
No less renowned than war."

here is a victory that, as it has not caused a sigh or a tear, far outshines the triumphs of Blenheim or Waterloo.

May his other successes, if not always so resplendent, be such as will always promote the happiness of mankind.

ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE

[1883—]

GEORGE ARMSTRONG WAUCHOPE

AMERICAN literature began with a form of the essay which was designated by the name of sketch. In the hands of Irving, Hawthorne, and Poe it grew by easy stages into the short story. The earlier form of the sketch has persisted in the work of the nature writers, notably that of Thoreau, the pioneer in the field, and recently that of Muir and Burroughs, both trained observers and lovers of nature, who in their brilliant essays on the wild animal life and tremendous scenery of our western coast have made nature study a fine art, and expressed the new national spirit of Americanism that followed the Civil War and the Centennial. They with others led the way to a rediscovery of America. The South had already made a notable contribution in the work of two great naturalists, Audubon and Bachman, and in the less known but brilliant sketches and stories of William Elliott, the author of 'Carolina Sports,' a book which was a lineal and worthy descendant of 'The Complete Angler.' In recent years the field has been more fully explored by the subject of this sketch, Mr. Archibald Rutledge, also of South Carolina.

Archibald Rutledge was born on October 23, 1883, in McClellanville, Charleston County, South Carolina, a town about five miles from the coast. His family is one which has honored the state and which the state has honored. His father, Colonel Henry Middleton Rutledge, resided in the stately colonial mansion, Hampton Place, on his ancestral plantation on the west bank of the Santee River about forty-two miles northeast of Charleston. The chief formative influences that molded his character were received in this cultured, patrician home and in the neighboring countryside with its great rice fields surrounded by vaster swamps and pinelands. His education was first directed by his mother, Margaret Seabrook Rutledge, then by Miss Annie Lucas in her home five miles below the Rutledges, whither the lad used to ride on horseback. It was during these long rides year in and year out that he learned to love and to observe nature in those wonderful woods, that were almost primeval in their beauty and harbored many species of birds and wild animal life. Later he attended the public school in his native village, and owed much to the instruction of the principal, J. Edwin Bowman, a graduate of the University of Virginia. In 1897 he entered the Porter Academy, from which he was graduated in 1900 as salutato-

rian and with the highest honors in English and French. Securing a scholarship to Union College, New York, he repaired thither, pursued the regular four-year course, and was graduated as Bachelor of Science in 1904.

In the autumn of 1904 Mr. Rutledge accepted a position as head of the English Department of the Mercersburg Academy, Pennsylvania, a boys' preparatory school with an enrollment of five hundred students. Since that time he has held the same position. In 1907 Union College conferred upon him the degree of Master of Arts. In recognition of his work he has been elected a member of the National Audubon Society and the American Academy of Social Science. For several years he has made frequent contributions to the *Century, Atlantic, Scribner's, Outlook, Youths' Companion, Field and Stream, Outing, Country Life, Collier's Weekly, Saturday Evening Post,* and other periodicals. On December 19, 1907, he was married to Miss Florence L. Hart, the daughter of Major C. S. Hart of Winchester, Virginia, to whose rare beauty of person, nobility of character, and inspiring comradeship the author has paid many tender tributes in his poems.

Mr. Rutledge spends his vacations on the old plantation, which he now owns, in the Santee delta, a veritable sportsman's paradise. In 'Tom and I on the Old Plantation' (1918), a collection of delightful hunting stories essentially autobiographical, he thus describes one room in his typical Southern home: "One whole wing of the rambling old plantation house was occupied by an ancient ballroom, which doubtless had been indispensable when the house was built in 1730, but it has never been more than a playroom for us. It was sixty feet long by thirty feet wide, and the height of its ceiling was prodigious. A narrow wainscot circled the room below the windows, and above them, twenty feet from the floor, there was a wider and more elaborate one. It projected a foot or more from the wall, and was beautifully fretted with all kinds of intricate carving. Above this high cornice the ceiling was vaulted. On the walls between the windows were tall mirrors, quaint and faded. On one side of the room was a cavernous fireplace, lined with old blue delft tiles, which pictured wonderful adventures by land nad sea." One winter, while Tom was convalescing from a dangerous gunshot wound, the brothers used this room as a sanctuary for a rare collection of lovely migrant birds which they found by hundreds in the neighborhood perishing from the cold. For three memorable days the boys enjoyed the company of these feathered pets, woodcock, golden-crowned thrush, robins, waxwings, yellow-throat warblers, chickadees, song sparrows, and ruby-crowned kinglets, which feasted on the

berries of holly and wild orange trees, smilax, and swampvine, tupelo, and black gum and scarlet cassena boughs, with which the ancient ballroom was festooned. From such experiences it is easy to see how and why the author has become one of the best informed ornithologists in America. No one is more familiar with the habits of the wild fowl that winter in the vast marshes that fringe the banks of the wide, yellow Santes, and no one has described more thrillingly the wild duck and turkey hunting in the rice fields, canebrakes, and silent lagoons of that waste delta region. His nature lore is thus first hand and accurate, the fruit of lifelong and loving observation. Three of his best stories, "The Aim of the Hunterman," "The Golden Robber," and "A Monarch of the Sky," tell of the marauding expeditions of the great golden eagles that daily hunt over the dreamy plantations beneath them and take their fair toll of the rice-fed mallards, and on occasion boldly attack even fawns and pickaninnies.

Mr. Rutledge is a *genre* painter in words of the wild animal life of the South. A constant hunter from boyhood, he has become a past-master of woodcraft and watercraft, and is equally at home in stalking a ten-tined stag, a turkey gobbler, or an old bull alligator. What is rarer, he has withal the spirit of a true sportsman, and makes it a point of honor to give the pursued animal fair play. In such fine tales as "A Black Buck," "The Terror of Burnt Bay," "A Forgotten Shark Line," "The Wisdom of Solomon," and "The Black Mallard," the intended quarry is allowed to escape. Having on one of his expeditions by boat slipped a noose over the horns of a big buck caught in a freshet, the author towed him beside the canoe for some distance down the river, then turned him loose with a whack on the rump to warn him against future trespassing. One time concealed in the bushes he waited for hours to see how a mother duck would urge her young out of the nest into the water. If we may judge by the illustrations in his books, he enjoys watching the wild inhabitants of his happy hunting ground from a platform high up in a giant pine and snapping them with his kodak quite as much as pursuing them with gun and hound. "For the dual attitude of hunter and naturalist," he says, "I offer no apology—save to confess that as the years advance the latter is acquiring a wholesome ascendency."

Our author has made, too, an important contribution to the character study of the Southern negro. In his allegorical fabliaux Joel Chandler Harris has drawn the black man subjectively; Archibald Rutledge has drawn him objectively. The former portrays him mentally, and mainly through his speech; the latter portrays him

large in action but with no less truth to life. The author knows the race from friendly observation at close quarters from boyhood; he gives us "close-ups" of the darky at work and play, in hours of idleness and toil, in nights of care-free festivity and deadly danger. Beautiful and fascinating are his stories of the part played by these "images of God cut in ebony" in a happy plantation life, the most romantic this continent has ever known, but now too rarely found, with its peaceful atmosphere of leisure, contentment, and good will.

The figures of the numerous negroes that appear in these stories not only interest the reader deeply as human beings, but contribute a touch of local color, a humorous and grotesque atmosphere that is both picturesque and indispensable to a complete understanding of Southern life. We may, for example, safely add Prince "the gunnerman" to the gallery of notable negro types. He is a man of medium stature but with chest and arms that have been powerfully muscled by sawing yellow pine timber ten hours a day for six years; a man that thinks nothing of walking fifteen miles to the store for a bag of tobacco and a pound of bacon; one who can pick up a two-hundred pound buck and lay it carefully on the back of a fractious mule. One morning Mr. Rutledge started with him very early on a hunt, forgetting to ask him if he had had breakfast. They hunted hard all day. "At nightfall, on our return," says the author, "he informed me, with high good humor, that he had had no breakfast yet." Once when the Colonel was away on business, the boys essayed to halter and ride "Big Abel," a huge ox with immense scythe-like horns. Refusing the indignity Abel not only treed his young master ignominiously on the tie-piece of a rice-straw rick, but when Prince came to the rescue, he tossed the latter high over the fence. Old Isaac expressed the verdict of the colored audience present when he remarked that "that ox takes his name from the Bible, but his meanness from de debil."

Among the other negro types sharply etched by the author are Old Jason, the faithful servant, who concealed his mistress's gold tea-set in a haunted, hollow oak in a graveyard to save it from a band of raiders; Scipio Lightning, the superstitious poacher and deadly marksman, who once "had actually worked a whole week without a break"; Wash Green, who "could lie with scriptural accent and steal watermelons and chickens benevolently"; Three Cents, the plucky little negro boy, who owed his life to old Colonel Jocelyn's heroic generosity; Gabriel, the expert trapper, who captured a huge alligator by leaping recklessly upon the saurian's back and slipping a noose over its head; and Old Galboah, for sixty years the fisherman of the plantation, who possessed secrets of the haunts of the bass in the

Santee that have died with him. The finest of all his negro characters is Jason Jones, arrested for robbing a store, who when caught in a tropical hurricane, gave up his chance to escape in order to rescue his captor from drowning. We find no less clearly drawn a number of portraits of the thriftless white poachers of that same region of abundant game.

Mr. Rutledge should receive credit for having succeeded in adding to the literary map of America a most interesting cross-section of the romantic South not hitherto chronicled. In his three "Old Plantation" books he has pictured memorably the almost virgin game trails of the Santee pinelands and delta swamps; and best of all he has enriched them with at least forty delightfully human tales of out-door life and adventure that one might hear over the glowing embers of a campfire from the lips of a veteran hunter and story-teller. He has made a place of distinction in our literature for the difficult art of the raconteur.

Archibald Rutledge has achieved success not only in the two fields of the naturalist and the story teller but also in the more difficult and exacting art of the poet. The anthology of Southern poetry has been distinctly augmented and enriched by his four volumes: 'Under the Pines' (1907), 'The Banners of the Coast' (1908), 'New Poems' (1917), and 'Songs from a Valley' (1919). Today he is better known as a prose writer than as a maker of verse, but his literary ambition seems to be centering more and more upon poetry. Along with "Barton Gray" and Carlyle McKinley, he has taken up the mantle of the mid-century school of Charleston poets. Like Hayne and Timrod he holds to a poetic creed that conforms to that of the great masters of the nineteenth century, who were romantic in theme and emotion, classical in form and technique. As was said of Lanier, he is "one here in the South who loves beautiful things with sincere passion." Most Southern poetry since Poe has struck chords that echo the music of Keats and Tennyson and exhale the chivalry and sentiment of the Cavalier lyrists. Our author has his favorite models, no doubt, but his themes are modern and original, and are drawn from his own emotional experiences. Though they are intensely personal and authentically Southern, they are nevertheless universal in range and appeal.

Lord Dunsany says, "Of pure poetry there are two kinds, that which mirrors the beauty of the world in which our bodies are, and that which builds the more mysterious kingdoms where geography ends and fairyland begins." Mr. Rutledge's poetry is of the former type, and gives us the pleasure of recognition rather than that of surprise. Most of it is reflective and subjective. Even when it is de-

scriptive of persons and places, it is interpretive of the inner life, of the soul of things, and appeals to the imagination. The informing spirit of it is an ideal of happiness, which ministers to the joy of living. One is aware of a note of sadness and regret, of longing and loneliness, that is entirely absent from his prose. Much of his verse is a threnody over lost beauty; some of the best is elegiac, tenderly reminiscent of the loved ones over whom "death has prevailed." Two breathe of a lofty pride in heroic character expressed in the noble deeds of the Confederates. A deep feeling for nature has inspired him to write musically and sympathetically of the mystery-haunted woodlands and swamps of his beloved Santee delta. In his earlier work poetry seems to him a secret shrine, sacred and apart from the world that is too much with us, a sanctuary from the tyranny of the commonplace. Looking lingeringly back to the old traditions of ideal beauty, he writes for art's sake, hearing the still, sad music of humanity. In his latest volume, however, which includes several noble poems inspired by the great World War, his ear is set to hear the eager and impetuous voices of the new Americanism that have been sounding so insistently in these latter years. In a study of Mr. Rutledge's poetry we have been impressed with his lyric gift of expression spontaneous and rich in local color, his restrained and meditative fancy, his sensitive artistic conscience, his warm, chivalric, Southern temper, his faithful interpretation of the mysterious grandeur and beauty of nature in the Santee country, and his splendid American optimism, which is rooted in an intimate knowledge of human nature and an abiding faith in God.

George Armstrong Wauchope

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ELDORADO.

From 'Under the Pines.' All selections from the poems are reproduced with the permission of author and publishers

Over the fields and the far lonely strand
The barren broom-grass waves; the lost winds sigh.
Grey-shrouded oaks and rustling laurels high,
To sentinel the desolation stand.
The wild sweet woods are deep on either hand.
Beneath the blue and trembling Southern sky
There is a beauty here that cannot die,
For love makes beautiful a ruined land.
—I saw a mourner in that solitude
And the still twilight seemed to search his face
In anguish dim. Faint with vain tears he stood,
A Loneliness, and of that scene a part,
For he beheld the tomb of all his race,
And gazed upon the burial of his heart.

A LIFE.

From 'Banners of the Coast.'

Thy life, my life, or gold or dust,
Or flower or sod:
In One alike we put our trust,
Thy God, my God.

Thy grief, my grief, the journey wild
Is thine and mine:
Hands clasped to find the way, dear child,
Thy way and mine.

The evening gathers over us,
And fades our light;
Yet we are glad to have it thus;
Thy night, my night.

AFTER RAIN.

From 'New Poems.'

After rain, after rain,
Earth is Eden once again!
Wafted wildrose fragrances
Breathe about the land and skies.
All the flowers now are leveled,
In delicious grief dissheveled.
See the bluet's fairy pain,
Prisoned in a drop of rain;
Elfin woe the violet has,
Bent beneath a blade of grass;
Plumes of herdsgrass waving proud
O'er the simple clover crowd,
Are in humble beauty bowed.
These the light shall soon release
Into airy grace and peace.
Flaring through red clouds, the sun
Over high fields seems to run;
Drenched flowers and misty grass
Upward look to see him pass;
Dewy daisies glint and shine,
Eyes of innocence divine!
Winy colors flush the wold,—
Amber, amethyst, and gold;
Softly gleams the jewelled wood.
And my spirit is renewed
Out of dust and heat, to know
Life as sweet as long ago;
Out of weariness to feel
Strength to toil, and grace to kneel
Unto Him who, after rain,
Walks His garden once again.

CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL INSTITUTE
(BATTLE ABBEY) RICHMOND, VA.

THE CONFEDERATE DEAD.

From 'New Poems.'

Although the Flag they died to save
  Floats not o'er any land or sea,
Over eternal years shall wave
  The banner of their chivalry.

Lost in the silent Past profound,
  Their war-cries to the dead belong,
Yet poets shall their valor sound
  In music of immortal song.

Save that for them I nobly live,
  Bear life, as death they bravely bore,
They need no glory I can give,
  Whose fame abides forevermore;—

Whose fame fades not in marble arts,
  Nor sleeps within the Past's dim night;
Heroes who live in loving hearts
  Are templed in Eternal Light.

EARTH.

From 'New Poems.'

How wonderful is earth!
This soil of precious worth!
  Though gold be gold, it has no life to give;
But in the furrow dark
There waits a vital spark
  That whispers to the seed, "Awake and live!"

Sunsets and dawns of bloom
Rise from that rayless gloom,
  And thence the oak receives his massive crown;
The timid wilding Flower
Frail fairy of an hour,
  From dust has made her artful, artless gown.

Far in that night profound,
Each tree its fruit has found,
  Each season draws from dust its treasures still.
In happy flower and tree
Dust utters joyously
  A language of eternal tone and will.

Toiler beneath the sod!
O Worker calm with God
  In grandeur of a silent, vast design;
In lifting Life to light
Out of an ancient night,
  Love's purpose of the human heart is thine!

THE SANCTUARY.

From 'New Poems.'

Every wild wing of the harried, the hunted,
Every fleet foot of the stalked, the pursued,
Every bright eye of the fearful, the followed
Solace may find in this blithe solitude.
Here the wing folds by the peace of the water;
Here the feet pause in the woodland's bright calm;
Here the eye rests!; for the woods and the waters,
Friendly and welcoming, offer their balm.

Where the tree dips to the wide placid water,
Where the reed bends to the stately slow tide,
Where the moon rises o'er leagues of dim marshland
Glimmering greenly,—there may they abide.
Hither they speed over moorland and mountain,
Wary and valiant, far-sighted and brave;
Hither they come to the call of compassion,
Here may they rest in the wood, on the wave.

Beautiful wings of the air and the river,
Wonderful eyes of the forest and glade,
Marvelous voices a-tune with the dawn-wind,
Welcome, ah welcome, to sun and to shade!

Here you may have the desired, the cherished,
Only the longing in freedom to live;—
Here in this solitude stayed is the hand of man,
Opened the heart of man,—refuge to give!

I GUARD THE DOOR.

From 'Songs from a Valley.'

Think not that I am far away
When fighting on some foreign shore:
Rifle in hand I watch and wait
Outside your door.

I am at hand, however far
From home the Flag beloved we bore;
Ceaseless the vigil that I keep,
Guarding the door.

Trenches of Flanders, fields of France,
Or soaring as the eagles soar,—
It matters not; it means but this:
I guard your door.

And when you gather to the hearth
As darkness shrouds the wood and moor,--
Fear not, for in that night I stand
To hold the door.

On the red frontiers of the fight
I shield your safety evermore;
And I shall stand, or I shall fall,
Guarding your door.

JUDGE NAPIER'S SENTENCE.

From 'Old Plantation Days.' With the permission of author and Frederick A. Stokes Co., publishers

It was only after a desperate struggle that Julian Broderick, a state policeman, had mastered the fugitive. Broderick could not remember having ever had so stern and prolonged a chase and so sudden and fierce an encounter. The affair happened, too, on a peculiarly lonely stretch of beach between the solitary pinelands and the waste sea marshes. Broderick knew that had the struggle ended differently many a day would have passed before his friends learned of his fate—if they ever learned of it. After the posse had abandoned the pursuit, Broderick had dogged his man through swamps and across rivers until at last he had come upon him just as the fellow was about to cross a deep tidal estuary. In the clash that followed the law had triumphed, and as soon as Broderick had handcuffed his man the two began the toilsome march to Sellers, the nearest settlement.

The prisoner was Jason Jones, the powerful negro, whose reputation in the community at Rosemary up to the time when he robbed Ashton, the storekeeper, had been good. Jones had fled on the night of the crime. The deed had been done on a Friday. It was not until the following Tuesday that the robber was caught; in all that time Broderick felt sure that the silent man who now marched before him had had hardly a mouthful to eat. Compared with Broderick, Jason Jones was a giant; and the state policeman felt that he should have had small chance against so formidable an antagonist if the man had not been exhausted by the pitiless and protracted pursuit. Broderick was sorry for the fellow, and he intended when they reached Sellers to see to it immediately that the man was decently cared for.

The two men arrived in the seacoast village at sunset, but a strange sort of darkness had already set in. A sharp misty rain, driven by an insistent east wind, had been falling for an hour. The huddled houses of the small settlement showed lights in them. It was an evening to be indoors. Broderick, weary physically and mentally, at last brought his captive to the post office. Sellers was the kind of vil-

lage that has only one officer of the law, who serves as constable, storekeeper, and postmaster, and Broderick was an old friend of this man, whose name was Jim Laws.

"Jim," he said, "I've got a man here with me. Guess I'll have to ask you to let me keep him here tonight."

"Right, Julian," the other answered, gazing with interest on the powerful form of Jason Jones. "Tell me what you need, Julian."

"I must take this man on the truck to the city the first thing in the morning. We've had nothing to eat, Jim, for a good while."

The postmaster busied himself behind the counter; and soon cheese, crackers, canned salmon, and ancient gingerbreads were forthcoming. These he set before Broderick.

"Jason," said his captor, not without kindness, "I'll take the cuffs off now for awhile so that you can eat your supper." The negro muttered thanks.

The postmaster, who had been about to close up shop when the two men arrived, slouched into his overcoat. "Stormy wind coming up," he remarked; "if it doesn't get too bad, Julian, I'll have my wife send you up a pot of hot coffee. I'll tell Dave Janney about stopping for you in the morning." In a lower voice he added, "Come to the door." And when Broderick had complied, the postmaster whispered, "Julian, do you want any help with this fellow tonight? I can come back if you think you might need me."

"No, I can manage him," Broderick replied. "There's no reason for you to come back."

The door, which the storekeeper now opened, was blown violently against the wall. The two smoky lamps in the room flared convulsively. Broderick shot an apprehensive glance toward his prisoner.

"Regular storm," he said by way of farewell to the postmaster, who stepped forth into the rain and the night.

To be left alone for a night with a prisoner was no new experience for Broderick; he took the situation as a matter of course.

"Jason," he said, raising his voice somewhat in order to make himself heard above the wind, "there's a bench over

there, where you can get some sleep. I'll put the cuffs back on you, that being according to orders and regulations."

The negro made no protest. In his silent way he seemed to be sensible of the kindness that Broderick had shown him. When the handcuffs had been adjusted the fellow went obediently to the rude couch and lay down. There was something resigned about his manner as if he had realized that there was no use trying to escape the hand of the law.

Jason soon slept, though the night was no night for sleeping. In a chair tilted against the counter sat Broderick, trying to read by the dim lamplight a week-old paper. Outside the wind had slowly increased until now it was almost a cyclone. The watcher was sure that he heard a great tree blow down. The frame building began to creak and groan.

"No chance for Jim to send that coffee," he kept saying to himself. As the hours wore on toward midnight, the violence of the gale increased. Jim Laws' store was especially exposed to the force of the blast. The storm was coming from the east. There was nothing in the village of Sellers between the sea marshes and the post office. A small lumber yard was to the north. The few scattered dwellings were a considerable distance away on the landward side. The post office had to take the full fury of the tempest.

About an hour before midnight Broderick, now thoroughly alarmed, went to the window on the leeward side of the building. In the darkness a storm-lashed tide was raging before a seventy-mile gale. The salt water was already under the building. Knowing the ways of coastal storms, Broderick realized that this was a hurricane out of the West Indies. At any moment the rising tide might sweep from its foundations the rickety structure in which he and his prisoner were sheltered. Crossing the room to the windward side, he saw that water was already on the floor, and that salt spume was driving in through the cracks in the building.

Broderick hurriedly set three mail sacks and certain boxes of store goods on the counter. He would try to keep what he could out of the wet for Jim Laws. There was no

chance that the postmaster would get back, for he and his neighbors, too, would be fully occupied in getting their families out of their endangered houses to places of safety. Broderick and his prisoner would have to shift for themselves.

With Jason, exhaustion had had its way; he was sleeping through the storm. His huge form lay cramped on the small couch. Broderick was glad that the man should rest, but the time had come to awaken him. His decision to arouse him was hastened by a grinding crash, which was followed by a heavy downpour through the roof. A live-oak tree had fallen on the building.

"When live-oaks go," Broderick muttered, "it's time for us to leave!"

Even after the fall of the tree through the roof the negro slept; Broderick had some difficulty in awakening him.

"Jason, sit up and listen to what I have to say."

Broderick waited until he was sure that his prisoner had full possession of his senses.

"Jason, we are caught in a storm—you understand? You and I have to leave this place. Now, I want to give you the best chance I can to get away. I am therefore going to take the cuffs off. You are to stay with me as long as you can, Jason. If things get so bad that you have to save yourself from drowning, look out for yourself. But when the storm is over, you are to come back to me. Is it a fair deal and agreement?"

"Yes, cap'n, more than fair," the towering black man replied, evidently impressed by Broderick's quiet manner, which was in high contrast to the howling gale.

At that moment there came a heavy thudding against the windward side of the building, then a smashing, splintering blow. A heavy stick of pine timber, drifting from the sawmill near by, had been driven like a ram through the side of the building. The waves drove it farther in, and twisted it, so that now through the gaping hole the sea water rushed. On the threshold the two men stood for a moment. The white man was afraid that the negro might not be willing to

venture forth. He turned to call to Jason, and at the same time took a step downward into the wild tide-race.

"Take my hand, Jason; let's try to get through this together."

Even while he was speaking, he was thrown violently against the building, and the hand that had reached out for Jason's was clutching the air. With a groan, Broderick sank into the seething black waters. A heavy timber, companion to the one that had rammed the building, had been driven against him. His leg was broken near the thigh; he could neither swim nor stand; he would surely drown.

Into the wailing darkness came the huge form of Jason. His bulk loomed monstrous in the doorway.

"Cap'n, where is you?" he shouted.

With his feeble fingers trailing idly against the side of the building, with his breath almost gone from another savage thrust of the cruel timber, Broderick called back faintly, "Here, Jason! But I'm done for. Save yourself. Keep the wind at your back, and you'll get into the woods. Save yourself."

In the oblivion that surged down upon him, the doomed man in the water was hardly aware of the giant form that towered above him in the storm. But great arms were under him, lifting him. A voice of hope spoke to him. A strength to master the strength of the storm had come to shield him.

. . . . . .

It was noon of the following day; and though the wind was still high, the clouds were breaking. What had been the village of Sellers was now a desolation. Three miles inland, in a pinelander's stout cabin, lay Broderick. Jason had brought him there through the storm, and the first object the aching eyes of the state policeman caught as he opened them was the huge form of the negro, seated near the fireplace.

"You've come back, Jason," said Broderick, "as you promised. You are a man of your word."

"I didn't never gone, cap'n," the negro responded simply.

Then the owner of the cabin told of the exploit of Jason.

In ending, he said with some show of feeling, "He carried you just like a woman would a baby, Julian; and he would not rest till he had you as comfortable as you could be made. He must be a mighty faithful man of yours."

"He is," said Julian Broderick.

. . . . . .

That was a strange trial which, two weeks later, was called in the courtroom of Judge Napier in Charleston. Jason Jones, accused of robbing the Ashton store in Rosemary, was at the bar of justice. The judge had heard the evidence; and in his charge to the jury he had suggested that, if the twelve gentlemen found a verdict of guilty, he would see to it that the punishment met the offense. He intimated that the robbing of country stores was a practice that, so far as he could effect it, would have to cease in Charles County.

"Jason Jones," said Judge Napier, addressing the prisoner, "the law gives you the right to make any statement you may wish to make; do you wish to say anything for yourself?"

"Please, sah," the negro replied, "make my fine as light as you can. I'se mighty sorry I done broke in the store. My wife is dead, and I has seven head of children. I broke in the store 'caze they been hongry."

At that moment there was a stir in the court-room. Broderick, lying on a cot, was brought in. The doctors at the hospital had not yet permitted him even to use crutches. From his bed of pain he told with evident effort the story of the storm. Through it all the listeners were spellbound. Judge Napier cleared his throat suspiciously.

"Gentlemen of the jury," he said at the conclusion of the policeman's story, "retire for your verdict. Find according to the evidence."

In a few minutes the men returned with the verdict of guilty.

"Jason Jones, stand up and hear your sentence," said Judge Napier. "We find you guilty of robbing the Ashton store. But we also find you guilty of saving your captor's life at the risk of your own, and you stayed by him

as you had promised to do. The amount of damage that you did the store is about five dollars, which I, in an unofficial capacity, will make good. The account of the law against you is cleared by your late conduct. Jason, you are a free man. May you be a good one. Return home now and work hard for those seven children. Mr. Broderick, here, and certain other gentlemen in the room have thrown together and now hand you this little gift of a hundred dollars. Jason, I am convinced that you are naturally a brave and good man. Be brave and good always. You may go. You are free."

MARY NEWTON STANARD

ANNIE STEGER WINSTON

MARY NEWTON STANARD, daughter of the Right Reverend John Brockenbrough Newton, D.D. (Bishop Coadjutor of the Diocese of Virginia), and Roberta Page (Williamson) Newton, was born in Westmoreland County, Virginia, the county of the Washingtons and Lees and of many generations of her own family, at the home of her paternal grandfather, Honorable Willoughby Newton, who represented his district in Congress. He was an enthusiastic scientific agriculturist, and at one time president of the Virginia Agricultural Association. It is to inheritance from him that Mrs. Stanard attributes her love of nature and of country life.

Her father, who was educated for a physician, and served as surgeon in the Confederate army, was at the time of her birth rector of a church in Norfolk, Virginia.

Through both sides of her house she is closely linked with the makers of Virginia history. The Newtons were among the first settlers upon these shores, and affiliated themselves widely with other early and prominent families. Among her many distinguished ancestors upon the maternal side, it is especially interesting to note, is Colonel William Byrd, the founder of Richmond, and author of those delectable personal and historic narratives: 'The History of the Dividing Line'; 'A Journey to the Land of Eden,' and others. Of his style as a writer, no less an authority than Professor John S. Bassett says: "It would be hard to find before Franklin a better master of writing clear, forceful, and charming English."

In an editorial note on an article, in her happiest vein, in the *Century Magazine* of February, 1921 ("Quaint Old Richmond"), there is this comment: "As the descendant of Colonel William Byrd, the founder of the city of Richmond, Mrs. Stanard has a peculiar right to portray the historic, mellow old city which has such poignant memories for all Americans. In many ways Mrs. Stanard has had an experience typical of older days, but rare in this time. She learned her letters at her grandmother's knee, in a quaint bedroom with a huge four-poster, tracing out the rubrics of an old Prayer Book. Later, it was the fearsome pictures of an old-fashioned edition of 'Pilgrim's Progress' which distracted her attention from the spelling out of whole words. A charming incident of her childhood

occurred when, a young girl, she sent some verses to the memory of Longfellow to a local paper. They were actually published, and some one who saw them in print evidently thought them good enough to send to Longfellow's son, who wrote her a little note of thanks, long treasured, now—with a violet from the poet's grave."

Mary (Mann Page) Newton's efforts of composition began almost in her cradle; though strictly, so to speak, for home consumption. In the dreadful interval between the putting out of the light by her "black mammy" and the blessed coming of sleep, she habitually told stories to herself to distract her infant mind from the terrors which peopled the darkness, thanks, largely, to the aforesaid devoted mammy.

"As soon as I could drive a pen, or pencil," she says, "I began putting down things on paper. My earliest attempts were in verse, and although it was wretched stuff my schoolmates crowned me poet-laureate of a large private school ('Leache-Wood') in Norfolk, from which I was graduated at the age of seventeen.

"In my teens, I was fond of reading translations of Homer and the Greek dramatists, and when I was sixteen I wrote an imitation of a Greek play, entitled 'Œnone,' with the grief of Œnone when Paris deserted her for Helen as its theme, and a chorus of shepherds and shepherdesses. It was acted at the school commencement, and, owing to the attractiveness of the classic costumes and the beauty of the girls who wore them, was quite an effective affair.

"My childish scribblings were just for the fun of it, and it did not occur to me to try writing for publication until some time after I left school. When I did, I sent my two first offerings to the *Philadelphia Times,* for the simple reason that a great-aunt of mine, who was the only writing person I then knew, sometimes contributed to that paper. My articles were accepted." Somewhat later, "three little stories" were accepted by the *Youth's Companion,* bringing larger checks in payment.

"As up to this time I had neither seen nor heard of such a thing as a rejection slip, becoming an author seemed a quite easy business but I was to grow rapidly wiser as I grew older.

"I think my next venture was a series of articles about the World's Fair at Chicago for the Richmond *Times-Dispatch.* Various articles in newspapers and small magazines followed—also many club papers. The friendship of two scholarly old gentlemen, Judge W. W. Crump and Honorable William Wirt Henry, led me to take up the study of Virginia history from the original sources, and my

interest in this subject brought about my friendship with, and later marriage to, Mr. Stanard. Soon after my marriage I wrote my first book, 'The Story of Bacon's Rebellion.'

"I was always fond of poetry and my two favorite poets were Poe and Keats. I fell in love with Poe when I was eight years old, from hearing a University student recite 'The Raven' and soon afterward reading a sketch of his life in a little edition of his poems to which I was attracted because it had such a pretty blue and gold cover. When a young girl I decided to write a romantic account of his life some day." That resolution, later on, was to result in her striking novel, 'The Dreamer.'

Soon after she left school, her father was called to the Monumental church, in Richmond, Virginia, in which city she has since resided. She could scarcely have found a more fortunate environment for the development of her gifts in the direction in which they were to manifest themselves. The very atmosphere of Richmond teems with historic suggestion. The Monumental church itself, with which Mary Newton was to become so closely associated—as members of her family had been from its organization—spoke eloquently of the past. As inevitably as St. John's recalls the convention of 1775, before which Patrick Henry made his famous speech ending, "I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!" and as St. Paul's recalls General Lee and the days of the Confederacy, the Monumental church carries the mind back to an event which makes the year 1811 tragically memorable in the history of Richmond: the burning of the Richmond theatre, on this selfsame spot, with what then seemed a terrible toll of lives, including that of the Governor of the state.

There were in Richmond, moreover, the archives of the Virginia Historical Society and the State Library, offering exceptional opportunities for research into the documents of the past. In this connection should be mentioned the inestimable advantage which Mrs. Stanard feels herself to have derived from the advice and assistance of her husband, Mr. William G. Stanard, executive secretary of the Virginia Historical Society and editor of the *Virginia Magazine of History and Biography*.

In 'Colonial Virginia: Its People and Customs,' published in 1917, Mrs. Stanard's admirable traits as a writer are most fully displayed. To her richly picturesque subject, she brings historic imagination, constructive power, fine sense of values, humor, zest, the indefinable appeal of personality, and that priceless thing—"an infinite capacity for taking pains."

"History records events and names a few of those who figured in them," Mrs. Stanard says in her preface, "but no matter how ingeniously the string is pulled these generally seem more like puppets than people—to be made of bronze or marble rather than flesh and blood. A gossipy letter, though crumbling and yellow, telling what company the writer had for dinner and what there was to eat, the jokes that were cracked and healths drunk; a fragment of a diary giving the neighborhood news, the condition of the crops, or the latest political excitement; a tailor's or a milliner's bill; a will; an inventory; a court record of a lawsuit or a trial; will make a bygone day more real than volumes of history."

With singular felicity she has carried out the idea of giving the very atmosphere of colonial Virginia, of making its men and women flesh and blood realities. The lives of the most bewigged worthies were not all stilted and stately. The slim-waisted, swan-necked ladies portrayed in fading portraits were not perpetually seated, in spreading farthingales, with preternaturally elegant specimens of correct childhood bolt upright upon their laps or gracefully attitudinizing beside them. This she shows, adroitly employing the method of copicus citation of contemporary letters, diaries, and other records, by which she is enabled to present a kaleidoscopic view of the life of the day with a convincing intimacy which approaches that of Pepys himself in regard to his own earlier time.

Hazardous as such an assertion usually is, it is safe to say that this is a book which will live; live not only to delight the casual reader, but to be for the future historian an authority not to be ignored.

The personality of Mrs. Stanard is unusually forceful and attractive. Her fine judgment, her social vision, her broad and generous sympathies, have made her, in many ways, an asset in the life of her city and state. She has been especially active in the cause of higher education for women. She is a member of the Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities (and was long its historian); Virginia Society of Colonial Dames of America (ex-vice-president); Woman's Club (ex-president); Virginia Writers' Club; Virginia War History Commission; charter member and member of the executive committee of the Edgar Allan Poe Shrine, Incorporated.

She has continued to contribute occasionally to the magazines. An article of hers on the first legislative assembly in America, entitled "The True Beginning of American Democracy," which appeared in the *Southern Review* of October, 1920, found its way to

China, and was reproduced in full in the Christmas supplement of the *North China News,* an English paper published in Shanghai, and widely circulated in the far east.

At the request of her publishers, Mrs. Stanard is now writing a history of Richmond for the general reader. It will be amply illustrated, and will, beyond question, once more demonstrate her hereditary gift of charming historical narration.

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ENTER MR. BACON.

From 'The Story of Bacon's Rebellion,' Chapter IV. Used here by permission of the author, holder of the copyright.

THROUGHOUT all history of all lands, at the supreme moment when any country whatsoever has seemed to stand in suspense debating whether to give itself over to despair or to gather its energies for one last blow at oppression, the mysterious star of destiny has seemed to plant itself—a fixed star—above the head of some one man who has been (it may be) raised up for the time and the need, and who has appeared, under that star's light, to have more of the divine in him than his brother mortals. To him other men turn as to a savior, vowing to follow his guidance to the death. Upon his head women call down Heaven's blessings, while in their hearts they enshrine him as something akin to a god. Oftentimes such men fall far short of their aims, yet their failures are like to be more glorious than common vic-

tories. The star that led them on in life does not desert them in death—it casts a tender glow upon their memory, and through the tears of those who would have laid down their lives for them it takes on the softened radiance of the martyr's crown.

Other times and other countries have had their leaders, their heroes, their martyrs—Virginia, in 1676, had her Nathaniel Bacon.

JAMESTOWN BESIEGED.

From 'The Story of Bacon's Rebellion,' Chapter XII. Used here by permission of the author, holder of the copyright.

THE Rebel had the good fortune to capture two pieces of artillery, but a dilemma arose as to how he should mount them without endangering the lives of some of his men. His ingenious brain was quick to solve the riddle. Dispatching some of his officers to the plantations near Jamestown, he had them to bring into his camp Madam Bacon (the wife of his cousin Nathaniel Bacon, Sr., President of the Council), Madam Bray, Madam Page, Madam Ballard, and other ladies of the households of members of his Majesty's Council who had remained loyal to the Governor. He then sent one of these fair ones, under escort, into Jamestown, to let her husband and the husbands of her companions know with what delicate and precious material their audacious foe was strengthening his fort, and to give them fair warning not to shoot. The remaining ladies (alas for the age of chivalry!) he stationed in front of his breastworks and kept them there until the captured "great guns" had been duly mounted; after which he sent them all safely home. Most truly was it said that Bacon "knit more knots by his own head in one day than all the hands in town were able to untie in a whole week!"

So effectual a fortification did the glimmer of a few fluttering white aprons upon his breastworks prove to be, that, as though confronted by a line of warriors from Ghostland, the Governor's soldiers stood aghast, and powerless to level a gun, while to add still further to their discomfiture they

had to bear with what grace they could command having their ladies dubbed the "guardian angels" of the rebel camp.

The cannon mounted under such gentle protection were never given a chance to prove their service.

Jamestown stood upon low ground, full of marshes and swamps. The climate, at all times malarious and unhealthy, was at this season made more so than usual by the hot September suns. There were no fresh water springs, and the water from the wells was brackish and unwholesome, making the place especially "improper for the commencement of a siege." While the Governor had the advantage of numbers, and his men were fresh and unwearied, Bacon had the greater advantage of motive. Sir William Berkeley's soldiers were bent upon plunder, and when they found that the Rebel's determined "hearts of gold" meant to keep them blocked up in such comfortless quarters, and that the prospects were that there was nothing to be gained in Sir William's service, they began to fall away from him in such numbers that, upon the day after the placing of Bacon's great guns, the old man found that there was nothing left for him but a second flight. That night he, with the gentlemen who remained true to him—about twenty in all—stole out of their stronghold in great secrecy, and taking to the ships, "fell silently down the river." The fleet came to anchor a few miles away, perhaps that those on board might reoccupy the town again as soon as the siege should be raised, perhaps that they might, in turn, block up the rebels in it if they should quarter there.

Bacon found a way to thwart either design.

The first rays of morning light brought knowledge to the rebels that the Governor had fled, and that they were free to take possession of the deserted capital. That night, as Berkeley and his friends rocked on the river below, doubtless straining eyes and ears toward Jamestown, and eagerly awaiting news of Bacon's doings there, the sickening sight of jets of flame leaping skyward through the darkness told them in signals all too plain that the hospitable little city would shelter them nevermore.

Filled with horror, they weighed anchor and sailed with as great speed as the winds would vouchsafe to bear them out of James River and across the Chesapeake's broad waters, where Governor Berkeley found, for a second time, a haven of refuge upon the shores of Accomac County.

This great city of Jamestown, which though insignificant in number of inhabitants and in the area it covered, was a truly great city, for its achievements had been great, was thus laid low at the very height of its modest magnificence and power. Though but little more than a half century old, it was already historic Jamestown, for with its foundations had been laid, in the virgin soil of a new world, the foundations of the Anglo-Saxon home, the Anglo-Saxon religion, and Anglo-Saxon law. This town, so small in size, so great in import, could proudly boast of a brick church, "faire and large," twelve new brick houses, and a half a dozen frame ones, with brick chimneys. There was also a brick state house, the foundations of which have lately been discovered.

"Thoughtful Mr. Lawrence" and Mr. Drummond heroically began the work of ruin by setting the torch to their own substantial dwellings. The soldiers were quick to follow this example, and soon all that remained of Jamestown was a memory, a heap of ashes, and a smoke-stained church tower, which still reaches heavenward and tells the wayfarer how the most enduring pile the builders of that first little capital of Virginia had heaped up was a Christian temple.

THE DEATH OF POE'S MOTHER.

Extracts from 'The Dreamer: The Life Story of Edgar Allan Poe.' From "The Death of Poe's Mother." Chapter I. Used here by permission of the author, holder of the copyright.

The shutter to the window which let in the one patch of dim light was now closed and the room was quite dark, save for two candles that stood upon stands, one at the foot, the other at the head of the bed. The air was heavy —sickening almost—with the odor of flowers. Upon the

bed, all dressed in white, and with a wreath of white roses on her dark ringlets, lay his mother, with eyelids fast shut and a lovely smile on her lips. She was very white and very beautiful, but when her little boy kissed her the pale lips were cold on his rosy ones, as if the smile had frozen there. It was very beautiful but the boy was a little frightened.

"Mother—" he said softly, pleadingly, "Wake up! I want you to wake up."

The weeping nurse placed her arm around him and knelt beside the bed.

"She will never wake up again here on earth, Eddie darling. Never, nevermore. She has gone to live with the angels where you will be with her some day, but never, nevermore on earth."

The child, marveling, softly repeated, "Nevermore—nevermore." The solemn, musical word, with the picture in the dim light, of the sleeping figure—asleep to wake nevermore—and so white, so white, all save the dusky curls, sank deep into his young mind and memory. His great grey eyes were wistful with the beauty, and the sadness, and the mystery of it all.

HE WRITES "TO HELEN."

From 'The Dreamer,' Chapter VIII; He Writes "To Helen." Used by permission of the author.

Like Dante after his first meeting with Beatrice, this Virginia boy-poet had entered upon a Vita Nuova—a new life—made all of beauty . . .

He threw himself upon his lounge and lay with his hands clasped under his head, still dreaming,—dreaming—dreaming—until day-dreams were merged into real dreams, for he was fast asleep. . . .

He awoke with a start. His lamp had burned itself out but a late moon flooded the room with the white light that he loved. A breeze laden with odors caught from the

many rose-gardens and the heavier-scented magnolias (now in full bloom) it had come across, stirred the curtain.

He arose and looked out upon the incense-breathing blossoms, like phantoms, under the moon. A clock in a distant part of the house was striking twelve. How much more beautiful was the world now—at night's high noon—than at the same hour of the day.

All the house, save himself, was asleep. How easy it would be to escape into this lovely night—to walk through this ambrosial air to the house-worshipful in which *she* doubtless lay, like a closed lily-flower, clasped in sleep.

A mocking bird—the Southland's nightingale—in some tree or bush not far away, burst into passion-shaken melody that seemed to voice, as no words could, his own emotion.

Down the stairs he slipped, and out of the door, into the well-nigh intoxicating beauty of the southern summer night. . . .

As he strolled along some lines of Shelley's which had long been favorites of his, sang in his brain:

"I arise from dreams of thee
In the first sweet sleep of night,
When the winds are breathing low
And the stars are shining bright.
I arise from dreams of thee,
And the spirit in my feet
Has led me—who knows how?—
To thy chamber-window, sweet!

* * *

"Oh, lift me from the grass!
I die, I faint, I fail!
Let thy love in kisses rain
On my lips and eyelids pale.
My cheek is cold and white, alas!
My heart beats loud and fast.
Oh, press it close to thine again,
Where it will break at last."

The words of the latter half of this serenade were meaningless as applied to his case. To have quoted them—even

mentally—in any literal sense, would have seemed to him profanation; yet the whole poem in some way not to be analysed or defined, expressed his mood.

At length he was before the closed and shuttered house, standing silent and asleep. Opposite were the grassy slopes of Capitol Square—with the pillared, white Capitol, in its midst, looking, in the moonlight, like a dream of old Greece. *Her* house! He looked upon its moonlit, ivied walls with adoration. A light still shone from one upper room. Was it *her* chamber? Was she, too, awake and alive to the beauty of this magic night?

His heart beat tumultuously at the thought. Then—Oh, wonder! His knees trembled under him—he grew dizzy and was ready, indeed, to cry, "I die, I faint, I fail!" She crossed the square of light the window made. In her uplifted hand she carried the lamp from which the light shone, and for a moment her slight figure, clad all in white as he had seen her in the garden a few hours before, and softly illuminated, was framed in the ivy-wreathed casement. But for a moment—then disappeared; but the trembling boy-lover and poet seemed to see it still, and gazed and gazed until the light was out and all the house dark.

He stumbled back through the moonlight to his home. He crept up the creaking stair again, to his little, dormer-windowed room; but sleep was now, more than ever, impossible.

Though the lamp had gone out, a candle stood upon a stand at the head of his bed. He lighted it, and by its ray, wrote, under the spell of the hour, the first utterance in which he, Edgar Poe, ascended from the plane of a maker of "promising" verse, to the realm of the true poet—a poem to the lady of his heart's dream destined (though he little guessed it) to make her name immortal and to send the fame of his youthful passion down the ages as one of the world's historic love-affairs.

What was her name? he wondered. He had never heard it, but he would call her Helen—*Helen,* the ancient synonym of womanly beauty . . .

And so, "To Helen," were the words he wrote at the top of his page, and underneath the name these lines:

"Helen, thy beauty is to me
  Like those Nicean barks of yore,
That gently o'er a perfumed sea,
  The weary, wayworn wanderer bore
To his own native shore.

"On desperate seas long wont to roam,
  Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,
Thy Naiad airs have brought me home
  To the glory that was Greece
And the grandeur that was Rome.

"Lo! in yon brilliant window-niche
  How statue-like I see thee stand!
The agate lamp within thy hand,
  Ah! Psyche, from the regions which
Are Holy Land!"

HE WRITES "THE RAVEN."

From 'The Dreamer,' Chapter XXVII: He Writes "The Raven." Used by permission of the author.

A new poem began to take shape in his brain—a poem of the death of a young and beautiful woman and the despair and grief of the lover left to mourn her in loneliness. As it wrote itself in his mind the word that had thrilled and charmed and frightened him at the bedside of his mother and to whose time his feet had so often marched, as to a measure—the mournful, mellifluous word, nevermore, became its refrain.

The composition of his new poem became an obsession with him. His brain busied itself with its perfection automatically. Not only as he sat at his desk, pen in hand; frequently it happened that at these times the divine fire refused to kindle—though he blew and blew. But at

other times, without effort on his part, the spark was struck, the flames flashed forth and ran through his thoughts like wild-fire. When he was helping Virginia to water the flowers in the garden; when he walked the streets with dreaming eyes raised skyward, studying the clouds; when he sat with Virginia and the Mother under the evening lamp or with feet on the fender gazed into the heart of the red embers, or when he lay in his bed in the quiet and dark—wherever he was, whatever he did, the phrases and the rhythm of the new poem were filtering through his subconsciousness, being polished and made perfect.

Indeed the poem in the making cast a spell upon him and he passed his days and nights as though in a trance. Virginia and Mother Clemm knew that he was in the throes of creation, and they respected his brown-study mood—stepping softly and talking little. They were happy, for they knew the state of mind that enveloped him to be one of profound happiness to him—though the brooding look that was often in his grey eyes told them that the visions he was seeing had to do with sorrow. They waited patiently, feeling certain that in due course would be laid before them a work in prose or verse, presenting in jewel-like word and phrase, scenes in some strange, fascinating country which it would charm them to explore.

At last it was done! He told them while they sat at the evening meal. . . .

As soon as supper was over he brought out one of the familiar narrow rolls of manuscript and smilingly drew it out for them to see its length—giving Virginia one end to hold while he held the other.

She read aloud, in pondering tone, two words that appeared at the top: "The Raven."

Then, as she let go the end she held, the manuscript coiled up as if it had been a spring, and the poet rolled it closely in his hands and with his eyes upon the fire, began, not to read, but slowly to recite. His voice filled the room with deep, sonorous melody, saving which there was no sound.

When the last words:

"And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor,
Shall be lifted—nevermore!"

had been said, there was a moment of tense silence. Then Virginia cast herself into his arms in a passion of tears.

And thus "The Raven" was heard for the first time.

HOUSES FROM LOG-CABIN TO MANSION.

From 'Colonial Virginia: Its People and Customs,' Chapter II. Copyright, 1917, by J. B. Lippincott & Co. Used here by permission of the author and the publishers.

Poorly provided in many ways as were the first English Americans, they found ready for their axes and saws great plenty of goodly timber upon which they at once fell to work, and Virginia pine and cedar trees speedily became roof-trees. The construction of these is left to the imagination, but they were, of course, the crudest and most primitive of shanties. Hastily put together of green plank, they were soon warped and rickety and it is not surprising that when Sir Thomas Dale came out to be governor, in 1611, he should have found them about to fall down on the heads of their owners.

Ere long the flimsy plank hut gave way to the sturdier if equally primitive log-cabin, which deserves to be called the earliest form of colonial architecture, for so much the rule did it become that it was known as the "Virginia house" —as the cloth the busy housewife wove for bed-linen and clothing was "Virginia cloth."

This original Colonial Dame was not conscious of anything picturesque about the title which is hers by right, for it had not then become redolent of mansions and minuets. She had a stout heart or she would not have ventured so far from her native hearth-stone; and before Jamestown malaria froze her blood and parched her flesh and fear of the tomahawk haunted her sleeping and waking hours, her cheek was as ruddy and her eye as glancing as cheeks and eyes of wholesome English girls are like to be. She was

glad of her dwelling of logs with the bark on, chinked with mud or with clay to keep the weather out, and roofed with poles or with clapboard, and proud of her chest of drawers and looking-glass, her pewter plates and dishes, her brass kettle, candlesticks, and fire-dogs, brought from England, and also of the home-made settle, table, or cricket which supplemented these, and the feather-bed made of feathers plucked from her own geese. There is no doubt that many a worthy Burgess and his lady from whom Virginians of today are proud to claim descent found peace and content, when the day's work was done, by the crackling fire of such a home.

During these early days, and afterward in the settlements in the western part of the colony, there were scattered about small palisaded forts in which neighboring families took refuge when in danger of Indian attack, and immediately after the Massacre of 1622 the General Assembly ordered that every house be palisaded.

As time went on, the one-room log-cabin developed into the double cabin with two rooms below and loft above and a shed-room kitchen adding to its commodiousness, and sometimes a shingled roof and weather-boarded sides, or even a rude porch, gave it further comfort and sightliness.

Later, when these primitive abodes were supplanted by frame and brick houses with steep roofs and big chimneys like those the colonists remembered in old England the "Virginia house" became and remained the home of the very poor man and the frontiersman. These were more scantily furnished—straw pallets or bear-skins laid before the fire often taking the place of the prized feather-bed, while much more frequent than the brass kettle was the "great iron pot" in which such of the good man's food as was not roasted or baked before the open fire was cooked, and which was a cherished possession—a valued legacy. For instance, in 1756 James McClure, a settler in The Valley of Virginia, bequeathed to his son James his "Bible and big iron pot," and to his son Samuel his "next biggest

pot," and directed that his wife Agnes was "to have the use of both pots."

On the frontier the cabin was often loop-holed for defence against the Indians. If it was adorned and made comfortable with skins of animals, the passer-by guessed that its owner was a hunter. The diary of a Moravian missionary from Pennsylvania who, in 1735, visited the western part of Virginia now occupied by the mountain counties of Bath and Alleghany, tells of lodging in cabins, sleeping on bear-skins in front of the fire, and eating bear's meat which he says was to be found in every house in that part of the colony. He describes the white people of the region as living like the Indians—hunting being the chief occupation of the men and their food "Johnny cakes," deer, and bear's meat.

Whether the Virginian's home was the earliest one-room cabin or the fair mansion of a later day, its most invariable characteristic was hospitality. Every good man of a house and every good housewife stood ready to share without apology such accommodations as were at command with the stranger who chanced to come by as freely as with the invited guest. Perchance the unknown was offered a "great bed" with silk curtains and valance, perchance sleeping space on a bear-skin or pallet in the one room occupied by his host, hostess, and a numerous brood; but the spirit of the offering was the same—the cheerful giving of the best the giver possessed—and the spirit of the acceptance was the same.

Colonel William Byrd was a hospitable soul and enjoyed the hospitality of others—rich and poor. In the lively diaries he kept during his horseback journeyings about Virginia and North Carolina he described in detail the kinds of entertainment offered him in homes of varying types. In November, 1733, traveling on the frontier in what is now Brunswick County he spent the night in the cabin of Captain Henry Embrey, who, in spite of the simple life carried to excess described by Colonel Byrd, became in after years

a man of property, and a member of the honorable House of Burgesses. Says the graphic diarist:

"We found the housekeeping much better than the house. Our bountiful landlady had set her oven and all her spits, pots, gridirons, and saucepans to work to diversify our entertainment. The worst of it was we . . . . were obliged to lodge very sociably in the same apartment with the family, where reckoning men, women, and children we mustered no less than nine persons who all pigged very lovingly together."

This the cultured and wealthy Colonel Byrd—the master of Westover!

LEONARD CHARLES VAN NOPPEN

[1868—]

C. ALPHONSO SMITH

GREAT translations are rare in English. The King James version of the Bible leads the list with no second. But not far from it stand in chronological order Cotton's 'Essays of Montaigne,' Cary's 'Divine Comedy,' Fitzgerald's 'Quatrains' of Omar Khayyam, Bayard Taylor's 'Faust,' and Mrs. Constance Garnett's translations of Dostoievski's novels. To these should be added Van Noppen's version of Vondel's 'Lucifer.' Translations like these demand more than the two traditional essentials—a seasoned knowledge of the language from which and the language into which the new rendering is to be made; they demand a literary sense which, while rendering full honors to the word, accords a still greater honor to the mood, the music, the nuance, of which the word is but the visible symbol. One effect of Van Noppen's work was to send me posthaste to the original. I knew not a word of Dutch, but with a Dutch grammar, a copy of 'Lucifer' in the original (Cramer's edition), a German dissertation on Vondel's syntax, and Van Noppen's translation, it was not a difficult matter to test at first hand the fidelity of the translator and to appraise the greatness of the achievement that lay to his credit. Every act in the drama closes with a chorus; and these with their strophes, antistrophes, and epodes are reproduced with an identity of metrical structure that suggests the reach and range of Swinburne.

But there is a special reason why Van Noppen's work, introducing for the first time the greatest poem of Holland's greatest poet to the English-speaking world, should be welcomed by Americans. It helped to make amends for what Irving had done nearly one hundred years before. The three Dutch governors whom Irving sprays with his mock-heroics represented a country and a century and a city made illustrious throughout the world by such contemporaries as Grotius, Vossius, Tromp, De Ruyter, the De Witt brothers, Christian and Constantine Huygens, Rembrandt, Rubens, Hooft, Spinoza, and Vondel himself. And yet the very name "Dutchman" has since the appearance of Irving's 'Knickerbocker History' carried in our own country at least a connotation as unjust and as unwarranted as if the same stodginess had been ascribed to the Greeks of the age of Pericles or the same brainless rotundity to the English under Elizabeth. When the American Motley published in 1856

his 'Rise of the Dutch Republic,' he atoned in part for the farcical misrepresentation of Dutch character made by Irving, though Motley's work does not come down to the golden age of Dutch genius represented by Vondel and Van Noppen. "The thing which strikes me most in Motley," said the English historian Green, "is that, alone of all men past and present, he knit together not only America and England, but that Older England which we left on Frisian shores, and which grew into the United Netherlands." The thing which strikes me most in Van Noppen is that, alone of all men past and present, he has best revealed to America and England the greatness of Holland's golden age by making her Milton speak our own language.

Leonard Charles Van Noppen, brother of Charles Leonard Van Noppen, publisher of 'The Biographical History of North Carolina,' was born in Holland on January 9, 1868. His parents moved to Michigan in 1874 and three years later settled near Greensboro, North Carolina. Receiving his A. B. from Guilford College, North Carolina, in 1890, his B. Litt. from the University of his adopted State in 1892, and his A.M. from Haverford College, Pennsylvania, in 1893, he returned to North Carolina, studied law at the University, and received his license to practice in 1894.

While at college Van Noppen's interests were distinctively literary. He made an exhaustive study of the sonnet and drilled himself so constantly in the practice of its exacting structure that the Italian or Miltonic form of the sonnet became at last almost his normal utterance in verse. The critical study that he made also of Milton's blank verse not only gave a certain musical massiveness to the poetry that he was later to write but imparted dignity and elevation to his version of the 'Lucifer,' the rimed Alexandrines of the latter being reproduced by the unrimed pentameters of the English poet. The associates who exerted the greatest influence upon him during these years were Henry Jerome Stockard, the North Carolina poet, whose sketch appears in volume XI of 'The Library of Southern Literature'; Dr. Thomas Hume, his inspiring teacher of literature at the University of North Carolina; and Dr. Francis B. Gummere, of Haverford, whose 'Handbook of Poetics' Van Noppen found not only informing, but stimulating in the practice of varying metrical forms. He founded also and edited at the University of North Carolina *The White and the Blue,* a democratic little periodical that fought the fraternities as enemies of that larger brotherhood for which all colleges ought to stand. It was not the fraternity *per se* that Van Noppen opposed; it was the blighting partisanship that found nurture and shelter in the fraternity system.

Blackstone, however, proved an irksome bondage to Van Noppen from the start, and in 1895 he determined to give himself wholly to literature. He knew but little of the Dutch language or literature at this time but he had heard the challenge of his native land and was eager to serve as her literary ambassador. From now on the path lay straight before him. He would go to Holland, master the language of his forebears, unlock the poetic treasures that had been hidden so long from England and America, and by every means in his power make the golden past of Holland a known and abiding present. No mean measure of success was to attend his efforts. After two years of study at the Universities of Utrecht and Leiden he returned to North Carolina and in 1898 published with an elaborate introduction his translation of Vondel's 'Lucifer.' The book was dedicated to the Holland Society of New York and to his brother, Charles Leonard Van Noppen, of Greensboro.

The work was greeted by a chorus of discriminating praise from scholars in Holland, England, and the United States. Dr. Kalff, Professor of Dutch literature in the University of Utrecht, said of it: "We heartily rejoice that Vondel's drama has been translated into English by an American for Americans. Whoever is in a position, by the comparison of the translation with the original, to form an individual opinion of Van Noppen's superb work, will probably be convinced, even as I have been, that here an extraordinary difficult task has been magnificently done." A critic in the *London Literary World,* who believed that Van Noppen's version proved Milton to have "behaved in a light-fingered fashion at the expense of Vondel, not once or twice but often," wrote: "Of Mr. Van Noppen's success as a translator there can be only one opinion. We have read his version with surprise and delight. Vondel's 'Lucifer,' in nearly all respects, will prove a veritable treasure for the genuine book-lover." Richard Watson Gilder considered the translation "the most notable literary achievement in American letters in the decade from 1890 to 1900."

Van Noppen's introduction, consisting of 234 pages, is distinctly inferior to his translation proper. The style is callow, florid, and padded. If the book, with introduction rewritten and condensed, were put into the hands of some international publishing firm, its vogue would be greatly increased and its service to the students of comparative literature correspondingly enlarged. As it is, however, the work has made it possible at last for English-speaking people to investigate intelligently the long-standing question of Milton's indebtedness to his Dutch predecessor. The 'Lucifer,' a choral drama, appeared in 1654; 'Paradise Lost,' in 1667. George Edmundson in

'A Curiosity of Literature' and Edmund W. Gosse in his 'Northern Studies,' had already aroused a renewed interest in the question of Milton's indebtedness but, strange to say, no English translation of the 'Lucifer' had been made. Mr. Gosse had shown how Roger Williams, having learned Dutch during his exile in Holland, had taught it to Milton, then secretary to Cromwell, and how probable it was that Milton, who knew Grotius, should have known something about the work of Grotius's devoted friend, Vondel. It must be remembered, however, that Vondel was a Roman Catholic, that he hated Cromwell, and that the character of Lucifer himself, whether typifying William of Orange or Oliver Cromwell, was Vondel's embodiment of the villainy of Protestantism as it hurled itself against the entrenched strongholds of the Papacy. Milton probably received a few rhetorical hints from Vondel, not enough, however, to impair in the slightest degree the originality or wholeness of the great Puritan's work. It should be borne in mind that the hero of the one was the villain of the other; that freedom meant a profoundly different thing to the monarchical Hollander and the republican Englishman; that in vision of the future, in sureness of interpretative power, in depth and breadth of statesmanship, the English poet has won out in the long years. It was the builder of 'Paradise Lost,' not the maker of the 'Lucifer,' that spoke for the democratic and Protestant world of which Holland, England, and the United States are today constituent members.

The fame of Van Noppen's version of the 'Lucifer' led to a literary *rapprochement* between Holland and America of which the translator himself was both spokesman and exemplar. He traveled widely in the United States lecturing before American universities on the literature of Holland, and was soon selected by the University of Leiden as Queen Wilhelmina Lecturer at Columbia University, New York, an appointment which the Queen promptly confirmed and which Van Noppen held from 1913 to 1917. Among the universities visited were Johns Hopkins, Michigan, Chicago, California, Leland Stanford, Cincinnati, Notre Dame, and at least twenty other institutions of university or collegiate grade. The result has been of real and permanent value to both countries. Holland has found a new outlet for her best thought, and our own country has gained a new contact and a new inspiration.

When the World War came, Van Noppen was appointed lieutenant in the Naval Reserve and sent as Assistant Naval Attaché to The Hague. He was transferred thence as Assistant Naval Attaché to the American Embassy in London, where he rendered esteemed service to our Ambassador, Walter Page. When he resigned his po-

sition on June 11, 1919, his superior officer commended him for his "valuable work for the Navy."

His greatest service, however, was with his pen. In April, 1918, he published in London 'The Challenge.' It consists of one hundred and twenty-six sonnets, extracts from 'Armageddon' (a symphonic drama of evolution, written in 1911 but as yet unpublished), together with three concluding poems, 'To Those Lost at Sea,' 'Iona,' and 'Abraham Lincoln.' "These poems," wrote Benjamin de Casseres in *The Bookman,* New York, September, 1919, "are being hailed in England by the press and the intellectual public as the greatest in the world-tragedy, and among the greatest that have ever appeared in the language. Thomas Hardy, Lord Dunsany, Sydney Brooks, Laurence Binyon, and Louis Raemaekers have written eulogies of them. The genius of Van Noppen is romantic and ironic. Like D'Annunzio, he is a born singer. Like Victor Hugo, he knows the tremendous power of words. Like Swift, he can smash a man in a single line. In these sonnets there are thousands of lines and images that bite like acid." Van Noppen's mastery of the sonnet form, which he had attained more than twenty years before, is victoriously evidenced in the little volume, but the form is vitalized by an impassioned sincerity, a flaming indignation, and a consecrated patriotism that had lain unevoked till a world need had requisitioned them. "These sonnets came out whole," he says. "I cured myself of the sonnet—have written only ten since, and those with labor."

After his resignation from naval service Van Noppen traveled widely in Europe and is now at work on a huge epic, 'Morning Star: The Book of the Two Ways.' In this and in 'The Sphinx' he will exemplify his theory of symphonic poetry. This new kind of verse is built up of musical paragraphs, the paragraph rather than the line being the structural unit. Van Noppen's voice, however, is not silent on questions of the day. *The Jamestown Morning Post,* of Jamestown, New York, January 12, 1922, summarizes a recent address by Van Noppen in these words: "His range covered capital and labor, Russian communism, autocracy and democracy, art and poetry, patriotism, history, a dash of philosophy, socialism, and national ideals from the time of Egypt to modern Germany. He proclaimed Wilson as the only man at the Versailles conference who had vision, and deplored the fact that he has no part in the present conference on disarmament."

It was at Jamestown, New York, that Mr. Van Noppen was married on September 28, 1902, to Miss Adah Maude Stanton

Becker. She shares his literary interests and believes, as do those of us who have known him from boyhood, that, distinguished as his work has been, his *opus majus* is yet before him.

C. Alphonso Smith.

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THE INTERPRETATION.

From the Introduction to 'Lucifer.'

Yet we cannot believe that the 'Lucifer' is a political allegory. Vondel was no more the poet of the 'Palamedes.' Those thirty years had wonderfully developed his art. Nor is it an idyllic allegory like the 'Comus;' but, like the 'Divina Commedia,' an allegory of the world. Yet behind the characters of the sacred legend we may also see the national heroes, Siegfried, Beowulf, Civilis, Orange.

The 'Lucifer' represents the gigantic and eternal battle of evil with good, with the universe as the battle-field—a type of the unending conflict in which the good finally conquers. We see here the Oriental imagination curbed by the reason of the Occident—the cold, statuesque Greek form aglow with the blazing Hebrew soul. The flaming Seraph of Christianity, winged with truth and armed with the lightning sword of Jehovah and the blasting thunderbolts

of Jupiter, sweeps triumphant through the whole drama. Right prevails; wrong is overthrown.

The 'Lucifer' is a theory of existence, a scheme of the universe. It is the revolt of the aspiring ideal against the invincible actual. It is the material against the spiritual; the unknown rendered comprehensible by the symbolism of the known.

"From shadowy types to truth; from flesh to spirit" —this is the order of its progression.

It is the revolution of the speculative against the rule of dogma; an impassioned contemplation of life, in which the whole gamut of human feelings is harmoniously sounded; in which every link in the chain of causation is struck into the music of its meaning; in which the past and the future are mirrored in the present.

It is the struggle of a soul against the unchangeable environment of fate; the drama of the collective human soul aspiring from a chaos of unrest to the unattainable peace of absolute truth.

Furthermore, the tragedy typifies the character of the Hollanders themselves; a people who, as Charles V. once remarked, made "the best of subjects, but the worst of slaves;" a nation that has ever been in revolt, not only against man, but even against the sublime forces of nature; a race that has never known defeat.

The Batavians, who under Claudius Civilis carried on a successful rebellion against the all-conquering eagles of Rome—the only Germans who never bowed beneath the Latin yoke—and their Saxon descendants, who were the strongest foes of the territorial aggressions of Charlemagne, were all flamed with the same unconquerable spirit. It was this spirit, too, that enabled the Hollanders of the seventeenth century, after more than eighty years of terrible conflict, to free themselves alike from the grinding oppression of Spain and the still more oppressive coils of religious tyranny.

The Dutch struggle itself was a terrific drama, of which William the Silent was the protagonist, and liberty the

one controlling purpose that animated every character, that impelled every action. It was the details, the reasons, the arguments, and the conditions of this stupendous struggle that were before the poet's mind when he wrote this tragedy.

The 'Lucifer,' though a symbolic sketch of the age which preceded it, is essentially a drama embodying the spirit of the time in which it was created. It is a reflex of the life of that epoch, the embodiment of the soul consciousness of the "storm and stress" period of Vondel's own life. He himself was in perpetual revolt against the universal practices of his age.

Is it a wonder that men, seeing in it not only a picture of themselves, but also of their time, were at once attracted by its significance?

The Titanic imagination of the 'Nibelungen' and the tremendous imagery of 'Beowulf' were both the inevitable expression of the tumultuous soul of the Teuton, conscious of a great destiny. This was in the dawn of the nation's childhood.

We next view the race in the pride of its glorious youth, rousing itself, after the sleep of centuries, to gigantic action. From that age sprang the 'Lucifer.'

We then see it in the maturity of noble, reflecting manhood, whose years have given dignity and strength. 'Faust' stands before us as its full expression. And Vondel and Goethe are each the "Seeing Eye" that pierced the hidden mystery of his time. Each in his own way solved the world riddle.

Like 'Faust,' the 'Lucifer' is "evermore a striving towards the highest existence." True, the striving hero has here been hurled to the depths of the lowest abyss; yet is not his motive also the animating spirit of the race, ever onward and upward towards the unattainable?

Like the defeated Lucifer in Hell, the Teuton is ever evolving courage for a new attempt, fired with the hope that never despairs.

'Siegfried,' 'Beowulf,' and 'Lucifer,' all typify the Anglo-Saxon spirit of revolt, that love of freedom and that strong

individualism which has always been the distinguishing characteristic of the Low Germans.

Of the 'Lucifer,' therefore, it may truly be said, it is biography of a national soul.

GABRIEL. CHORUS OF ANGELS.

From 'Lucifer,' Act I.

GABRIEL:

Give ear, ye Angels all; give ear, ye hosts
Of Heaven. The highest Goodness, from whose breast
Flow all things good and all things holy, who
Of His beneficence ne'er wearied grows
And of whose teeming grace the riches never
Shall know decrease; whose might and Being transcend
The comprehension of His creatures all:
This Goodness, in the image of Himself,
Formed man, also the Angels that they might
Together here with Him securely hold
The Realm eterne—the good ne'er-comprehended,
Having the while with faithfulness maintained
His firm prescribèd law. He also built
This wondrous universe, the world below
Made manifest, and meet for God and man,
That in this garden man might rule, and there
Might multiply; acknowledge God with all
His seed; Him ever serve and e'er revere,
And thus mount up, by the stairway of the world,
The firmament of beatific light
Within, into the ne'er-created glow.
Though Spirits may seem pre-eminent, above
All other beings, yet God hath decreed,
Even from eternity, that man shall high
Exalted be, even o'er the Angel world;
Him destined for a glory and a crown
Of splendor not inferior to His own.
Ye shall behold the eternal Word above,
When clad in flesh and bone, anointed Lord

And Chief and Judge, mete justice to the hosts
Of Spirits, to Angels and to men alike,
From His high seat, in His unshadowed Realm.
There in the centre stands the holy Throne
Already consecrate. Let all the hosts
Angelic then have care to worship Him,
When He shall ride in triumph in, who hath
The human form exalted o'er our own.
Then dimly shines the bright translucent flame
Of Seraphim, beside this light of man,
This glow and radiance divine. The rays
Of Mercy shall all Nature's splendors drown.
'Tis fated thus—and stands irrevocable.

CHORUS:
All that the Heavens ordain shall please God's hosts.

GABRIEL:
So be ye faithful, ever rendering thus
Both God and man your service: since mankind
So well belovèd are by God Himself.
Who honors Adam wins his Father's heart.
And men and Angels, issuing from one stem,
Are brothers and companions, chosen for
One lot, the sons and heirs of the Most High,
A stainless line. One undivided will,
One undivided love, be this your law.
Ye know how all the Angel hosts into
Three Hierarchies and lesser Orders nine
Are duly separate: of Seraphim
And Cherubim and Thrones, the highest, they
Who form God's inmost Council and confirm
All His commands; the second Hierarchy,
Of Dominations, Virtues, Powers, that on
The mandates of God's secret Council wait
And minister to man's well-being and bliss.
The third and lowest Hierarchy, composed
Of Principalities and all Archangels
And Angels, is unto the middle rank
Subordinate, and service finds beneath

The sphere of purest crystalline, in their
Particular charge, that wide is as the vault
Of starry space. And when the world shall spread
Its widening bounds without, shall unto each
Of these some province there allotted be,
Or he shall know what town or house or being
Is to his care committed, to the praise
And honor of God's crown. Ye faithful ones,
Ye Gods immortal, go then and obey
Chief Lucifer, bound by your God's commands.
Bring glory to high Heaven in serving man,
Each in his own retreat, each on his watch.
Let some before the Godhead incense burn
And lay before His towering Throne their prayers,
Their wishes and their offerings for mankind,
Singing the Godhead praise until the sounds
Re-echo through the corridors of Heaven,
In endless jubilation. Let some whirl
The constellations and the globes of Heaven,
Or open wide the skies, or pile them high
With pregnant clouds, to bless the mount below
With sunshine, or with soft, refreshing showers
Of manna and of pure mellifluous dews;
Where God is by the happy pair adored,
The primal innocence 'mid Eden's bowers.
Let those that air and fire and earth and sea
O'er range, each, in his element, his pace
So moderate, as Adam may require;
Or chain in bands the lightnings, curb the storm
Or break the ocean's fury on the strand.
Let others make a charge of man himself.
Even to a hair the sovran Deity
Knoweth the hairs upon his head. Then bear
Him gently on your hands, lest he should dash
His foot against a stone. Let one now as
Ambassador from the Omnipotent
Be sent below to Adam, King of Earth,
That he perform his bounden charge. I voice

The orders to my trump on high enjoined.
To these the Godhead holds you firmly bound.

CHORUS OF ANGELS:

STROPHE.

Who is it on His Throne, high-seated,
So deep in boundless realms of light,
Whose measure, space nor time hath meted,
Nor e'en eternity; whose might,
Supportless, yet itself maintaineth,
Floating on pinions of repose;
Who, in His mightiness, ordaineth
What round and in Him changeless flows
And what revolves and what is driven
Around Him, centre of His plan;
The sun of suns, the spirit-leaven
Of space; the soul of all we can
Conceive, and of the unconceived;
The heart, the life, the fount, the sea,
And source of all things here perceived,
That from Him spring, that His decree
Omnipotent and Mercy flowing
And Wisdom from naught did evoke,
Ere this full-crowned palace glowing,
The Heaven of Heavens, the darkness broke?
Where o'er our eyes our wings extending
To veil His dazzling Majesty,
'Mid harmonies to Him ascending,
We fall before Him tremblingly
And kneel, confused, in awe together.
Who is it? Name, or picture then
His Being with a Seraph's feather.
Or is't beyond your tongue and ken?

ANTISTROPHE.

'Tis God: Being infinite, eternal,
Of everything that being has.
Forgive us, O! Thou Power supernal,

By all that is and ever was
Ne'er fully praised, ne'er to be spoken;
Forgive us, nor incensed depart,
Since no imagining, tongue nor token
Can Thee proclaim. Thou wert, Thou art
Fore'er the same. All Angel praising
And knowledge is but faint and tame.
'Tis but foul sacrilege, their phrasing;
For each bears his peculiar name
Save Thee. And who can by declaring
Reveal Thy name? And who make known
Thine oracles? Who is so daring?
He who Thou art Thou art alone.
Save Thee none knows Thy power transcendent.
Who grasps Thy full divinity?
Who dares to face Thy Throne resplendent,
The fierce glow of eternity?
To whom the light of light revealed?
What's hid behind Thy sacred veil,
From us Thy Mercy hath concealed.
Such bliss transcends the narrow pale
Of our weak might. Our life is waning;
But Thine, Lord, shall know endless days.
Our being in Thine finds its sustaining!
Exalt the Godhead! Sing His praise!

EPODE.

Holy! holy! once more holy!
Three times holy! Honor God!
Without Him is nothing holy!
Holy is His mighty nod!
Strong in mystery He reigneth!
His commands our tongues compel
To proclaim what He ordaineth,
What the faithful Gabriel
With his trumpet came expounding.
Praise of man to God redounding!
All that pleaseth God is well.

SONG.

There is a sorrow deeper than all thought:
We weep, and know not why;
We mourn, forlorn,
Mute in life's music, and we sigh,
Like some lost sea-bird, fiercely borne
To stormless climes and softly caught
In that sweet calm, to moan and die:
We weep, and know not why.

There is a joy above our highest thought:
We laugh, and know not why;
We smile e'en while
The midnight floods are surging by;
Beneath the feet of Death, we smile,
As if we found the peace we sought.
We weep to live; we laugh to die:
We laugh, and know not why.

THE PARTHENON.

Breathless, I pause before the Parthenon,
Whose grandeur shrined the dying soul of Greece.
For that perfection, frozen to white peace,
Those faultless symmetries, with song begun,
Now, bare of music, by their stillness stun;
And I, who came to wonder, find no word
To voice the deep within my spirit stirred.
As I behold that Silence, in the sun,
Mourning its own dead rapture. Columns rise,
Roofed with the restlessness of formless skies;
And on a pediment Zeus, god of Power,
Stares at his impotence. And yet one youth,
Chiseled of quiet, stands a marble flower,
Breathing that Beauty is the only Truth!

THE CHALLENGE.

This and the following Seven Sonnets are from 'The Challenge.'

Upon this age, to Honor, dead and cold,
O Poet, breathe thy spirit. Let the warm
White flame of prophecy and the wild charm
Of simple music make thee stern and bold.
We need the eagle's passion and the old
Heroic anger—need the Titan's arm
And tongues like ringing trumpets to alarm
Our sleeping gods, lulled with a lie of gold.

It is not peace is needed, but a sword!
It is not peace. Against the kings of wrong
Hurl singing armies with such power of song
That their proud walls shall topple, and the strong
Be strong no more! Yea, with sublime accord
Challenge the world, ye prophets of the Lord!

ENGLAND.

To Lady Collen.

England, the home of poetry; the hearth
Where the world's heart so often warmed its hands;
Whose soul none but her Shakespeare understands;
Whose singing is a silence round the earth;
Cradle of Law, where freedom had its birth;
The grave of tyrants; winging her commands
Over the oceans; envy of all lands,
Jealous of none, yet worshipful of worth:

England, the acorn, whence to ages sprang
The oak of empire; eagle whose safe wings
Mother her brood of colonies; where rings
No chain of slave; O England, for the clang
And clash of battle, gird thy loins, and wage
War with the Dark for thy rich heritage.

NEVER!

To Hon. Walter Page.

And shall they bring proud England to her knees,
She who has knelt unto her God alone?
Shall she bow down before the Kaiser's throne
With "Ave Caesar"? Shall she live to please
The tyrant with submission, laugh and sneeze
When he commands her, cringe and grovel and groan
Before the master, and his lordship own,
While of her servitude he makes his ease?

Never to such shall England bend the knee;
Never as long as England has one arm,
One sword, shall she surrender. Never while
England is England, though the hells alarm;
Never while she, upon her maiden isle,
Fights with her back against a wall of sea.

"FOR PEACE ALONE."

To President Wilson.

For peace alone, America, do we
Ask thee for armies, for enduring peace;
That so thy dead and wounded may decrease
The crime of war; and that, as thou art free,
Even so, at last, may other nations be.
Only through battle may red battle cease;
Only the dying hero can release
The living slave, and give him liberty.

Rather to die in battle than to sit,
A vegetating parasite, at home.
They are but cowards, when the cause is just,
Who lag behind. And since the war has come,
Rise in thy might, America, and pit
Thy soul against this hydra-headed lust.

EDITH CAVELL.

To Her Mother.

Cavell, that name which rings within our ears
As musical as any vesper bell;
Voice, that once soothed the soldier where he fell,
Dear hand, that lulled to silence his last fears.
Sweet Saint of England, canonized with tears,
Whose soul was plucked from that red Prussian hell
And set with the immortals, there to dwell
Where praising peace the angels are thy peers.

O Maid of England, with the Maid of France,
Paired in the happy calendar of chance,
Edith, our own saint Edith, worshipped now,
Beautiful blossom on the highest bough
Tossed by the war-wind to the sky, thy fame
For evermore shall be the German's shame.

CALIBAN.

SYCORAX, witch of evil, that old crone,
Whose toothless mumblings mutter a wild spell
And incantations like the tongue of hell,
Hath hatched a brood of Calibans, now known
As Haeckel, Harnack, Eucken, that have grown
To brutes, gigantic, while like frogs they swell
To pomps of utterance, and where they dwell
Thought is a jungle whence all peace hath flown.

And now the sweet, incomparably fair
Miranda, Liberty, must die defiled,
For she is captive. But, with magic wand,
Truth, that wise Prospero, with hoary hair,
Cowers their madness; and at his command
Shall Faith, that Ariel, unchain the Child.

EVOLUTION.

A young ape, who, aspiring to be man,
Had studied evolution, humbly came
To see a wise gorilla of great fame;
And begged that old philosopher to scan
His graduating thesis, which began,
With some attempt at beauty, to acclaim
Those various virtues which the poets name
As the divine prerogatives of man.

"But to be human," said the sage, with passion,
"Is, since the war, no longer here the fashion.
Why should an ape aspire to be a man?
It is the law that evolution ends
As it begins. Man who as ape began
Now through the tiger to the ape descends."

ON AN INCIDENT TOLD ME BY DAVID BISPHAM.

With rolled-up sleeves, he sterilized the knife,
And waited the next patient, who was brought
Upon a stretcher: one who vainly sought,
Fighting for France, to fling away his life,
Where with red fury seethed the battle strife,
And there they found him, wounded. Cool as thought,
The bearded surgeon, who that day had wrought
A hundred miracles with his one knife.
Now all was ready. "No, I'll have to stop
For lack of ether. Not a tiny drop!"
Then like a vision of ethereal grace
Over the soldier leaned a lovely face:
Her cheek on his! The throb became a thrill,
While with proud haste the surgeon proved his skill.

EDWARD LUCAS WHITE

[1866—]

CARL JEFFERSON WEBER

IN the town of Bergen, New Jersey, on the 18th of May, 1866, Edward Lucas White was born. For three generations back his ancestors have been Marylanders, and with the exception of the first ten years of his life, practically all of his fifty-six years have been lived in Baltimore, Maryland. From 1882 to 1884 he attended the University School for Boys at Baltimore, and in the fall of '84, at the age of eighteen, he entered the newly founded Johns Hopkins University. The next year he went on a sailing vessel to Rio de Janeiro, and "while at sea," he writes, "in the company of the firmament and the ocean and their surges and stars, fifty-four days out to Rio and thirty-five back, I had the leisure to evaluate my character. I discerned that I was most positively a poet and planned my life accordingly. I had to make a living and considered my ambitions, tastes, and powers. Longfellow appeared the best model. It seemed to me that, as long as I lived, there would be a good demand for professors of Romance Languages in American Colleges and Universities. I continued my studies with all that in view."

Mr. White returned to Johns Hopkins, and received the B.A. degree in 1888. He continued his studies at the same university for three years following his graduation, spending the summer of 1889 touring in Europe. After making himself familiar with modern languages and literatures, it came to him, he tells us, "with a shock that everything admirable in those literatures is either a reminiscence, an echo, or an imitation of something in the literatures of Rome and Greece. I went back to the classical tongues and literatures, to put in a foundation on which I could hope to be a really good professor of romance languages and literatures and might become a real poet."

In order to be able to continue his studies, Mr. White accepted in the fall of 1891, a teaching position at his old preparatory school. After half a year there, he taught at Dartmouth College until the middle of 1892; when he was, to use his own words, "regularly employed as senior teacher of Greek and Latin at the Friends' High School, of Baltimore, from the fall of 1892 till the spring of 1895. I had saved up all I could save and seemed able to return to studies at the Johns Hopkins University and complete my work for a degree of Doctor of Philosophy. But I broke down in October of 1895.

My doctors forbade any further thought of more university work. I could study no more and must make a living at once. I was master of merely mediocre attainments in Latin and Greek. School teaching was my only resource. A teacher of Greek and Latin in private schools in Baltimore I have been ever since."

From 1896 to '99 Mr. White taught at the University School for Boys, from 1899 to 1915 at the Boys' Latin School, and since 1915 he has been, for the third time, teaching at the University School. In 1900 he married Miss Agnes Gerry, of Catonsville, near Baltimore; this Mr. White calls "the chief event in my life."

Even before entering the university at Baltimore, Edward Lucas White had begun to write. Before he was twenty he had made "hundreds of attempts at poems," but after his sea voyage to South America, his manuscripts were reconsidered, judged worthless, and burnt. "Thereafter," he says, "I soon acquired the power to write poems by no means beneath notice both in ideas and expression, but I toiled on doggedly at prose without ever seeming any nearer a prose style. Not until August of 1903 did I write a tale which my critical faculties approved as not bad enough to burn."

The earliest poem which Mr. White has preserved was written in March, 1886, while he was still an undergraduate. Publication began for him in May, 1891; and in the course of the next eighteen years he published thirty-two poems, two of which (*) had, before the end of the last century, found their way into Stedman's 'American Anthology.' In 1908 seventeen additional poems were printed in book form; but, as Mr. White frankly remarks, "my one volume of poems attracted little notice." Writing with the suggestiveness and compactness of thought and with the economy of words of the classical scholar, Mr. White was perhaps not altogether surprised at the little attention given his poems. At his best he may remind one of Landor without the English poet's felicity; and at other than his best moments, he lacks the genius of a Landor to save his lines from becoming prose.

Mr. White's first printed stories appeared in 1899 in a short-lived Baltimore monthly magazine, *Dixie;* and, after gaining his own critical approval of his prose work, as he tells us, in 1903, he turned more energetically to writing and finding publishers for short stories of varying degrees of excellence. By December, 1914, thirty-one of his tales had appeared in print.

In the preface to a volume of short stories, published in 1919, Mr. White explains the unique source from which he draws his narratives. "A day-dreamer," he says, "I have been from boyhood,

*"The Last Bowstrings" and "Genius."

haunted, no matter what my task, by imaginations, mostly approximating some form of fictitious narrative; imaginations beyond my power to banish and seldom entirely within my power to alter, modify, or control. Besides, I have, in my sleep, dreamed many dreams which, after waking, I could remember; some dimly, vaguely, or faintly; others clearly, vividly, or even intensely. A majority of these dreams have been such as come to most sleepers, but a minority have been such as visit few dreamers. Sometimes I wake with the most distinct recollection of a picture, definite and with a multitude of details. Often I wake with the sensation of having just finished reading a book or story. Generally I can recall the form and appearance of the book and can almost see the last page; size, shape, quality of paper and kind of type with every letter of the last sentences."

And in some cases the last sentences stand today in print just as Mr. White first saw them in his dreams.

Many of these short stories are of classic times. Mr. White's knowledge of the social and political atmosphere of Roman civilization makes him, coupled as it is with his vivid imagination, exceptionally well qualified for putting his stories before his readers without wasting a word. Vigorous narrative and vivid description are combined, without the classical scholar's usual antiquarian expositions. And in the unaffected nature of his dialogue, Mr. White shows himself more familiar with the colloquial life of the Romans than do the authors of 'Ben Hur' and 'The Last Days of Pompeii.' The story of "The Swimmers" will give the reader a good impression of Mr. White's power in handling racy conversation, vivid pictures, and vigorous narrative.

In spite of their Roman atmosphere, the stories are remarkably free from Latinisms. At times Mr. White may puzzle an unlatinized twentieth century reader by his use of *colloqued* for *spoke together,* of *sentience,* or of *friendlies* (i. e., friendly forces); but in the very next line he may delight the same reader and startle the traditional classicist with calling a face a "mug," or with a series of short, brisk sentences and a page of vigorous repartee.

After some five years' successful practice in writing short stories, Mr. White decided to attempt a long historical romance. In his opinion the greatest book of this type ever written is Sienkiewicz's 'The Deluge,' and he enthusiastically set himself to emulate the Polish novelist. By 1912 his bulkiest work, 'El Supremo,' was finished, though it was not published until four year later. It was this book which first brought Mr. White a large body of eager readers, and which earned for him the reputation of being "one of the fore-

most, one of the most important, one of the most interesting of our innumerable novelists." (*) Mr. White calls his tale "a romance of the great dictator of Paraguay," of whom he writes: "Indubitably one of the greatest men this world has ever produced, and, without exception, the most wonderful man ever born in either North or South America, was Dr. Josè Gaspar Rodriguez de Francia, dictator of Paraguay from 1813 to 1840. He is here portrayed just as history and legend have depicted him." Whether or not the reader will agree with this high estimate of the great dictator, his attention will be held, throughout the seven hundred pages of the book, by the vigor and vividness of the narrative.

Mr. White's next attempt, 'The Unwilling Vestal' (1918), was not so successful. "The result," the author himself writes, "while satisfactory to me, has not won the critics or the public." Three years later, however, with the publication of 'Andivius Hedulio,' Mr. White returned to the same period—the days of the Emperor Commodus—and this time with triumphant success. The "adventures of a Roman nobleman in the days of the empire" (as the sub-title calls them) are as full of exciting incidents, breathless suspense, and thrilling escapes as 'The Three Musketeers,' or 'Treasure Island.' Andivius tells his own story of disguises, detections, and pursuits with an economy of language that makes every one of the 190,000 words count. For vigor, vividness, excitement, suspense, it is Edward Lucas White at his best.

As in the case of his earlier short stories, Mr. White conceived the career of the Roman nobleman in a dream. The feat of the author lies in having that dream enacted before the eyes of the reader as vividly as if he were watching a moving picture. In fact, those qualities that make 'Andivius Hedulio' such absorbing reading are precisely the same as those that make a truly good moving picture story. Whether he produces any further romances or not—and it is to be hoped that his dreams are not yet over—Edward Lucas White will be remembered as the author of one of the most exciting tales of adventure ever written in English.

Carl Jefferson Weber.

*'The Men Who Make Our Novels'; George Gordon, 1919, p. 124.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Mr. White's published work up to the beginning of 1922 includes the following:

32 Poems, published singly in various magazines and newspapers, between May, 1891, and March, 1909. Two of these, *The Last Bowstrings* and *Genius,* are reprinted in Stedman's *American Anthology,* 1900.

31 Short Stories, published similarly between February, 1899, and December, 1914.

81 Articles and Reviews, published periodically in *The Nation,* the *Classical Weekly,* and various newspapers between January, 1902, and March, 1919.

5 Books:

(1) *Narrative Lyrics* (19 poems, 2 reprinted), New York, G. P. Putnam's Sons; Sept. 12, 1908.

(2) *El Supremo* (a romance), New York, E. P. Dutton & Co.; Oct. 23, 1916.

(3) *The Unwilling Vestal* (a romance), New York, E. P. Dutton & Co.; April 3, 1918.

(4) *The Song of the Sirens* (10 short stories, 3 reprinted), New York, E. P. Dutton & Co.; March 5, 1919.

(5) *Andivius Hedulio* (a romance), New York, E. P. Dutton & Co.; October 16, 1921.

THE LITTLE FADED FLAG.

From *The Atlantic Monthly,* May, 1908, and used here by permission of the author and publishers.

"Any objection to graveyards?" the American inquired.

"I should object to taking up my permanent abode in one unnecessarily soon," the Frenchman replied, his black eyes twinkling, his thin lips smiling between his jetty mustache and his pointed sable beard.

"Monseer Daypurtwee," said his host, "I'm not joking, you understand. I've showed you most of this neighborhood, and I rather like to drive through our cemetery, myself. I'm trying to find out how the idea strikes you."

"I should be charmed, I am sure," Des Pertuis answered in his unexceptionable English.

"Some people don't like to go to a graveyard," Wade re-

sumed, "any oftener or any sooner than they have to. Sure you're not just being polite?"

"Quite sure," René replied, smiling again.

"Honor bright, no reservations?" Wade queried anxiously, half turning, and glancing into his guest's eyes.

"None whatever," René answered him smilingly.

"Then we'll drive through the cemetery," Wade informed him, settling back comfortably, not a muscle showing effort, except his outstretched arms, tense against the taut reins.

"I shall be charmed, I am sure," René repeated.

"You may think it queer," Wade remarked, "my taking you to the cemetery, but I'll explain afterwards, you understand, or perhaps you'll find out for yourself before we leave it, why I took you there. I want to try an experiment, want to see whether something is going to strike you the way it strikes me, you understand."

'You are very kind, I am sure," said Des Pertuis. "I shall be interested to learn the result of your experiment."

"Ferris wrote me," Wade went on, "that what you wanted was real American atmosphere, and he thought I could let you into some at Middleville. I believe you've found some, haven't you?"

"Yes," the Frenchman agreed, "I have been in what I am sure is a genuinely American atmosphere."

"I've watched you absorbing it, you understand," Wade chuckled. "You've had to take in quite an amount of hot air with your American atmosphere."

Des Pertuis smiled deprecatingly.

"Oh yes," his host continued. "You've been polite about it. I could appreciate that, you understand. You've smiled and looked interested while Uncle George talked bushels-to-the-acre and all that, while Tupper talks tons of tomatoes and the rest of it, while Bowe talked reapers and thrashers and iron fences and cutlery, while Parks talked tonnage-per-mile and tonnage-per-landing; you've taken it all in; farm-brag, trade-brag, railroad-brag, and steamboat-brag; you've appeared charmed, but you've got everlastingly tired of the brag all the same."

"I have not heard you brag, Mr. Wade," René reminded him quietly, his twinkling black eyes fixed on his host's plump, smooth-shaven visage.

"Perhaps I'm going to brag," Wade replied. "Brag is part of what you came after, part of the American atmosphere, you understand, and I brag myself, but not about the same things, nor in just the same way. I love the Eastern Shore, I like to hear it called 'God's Footstool,' or 'The Garden Spot of the World.' But I've quit using those terms myself,—to foreigners, anyhow. I never run down my home state or my home country, you understand, but when I meet a man like you, who has seen Holland and Belgium and Luxembourg and Saxony and Provence and Lombardy, let alone other places I haven't seen, I let others do the bragging about density of population and fertility and productivity and all that. I don't call them down, I sit and smoke and look on. But I'm not saying much, you understand."

"I quite comprehend," René assured him. "Enthusiasm for one's own is not by any means unpleasant."

"Not unless you get too much of it," his host commented, "or unless the enthusiasm is for the wrong things, you understand. Enthusiasm for the wrong thing makes me mad. We Americans have plenty to brag of; things really worth boasting of. But it makes me hot to hear these half-baked countrymen blat about the area of the United States, which is an accident; or our coal and iron and copper and petroleum and what not, which are quite as accidental, or our population, which is the result of the other accidents; or the volume of immigration, which is a menace. I want them to distinguish what we really ought to be proud of from what we have no call to boast of. And I bet you feel that way, too. I've been watching you, you understand."

"Boasting about one's own country is an amiable foible," René remarked. "I do not object to such chauvinism, as we call it."

"But you are a trifle uneasy," Wade put in, "when they begin to draw comparisons,—especially if they are undeserved, you understand,—and to run down France and French things. Is that what you mean?"

"Precisely," Des Pertuis replied. "You have penetrated my meaning; and I may remind you that you yourself have done nothing of the kind, nor Madame Wade."

"It's good of you to notice it," his host said. "Naturally she wouldn't any more than I. We've been in France, you understand. But perhaps I'm going to do that, too, as well as brag. No offense, you understand. But I'm commercial. I take a commercial view of things. I fail to see through a great many things other people seem to comprehend, you understand, and one thing they told me in France surprised me. I thought I heard Mary asking you about it last night. But I wasn't sure, what with Humphreys and all the other fellows talking at once, you understand. Anyhow, I want to ask you about it."

"What is it?" his guest queried civilly.

"What was the name of that part of France, over toward England, where there was no end of a civil war during your revolution?"

"You mean La Vendée?" René asked.

"That's it," his host replied. "I never can remember that sort of a name. I'm commercial, you understand. Well, somebody told us while we were in Paris (I think it was the Rogerses, who live there, but I'm not sure), that the descendants of the people who fought on opposite sides in that war won't sit down to table together this minute, nor be under the same roof. Is that true?"

"Not wholly," René responded; "two might be in the same theatre or in the same public building, and neither think it necessary to leave after recognizing the other. But certainly it is true of not dining together. No one would invite a Charette to meet a Hoche; neither would remain in any house a moment after learning the presence of the other. Still less would a Cathelineau or Rochejaquelein consent to spend an instant in a drawing-room with a Turreau or a Carrier; no, nor in a restaurant or hotel."

"Don't you think that is carrying personal hostility pretty far?" Wade asked.

Des Pertuis stroked his short spike of a beard.

"You do not comprehend," he said, "how fierce, how

implacable, how ferocious was the fighting in that war. You have never heard of the devastations and counter-devastations, of the massacres and retaliatory massacres, of the savageries, the tortures, the insults, the ingenious horrors inflicted on the vanquished by the victors on both sides; of the brutal ruthlessness and refined cruelties."

"Perhaps not," Wade rejoined. "But when did all that happen?"

"From sometime in 1793," René replies, "to sometime in 1796."

"All over a hundred and ten years ago," his host commented. "No offense, you understand, but speaking as between friends, don't you think that is a long time to hold a grudge?"

"The families concerned," Des Pertuis made answer, "do not take that view of it. They still smart under the reciprocal wrongs inflicted, they still recall the gloating fiendishness of their foes, and apart from any recollections of outrage, they rather make a point of honor of their inflexibility. Why, not only the families involved on one side or the other of the war in La Vendée, but the old legitimist nobility generally and the descendants of the revolutionists at large, stand upon the same punctilio. No son of a noble house which never bowed to Bonapartism or to the Orleanist ascendancy, or to the party of the Citizen King, no member of any such noble family would ever meet socially any descendant of a Bonapartist, still less of a regicide, were he Montagnard, Jacobin, or Girondist. No La Rochefoucauld or Chateau-Reynaud would unbend to any Murat or Carnot."

"Don't you think yourself,—no offense, you understand," Wade suggested, "that that is rather a peevish and childish way to behave?"

René again stroked his beard, even more slowly.

"They do not look upon it," he said; "they take pride in their tenacity."

"What's that national motto of yours on your coins," Wade asked argumentatively. "What does it mean in English?"

"Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity is the translation of that motto," Des Pertuis answered, a trifle stiffly.

"Do you call that fraternity?" Wade queried triumphantly.

"You do not comprehend," the Frenchman began ardently.

"I allow that," his host cut in. "I'm commercial, you know, and miss the fine points. No offense, Daypurtwee, go on."

"Indeed, you do not comprehend," René declared. "Our national motto is for us as the—what do you call it?—Golden Rule for all Christians; the ideal which is aimed at rather than an injunction which all live up to. The Golden Rule has not made all Christians always treat others as they wish themselves to be treated. We strive for fraternity. But a motto cannot make human nature otherwise than it is."

"Human nature," Wade remarked, "varies with the race and country, you understand. Some kinds don't need to be made over."

"I see," said his guest shortly.

"No offense, I hope, Daypurtwee;" his host spoke anxiously. "No offense meant, you understand."

"Yes, I understand," René replies, smiling again.

"Here's the cemetery," Wade proclaimed. "We've driven miles around. I wanted to talk before we reached it."

He pointed with his whip to one gravestone after another, telling of the families, their characteristics, and their relationships to one another and to his own. The horse walked slowly. René, his hat in his hand, listened affably.

Wade halted his team under four big wide-spreading maples.

"That's my father's grave," he said, pointing.

René bowed in silence.

"And that's my uncle's," Wade went on, "my mother's brother, Colonel William Spence."

"He was a soldier in the Federal armies during your late war," René remarked.

"What makes you think that?" Wade inquired.

"I have visited many of your cemeteries," René answered, "at Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and other cities. I have learned your customs in respect to the graves of all such soldiers."

"So you think he fought for the Union?" Wade queried.

"I am sure of it," René replies confidently.

"Well," said his host, "you never were more mistaken in your life. My father's brothers both fought for the Union, but my mother's kin were all fire-eating rebels. Colonel William Spence fought under Lee."

"What!" the Frenchman cried, "the Union flag on a Confederate soldier's grave!"

"You'll find," Wade told him, "that this is not the only part of the country where they put the Stars and Stripes on the graves of ex-Confederates."

The Frenchman said nothing. They sat silent, side by side, the stout, blond, jolly-faced, red-cheeked, smooth-shaven American, his gray felt hat on the back of his head, looking sideways with quizzical blue eyes at his guest; the compact, black-haired, black-bearded Frenchman gazing steadily down at the white headstone, the narrow grass-mound, the month-old withered flowers, the draggled, mud-streaked, rain-bleached muslin flag, no bigger than a handkerchief. One of the geldings tossed his head and champed at his bit, and the reins tinkled and clanked softly.

"Who put it there?" René queries at last.

"The veterans," Wade answered lightly.

"When?" René inquired.

"The thirtieth of last May," his host replied.

"Why," Des Pertuis exclaimed, "that is your national Decoration Day. I was told that the Confederates had a different decoration day of their own; in June, I think."

"Yes," Wade responded. "They observe it all over the South, you understand. But here and in many of the border districts, in small towns, where there are not many veterans, they all walk out here, blue and gray together, and put Old Glory on every grave indifferently."

"I had been led to think," René ruminated, "that there was much rancor after your civil war; but I fancy from what you tell me that there was less animosity than I had conceived."

"There was much rancor," his host declared. "The animosity at the time of the war cannot be exaggerated, could not be conveyed to you by any description, you understand. There is rancor yet, mostly among the Southern women, particularly those born since the war, or those whose families really suffered least or whose men did not fight at all,—a sort of artificial cult of rancor. But the families who lost everything, whose estates were trampled by the armies, whose homes were burned, whose best men died in battle, who were left beggars when it was all over,—well, they and theirs talk now as they acted then, like the thoroughbreds that are. Not a complaint then, not a recrimination now. And the Northern families who gave most lives on the field are as mute on their side. As for the men who did the fighting, their animosity has all faded away. They forgive and forget."

"If the bitterness of feeling has so soon effaced itself," the Frenchman argued, "the war must have been waged without any exasperating atrocities on either side."

"If you mean by atrocities," Wade replies, "such massacres of prisoners by the regular authorities as you spoke of a while ago, or such butchery of surrendered adversaries as goes on in the South American revolutions, nothing of the kind occurred. But the bush-whackers and jay-hawkers who hung about the armies and infested the border were often worse than Apache Indians. The Confederate raiders burned some buildings, the devastation of the Shenandoah Valley caused much suffering and venom. But that is about the list of what you might call atrocities. Yet without any necessary ferocity, the mere inevitable horrors of fair, honorable, open warfare roused enough exasperation and bitterness and animosity and rancor, you understand. The hatred on both sides was at white heat while it lasted."

"I can scarcely credit," René said, "that what has cooled so soon could have been so fierce."

"You are comparing our forty years," Wade conjected, "with your hundred and ten after the war in what's-its-name?"

"Just so," his guest replied. "It seems that hatred can scarcely have been so intense as you claim, nor the provocations so frightful."

"You ought to have heard the veterans last Decoration Day," Wade told him. "They had a sort of reunion of both sides here. Several of them stayed at my house and they made my porch their headquarters. You ought to have heard the stories they told."

"For instance," the Frenchman suggested.

"Oh, I can't begin to tell them," Wade disclaimed. "I'm commercial, you understand. I never can remember the names of battles and generals and colonels, nor the number of the regiments, nor the dates either, for that matter; any more than I can remember the names of all those high-and-mighty families you were telling me about, you understand. But I took in the gist of their talk, you bet. I just sat there and smoked and listened, and when they ran dry I'd take 'em out in the pantry for a little ammunition. One evening in particular, I think it was the 29th of May, they got going.

"There were two of them staying with me, my uncle, General Tom Wade of Milwaukee, and Colonel Melrose of Boston, an uncle of my wife's. They were both born in Middleville, you understand, but one went west and one went north, and they live there yet. They were back in Middleville for a visit. Then there was Captain Tupper, cousin of the farmer you met, and Captain Bowe, uncle of the storekeeper. They both live here, came back after they made their pile, but they were out west when the war broke out. They were Union men too, you understand.

"We had five Confeds. Captain John Spence, my mother's youngest brother, Colonel Parks, father of the Parks you met, and old General Humphreys, Dick Humphreys' father. They live here, and with them were Colonel Janney, Henry Tupper's father-in-law, and Colonel Rhett, my sister-in-law's uncle.

"They were all right there on my porch, where you and I were sitting this morning. It was a beautiful night, hot for May and still. They had had a snifter or two all around and had rather limbered up to each other and warmed up to their talk. They talked war, of course, talked it good-naturedly. They had all been in it, had all lost near relatives in battle: Colonel Rhett had lost most,—never heard of such a connection as the Rhetts. But Colonel Janney had lost nearly as many. The five Confeds had al come out of the war beggars, lost every cent they ever had. Yet they all talked good-naturedly, you understand. They got to talking about a cornfield; not the cornfield at Gettysburg, but one famous in some small battle, early in the war, soon after Bull Run, I think. Anyhow they called it Rumbold's cornfield. I can't remember the name of the battle or of the locality, but they remembered it all right, you understand. They talked about the first charge and the second charge, and the second day's fighting, and the third charge across that same cornfield.

"Colonel Melrose said nothing.

"Uncle Wade asked, 'Weren't you there, Melrose?'

"Melrose tugged at his curly gray beard.

" 'Yes I was there,' he said. 'The most fearful moment of my life was in Rumbold's cornfield.'

"We expected him to tell a story, but he said no more.

"General Humphreys launched into an account of the difficulties the Confederates labored under, their shortness of supplies, and all that. He told how they got five field-guns in position to cover that cornfield, and he made a good story of it too. You could just feel what an exploit it was merely to plant those guns after all they had to overcome. Then, when they were in position, they found they had just three shells. Only three shells, you understand. And before they could get more the first charge across the cornfield began.

"You ought to have heard Humphreys describe just how they felt, how they could not see the men charging, but could see the movement in the corn, how they made each one of those shells tell, and at short range too. How

the shells failed to stop the charge, how the rifle-fire failed to stop the charge, how they barely saved their guns, how they lost one and recaptured it the next day. He made you feel the fierceness, the hurry, the sweat of it all, you understand. He had sighted one of the guns himself for the second shot.

"When he stopped every cigar was out. They all started to light up. After they settled down again, Colonel Melrose began:—

" 'So you sighted the gun that fired that second shell, Humphreys! I was a private then. It was my third fight. When we scrambled over the rail-fence Nathan Adams was next to me. We were on one end of the line. I was a strong runner then and must have drawn ahead of him farther than I thought as we forced ourselves through the tall corn. The second shell burst midway of the company a little toward the rear. The force of the explosion knocked me flat on my face, though I was not hit. When I scrambled to my feet I glanced behind me, could not see Nathan, and ran back to look for him. I had heard of the horrors of war, but then I first realized them.

" 'A fragment of shell had torn him open from hip to hip. His heart could scarcely have ceased beating, his flesh must still have been quivering. But what I saw was already a loathsome carcass, not a man.

" 'I turned away. Gentlemen, there was nothing there for me to help. Nothing but carrion, what an instant before had been my dearest friend, the man I most admired, the most promising youth I ever knew. I bore my part in that charge, did my utmost in the fight. But I was a mere maniac with the riot of my feelings, the turmoil of my thoughts. I was surprised at the clearness of those same thoughts. The rush of the charge, the fury of the fight, the confusion of the retreat were enough to occupy the whole of any man's faculties. The mere physical horror of what I had seen was sufficient to benumb any conceivable intellect. Yet I went through everything like a wound-up automaton, not needing any faculties seemingly, for what I did, thinking independently of what I was doing, and ob-

serving my own sensations as one does in the double-consciousness of a dream. I remember what I thought, for I went over it a hundred times, a thousand times in the next year.

" 'First of all there was a sort of incredulous amazement at the intensity of the internal, physical sensation of overwhelming grief. It amazed me that it could hurt so atrociously, and I was more amazed that a spiritual smart could feel so entirely corporeal, like a scald or burn. It was as if I had swallowed hell-fire and it blazed in me without consuming me, a suffocating agony.

" 'Then there was the bewilderment at my loneliness, the inability to realize that he could never speak to me again, that we should never again exchange confidences. I had gone to college very unformed. There was not much to form a lad on the Eastern Shore in those days. And at Harvard my mind and soul had developed rapidly. But my intellectual growth had been less the effect of Harvard than of Nathan Adams. He had been not so much my guiding star as the sun of my existence from the moment I first saw him. My other interests had been swallowed up in the fascination he exercised over me, and always for good. He was the prophet, preacher, and poet of my college days. My devotion to him was the first passion of my life, its only passion up to his death. To please him, to strive after the ideals he held before himself, to aspire with his aspirations, had been the sum of my aims. Behold, the idol had vanished from my heart's shrine. Life was empty.

" 'Also I was dazed with a sense of the loss to the commonwealth. Not only I but all who knew him had regarded Nathan as a natural leader of men, as possessed of transcendent powers, capacities and abilities, as born to a high destiny, as a precious possession of his state, his nation, of the world. I quailed at the irretrievable annihilation of his potentialities for good, of all he was certain to have done had he lived.

" 'Likewise I was overwhelmed with the sense of the waste of life the war entailed, of its frightful cost to

humanity, and with that sense a crushing weight of my part of the duty to win for the country all his blood had been spilled for, all that was to be bought at the price of such lives as his. I had an access of partisan patriotism.

" 'And yet I felt not only that flare of ardor, but the lofty intellectual exaltation of devotion to the cause which had led us to enlist, swamped utterly by a torrent of personal animosity, of revengefulness, throughout that charge. I felt that life's most precious prize would be to have the man who fired that shell helpless before me, to feel my bayonet pierce his breast. That feeling haunted me for months. After I was an officer, after I had my sword and had used my sword, after I knew that gritty, friable, yielding grind of bone under my sabrepoint, no other desire so consumed me as to meet in fair fight the man who fired that shell and feel tingle all up my arm the crunching, clinging drag of my sabre-edge cleaving his skull. I was astonished at the elemental fury of my inward savagery. I was as primitive as Agamemnon praying to Jupiter to let him feel his spear-point rend Hector's corselet and pierce his breast-bone. I was as primitive as a Sioux brave at a war-dance.'

"When Melrose stopped, nobody thought of cigars. They sat so still you could hear the breath whistle in Colonel Park's asthmatic wind-pipe. And they were still for some time.

"At last Humphreys asked:—

" 'And now?'

" 'And now,' Melrose took him up, 'there is not even the ghost of that acrimony left. We meet and you tell of it and I hear of it and know that you are the man. But all that volcano of hatred is burned out in me. I tell of how I felt, but the telling does not revive the feeling it recalls. I have no more animus against you than if those horrors had happened in some past lifetime, or to other men altogether.' "

Wade paused.

"And then?" René queried.

"And then," Wade enlightened him, "they shook hands and we all went out and took a drink."

"Do you know," René remarked, "for a man who calls himself commercial, you tell a story very well?"

"So my wife says," Wade replied shortly.

"Also," René went on, "for a man who disclaims a memory for names you have some rather pat. Agamemnon is not a commercial word."

"Oh," Wade laughed, "I remember names I learned at school. But I get so lost among names of battles, commanders and numbers of regiments, you understand, that I give up altogether. I can repeat a conversation pretty well, though. My wife says it's a wonder that a man who can remember another man's language so exactly can find so few words to express his own ideas. But that's the way I'm built. I remember what impresses itself on me, you understand.

"After we got out on the porch again they were all a little uncomfortable. Melrose's story had been too real. Captain Tupper started in to create a diversion; you could hear that in his tone.

" 'Speaking of sighting a shell,' he said, 'the best shot I ever saw was fired from a battery I commanded on the march to the sea. It was just before we reached Columbia. There was really no force in front of us, but they behaved as if they had a substantial body of men, and fooled us for some hours. We got our guns well within range and well-masked. Through my binoculars I could see the enemy's staff as pompous as if they had an army of a hundred thousand men intrenched.

" 'There was an officer with a gray goatee seated at a little table, two younger officers, with black goatees, standing on his left, and five or six men on his right, one in front with a long dark beard. They were as cool as if they controlled the situation, orderlies galloping up and galloping off and all that.

" 'We had a German named Krebs, a barrel of a man, but a wonderful artillerist: I called him and he sighted our best gun through the scrub pines.

" 'He plunked the shell square on that table, I saw the table smash, and the shell exploded as it struck the ground. That was the best cannon-shot I ever saw or heard of.'

"The instant Tupper ceased Colonel Rhett cleared his throat. He spoke in a muffled choked voice.

" 'Strange,' he said, 'a second recognition the same evening. I was one of the half-dozen men on that general's right hand. I was the only one not killed of the nine by the table. The general was my father, and the man with the long black beard my brother-in-law. Two of the others were my cousins.'

"You may be sure we were all uncomfortable after that. And it didn't seem to me another drink was in order, just then, either.

"Colonel Tupper spoke like a man.

" 'It was all in the course of duty, Rhett,' he said. 'I wouldn't hold a personal grudge for it against you, if our places were changed, nor if the shell had killed all my family and friends.'

"That sort of relieved the tension and we all felt less nervous when Rhett answered,—

" 'I hold no grudge, Tupper. We're all friends together, now. And since you mention it, it would have taken an almighty big shell to kill all my kin at one shot.'

"We laughed at that and felt better.

"Captain Bowe cut in. He thought he could change the line of thought.

" 'Duty led to some pretty unpalatable acts being forced on a fellow in war-time,' he said. 'Sometimes I think some of the duties that resulted in no bloodshed at all were worse to have to do than any kind of killing. I was in the Shenandoah Valley, and I can tell you turning ladies and children out of doors and burning their homes before their eyes took all a man's resolution and devotion to duty. It took all a man's resolve not to bolt and desert rather than carry out orders. I had some horrible days then.

" 'The worst of all was near Red Post, at an estate named Tower Hill, belonging to some people named Archibald. Of course there were women at home, only the

women. Mrs. Archibald was not over twenty-six. She had four children, a beautiful little girl of about five years, twin boys, not any too sure on their feet, and a baby not six weeks old. She had two sisters, handsome dark girls, about seventeen and nineteen; Rannie their name was, or something like it. Her mother was an exquisite old lady, all quiet dignity. They were not hard and cold and scornful like some of the women I had had to leave houseless; they acquiesced without protests. Mrs. Archibald said she realized how distasteful my task must be to me. Indeed, I had tears in my eyes when I talked to her, I know. They huddled together just beyond the heat of the fire, and watched the barn and quarters burn nad the house catch. They clung to each other, and the girls cried softly. By the Lord, gentlemen, that hurt more than any loss by death, and death took some of my dear ones during the war. That tried my soul more than danger or privations. It was bitter hard to have to do, and it is not agreeable to recall, even now.'

"Janney swore out loud.

" 'This seems to be a day of recognitions,' he said. 'Their name was not Rannie, it was Janney. They were my sisters and my mother. I was not two miles away, and I saw the house go. I vowed to kill the man that burned it, if I ever met him, and I meant it too.'

" 'Does that vow hold good?' Bowe asked quietly, never stirring in his chair.

" 'Time has canceled all the rash vows of those years,' Melrose put in before Janney could speak. 'All the rash vows and all the old hatreds.'

" 'Yes,' Janney agreed, 'that is my view too. I consider that vow as completely annulled as if I had never taken it. But if we had captured you, Bowe, among the prisoners we made out of the stragglers then, and if I had known you for the man who burnt Tower Hill, I'd have shot you like a dog, sir; murdered you in cold blood without a qualm, sir!' "

Wade sat silent. The near horse pawed at the turf-grown carriage track and turned his head toward the buggy, wickering softly.

"And what followed?" Des Pertuis queried.

"I don't remember any more that evening," Wade replied "But next day the nine of them walked down here, arm in arm, Humphreys with Melrose, Rhett with Tupper, Janney with Bowe, and Captain Spence and Parks and Uncle Wade, with seven or eight more veterans. Colonel Melrose stuck that flag on Colonel Spence's grave, himself."

René looked at the flag as if he had never seen it before.

"I perceive the point," he said. "Your experiment is entirely successful. I agree with you. I have seen nothing in America as wonderful as that little faded flag. I understand what it is of which you especially boast. You conceive that here in the United States exists a kind of fraternity more genuine than anything anywhere else in the world. It is this of which you brag."

"Exactly so," Wade affirmed. "That's what I brag of, that's worth bragging of, you understand. What do area and population and wealth and manufacturers and trade-balances and prosperity and all that sort of thing amount to, after all? Other nations have had them, and have them, and will have them. But what other nation ever had what that flag stands for? I don't know much history, you understand, but my wife spends her life reading, and I listen when she talks. I'm dead sure no nation ever produced anything to compare with the spirit in which our differences have resulted. I'm sure no nation has it to-day. And if it ever overspreads the world in the future, we made it, we started it, we had it first. That's something worth being proud of."

"I comprehend indeed," René told him. "And I do not wonder at your pride in it."

"Bully for you," Wade cried. "It's some satisfaction talking to somebody who is appreciative, you understand. Now I don't mean to run down the old countries. I acknowledge their culture and manners, their music and poetry and literature, their painting and sculpture and architecture

They've all that and we haven't; we can't compete with them in any of those things. Let them brag of their cathedrals, and art-galleries, and court-balls, and all the rest of it. They are wonderful. But that flag stands for the most wonderful thing in all the world, for the finest thing the world has ever produced yet. Not for talk about brotherhood, but for the real thing. That's my view, you understand."

"I comprehend indeed," René repeated. "And how long will that flag stay there?"

"Till the 30th of next May," his host replied.

"What will they do with it then?" Des Pertuis queried.

"Throw it away, I suppose," Wade answered easily. "It will be pretty well used up by then, you see, and they'll stick down a fresh one."

"Shall you be here then?" the Frenchman inquired.

"Sure," said the American. "Why?"

"Could you get it for me?" René queried. "If you could I should like to put it over the fireplace at Pertuis."

"With what's his name's stirrup and thing-em-a-bob's glove?" Wade asked.

"Yes," René answered, "with the gauntlet left by de Guesclin with that hostess who had nursed him back to life; with the stirrup-iron from the saddle which Gaston de Foix gave his boyhood crony, my ancestor; with the other like relics, not a few."

"My wife went wild over that chimney-piece," Wade affirmed. "She said it was the finest she had seen in France and the most wonderful collection of mementos she ever saw in a private house."

"Madame Wade is very kind," René replied. "If you will be so good I should like to place among them this very flag."

ANDREWS WILKINSON

[1849—1921]

JOHN McLAREN McBRYDE, JR.

BORN on Myrtle Grove Plantation, Plaquemines Parish, Louisiana, June 3, 1849, Andrews Wilkinson was fortunate both in his ancestry and in his early environment. Robert Andrews, brother of his grandmother, whose family name was given to him in baptism, was president of William and Mary College; James Wilkinson, his grandfather, was a general in the Revolutionary War and in the War of 1812, and was also one of the early governors of Louisiana; and his father, Joseph Biddle Wilkinson, who kept for his middle name that of his great-grandmother, Ann Biddle of Philadelphia, was a prominent physician and planter of Plaquemines Parish, near New Orleans.

His home place he pictures in his 'Plantation Stories of Old Louisiana' as "a roomy and very old Colonial house that overlooked the Mississippi River from the midst of park-like grounds."

The boy's early education was carried on chiefly at home under a governess, though he later attended a preparatory school in New Orleans before going off to college. The most important part of his education, however, was acquired from his grandmother, who carefully directed his reading and fostered his literary taste by reading aloud from the best books in the evening by the fireside, and from his father, who not only formed his character in all that was manly and chivalrous but developed in him his business-like habits and executive ability. Though the Civil War swept over the plantation and though the invaders plundered the magnificent library that had been carefully built up by earlier generations, there was still left a wonderful selection of books, among which the boy could browse at will, encouraged by parents who were themselves careful readers and good literary critics.

But he was never a mere bookworm. As may be clearly seen from his writings, he was from his earliest years an ardent sportsman, and in company with the old family servants on the plantation he made many a trip in cypress pirogue on the bayous winding through the great swamps. On these excursions he acquired an intimate and accurate knowledge of the denizens of canebrake and marsh, both fowl and fish and fourfooted beast. A keen, sympathetic observer, he stored up in these boyhood days' impressions which he afterwards

incorporated in his books and which are the chief source of their interest and charm.

But these happy days came all too soon to an end and, his early education completed, he was sent to Washington College, afterwards Washington and Lee University, where an elder brother, Theodore, had already preceded him. One precious memory of his college career he ever cherished in after years, his association with General Robert E. Lee, then president of the college. As the Wilkinsons were distant relatives of the Lees, the two brothers had the rare privilege of intimate association with the president and his family, and the two young Louisiana boys were the very last students that had an interview with the General. Scarcely had they left his study one evening when they heard the sad news that he was stricken with the illness from which he never recovered.

After completing his college course, young Wilkinson returned to his native state and taught school for a time. Then, entering into newspaper work, he was taken on the editorial staff of the *Times-Democrat,* one of the leading dailies of New Orleans. His work on this paper attracted attention outside the limits of the state, and he became a regular correspondent to the New York *Sun* and the Washington *Post.* His chief work with the *Sun* was during the Tilden-Hayes campaign and the subsequent congressional proceedings. In the great campaign for the suppression of the Louisiana Lottery and its many attendant vices, he played a prominent part, stumping the state with Murphy J. Foster and his party, writing up the campaign in the New Orleans and New York papers, and contributing a large share to the election of Foster as governor and to the inauguration of a new era in Louisiana.

Soon after this he retired from his work on the paper and with one of his brothers took charge of the Myrtle Grove Sugar Plantation, his patrimonial inheritance on the river. To the management of this large estate, many miles in extent, and to the scientific study of the sugar industry, he devoted the rest of his life, contributing to the *Country Gentleman,* the *American Agriculturist,* and the *Louisiana Planter* numerous articles on the cultivation and manufacture of sugar, so that he became widely known as an expert in his particular field.

The last years of his life he spent in town with children and grandchildren, happy in the love of his family and in the affectionate intercourse with a few chosen friends, renewing also in his old age his literary friendships, reading over again his old favorites which never lost their charm for him. He died in April, 1921.

One who knew him intimately pays fitting tribute to his life and character:

"Those who have hunted with him will remember his love for his gun and his dog, for the autumn smell of 'wood-smoke at twilight,' for the sunrise, maybe, on the river duck shooting, for field and stream, for all out-of-doors, as well as for the fine sportsmanship that makes of hunting a fine art.

"And others will remember the artist's love for everything beautiful, a picture, a face, a flower.

"And still others will remember him as a lover of books, and the friendships that the mutual love of good literature seals with enduring memory. He was especially interested in children's reading; he would have them find early, as he had done, the love of books.

"A lover of nature, of books, of friends, finding in them the happiness that riches cannot buy; generous in heart, cultured in mind, courtly and chivalrous among men and women—thus we hold him in our memory."

Absorbed in the routine of newspaper work and sugar farming, Wilkinson had little time to devote to literature as a vocation; it was rather a recreation. Gathering together tales which he had heard from the negroes in boyhood and which he had often told to his children, he issued them in 1914 in his first volume, entitled 'Plantation Stories of Old Louisiana.' It was dedicated to "all American boys and girls who love the woods and wilds and are interested in birds and animals." Some of the stories are put into the mouth of Old Jason, who had been the favorite hunting companion of his father in days long past, and who delighted to take out his Little Mahster and tell him tales of beasts and birds of the swamp. Occasionally the old Black Mammy is the narrator, then again the yellow stable boy contributed a tale in his quaint "gombo-French, or broken English patois, the dialect of the negroes of the southern half of Louisiana" (of which unfortunately few good specimens have been placed on permanent record). Mademoiselle the governess, the young doctor, and the father himself all have fascinating stories ready in response to the never-ceasing demand of the children for more, so that the whole collection affords considerable variety of incident and treatment.

Three years later he published another volume of stories entitled 'Boy Holidays in the Louisiana Wilds,' continuing some of the characters from the preceding book and adding new animal tales as well as realistic descriptions of hunting scenes in the great swamps. His occasional contributions to the magazines consisted chiefly of further personal experiences in hunting, the articles, like the books,

containing lively incident, graphic delineation of odd characters, and clear-cut pictures of weird scenes in the swamps of Louisiana.

From long experience in newspaper work he acquired an easy style, never too loose or too familiar, but crisp and clear and sparkling, lighted up here and there by unexpected play of humor. Written for children, the stories have no trace of maudlin sentiment, nor is there evidence of condescension towards his young readers. The tone is always sincere and manly and the spirit of childhood is caught and perpetuated with rare success in certain stories, notably in "Who Belled Mr. Buzzard?" Keen and accurate in his observation of nature, he interprets with the soul of the artist the mystery and beauty of bayou and swamp as few others have done, save perhaps Maurice Thompson, or William Gilmore Simms, or Joel Chandler Harris in his tale of old Craney-Crow. And the mystic bird dances described with such vividness and humor in 'Boy Holidays in the Louisiana Wilds' furnish a wonderfully interesting parallel to the dances of the Ypecaha Rails, the Jacanas, and the Spur-Winged Lapwings so philosophically treated in Hudson's 'Naturalist in La Plata.' Thus, these two volumes, though a very small output, entitle Andrews Wilkinson to a worthy place in any collection of writings produced in the South.

The numerous editorials he wrote and his many contributions in verse to the *Times-Democrat* have never been collected into a volume, for he himself felt that they had only ephemeral value. His verse was all of the occasional sort, called forth by the death of some friend or suggested by the sight of some familiar object, and written evidently on the spur of the moment with slight revision afterwards. Of his contributions in verse to the *Times-Democrat* and the *Picayune* a comparatively small number have been preserved by his family and are listed in the bibliography. In the more serious of these the note is always hopeful, courageous, and manly. A dainty poem entitled "Little Bopeep," filled with tenderness and child-like imagination, makes us regret that he did not write more verses for children. His verses in negro dialect furnish realistic pictures of the steamboat roustabout's life on the Mississippi in the old days and give some idea of the negro's pride in the famous old river steamboats as well as his fondness for singing and his skill in improvising.

John M. McBryde Jr

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No biographical or critical sketch of Andrews Wilkinson has appeared, except for the few items in *Who's Who.*

WHO BELLED MR. BUZZARD?

From 'Plantation Stories of Old Louisiana.' Copyright, 1914. The Page Company, and used here by permission of the publishers.

In the afternoons of the latter part of the Spring and the Summer, when the weather was too warm for him to enjoy his favorite sports and active exercises, the Bird-land Boy would ramble out to the levee, which was only about two hundred yards distant in front of the residence; and there he would lie at full length resting on the soft turf covering the top of that earthen embankment, and watching with keen interest the tawny currents of the Mis-

sissippi river as they rolled southeastward to the sea, and the sights connected with the great stream.

The drift floating down from the forests of the far-off mountain-sides, the flocks of wheeling, screaming, and darting white and gray gulls flying back and forth above its wide waters, the light rowboats creeping close along the shore on its smoother eddies, the white-sailed luggers gliding rapidly down or slowly up its surface, and at rarer intervals, a great puffing steamboat, passing with curling foam dashed from her bows and crested waves following far astern in her wake, all carried their different degrees of interest for the watching boy.

But far above all such objects that caught his attention were the rushing, river-pounding white steamboats. The swarm of black roustabouts gathered on the lower or freight-deck between the jackstaff and the swinging stages, the passengers in groups within the side-guards and on the promenade deck, and the captain standing in solitary grandeur on the front of the hurricane deck, all appeared to the boy ashore as if they might belong to some different and more lively world than that which contained the quiet sugar plantations on the banks of the big and bustling river. While he gazed with more or less interest at the rapidly passing crews and passengers of those boats his admiration was centered on the single imperious commander standing well to the fore on the hurricane deck, and his highest boyish ambition was that he might some day grow to be as great a man as the captain of a Mississippi river steamboat.

If there were no steamboats in sight nor their smokes approaching around the nearer bends, when the boy became tired of looking at the floating drift and fancying how far it might have traveled, or of watching the wheeling gulls and the white lugsails, he would sometimes lie on his back and intently watch the passing turkey-buzzards, trying to solve the mystery of the larger part of their flight, which is a problem that has puzzled many older heads. Those black pirates of the air were continually sailing back and forth over the edge of the river seeking prizes from the

chance wreckage of death stranded on its shores; any kind of grounded "floater" was their prey.

When the boy lay perfectly still, with his eyes closed to slits over all but their peering pupils, the passing vultures appeared to take a very deep interest in him. Then they would fly very low and slowly and near enough to learn if he were merely taking a short nap or had gone to sleep for good. At times, when he lay thus they came so close to him that he beheld the hopeful beam in their hungry eyes and the wrinkles in their bald red heads, and he considered that he would be well repaid for his playing 'possum to deceive the turkey-buzzards if he could only manage to learn how they could sail a mile or more in level flight against the wind without a single beat, flap, or other visible movements of their wide-spread wings. He had seen the frigate birds sailing over the beaches and surf of Barataria Island, and only them, capable of the same manner of flight. But he had much better opportunities for studying the buzzard flight at close range, and he tried hard how to make the most of them.

After looking closely at the buzzards many, many times he saw, or fancied, that as they sailed slowly by him with outstretched wings, they—or perhaps the wind did it—gave a twisting half-turn to each of the long feathers of their unmoving wings. That twisting half-turn appeared to him exactly like the motion with which a boatman handles his continually submerged oar-blade over the stern of his skiff while he "sculls" that craft through the water. Thus an expert boatman can "scull" a skiff with a single submerged oar almost as fast as he can row it with a pair of oars, alternately dipped in the water and lifted in the air from the side rowlocks. The boy, who had often been sculled along in skiff-rides on the bayous by black boatmen, felt almost sure at last, as he saw innumerable buzzards sailing against the wind, that they also sculled their way in the air with their twisting feathers.

But there came a day when one of the passing turkey-buzzards furnished him far more entertainment than any of his attempts to solve the mystery of their level sailing

flight. One afternoon while he way lying on his back, playing 'possom to entice near him the first of the vultures that happened to come along, he suddenly heard the tinkling of a sheep-bell. Instead of coming from the road, which ran along the inner base of the levee, the merry music of that bell came from the air, increasing with the approach of a low-flying buzzard, and sounding its loudest as that great bird sailed directly over the head of the wide-eyed, amazed boy and went its way with a disappointed look.

Wonder of wonders, the buzzard himself wore the bell! The Birdland Boy saw that bell plainly hanging to Mr. Buzzard's neck, and heard it as well as if he had rung it with his own right hand. Astonished and delighted, as any other boy would have been, at the sight of that big bird of evil bearing a merry bell, the boy sprang to his feet as the belled Buzzard passed over him, jumped up and down with joyous excitement, and hastened Mr. Buzzard's retreat with his yells and hurras of greeting and farewell so that the air in the bird's wake tinkled with a continuous jingle.

As the boy told this marvelous event to the assembled family later the common wonder was: Who belled Mr. Buzzard?

It would be too long a story to tell how that Mr. Buzzard commenced his sinful career in this world, and of all the very wicked things he had done; but there may be time and space to mention a few of his numerous misdeeds and to explain how he won and wore his brazen bell.

The Mr. Buzzard of this tale was one of a large flock of vultures of the turkey name and resemblance that roosted on the skeleton limbs of an enormous liveoak tree which had been killed by lightning long since in the heart of the Birdland forest. Once, in one of his numerous rides in the woods with Uncle Jason, the Birdland Boy had passed that Buzzard-Roosttree in the deepening twilight as they were returning home. With its white, leafless, and barkless limbs covered with the great birds, whose heads were hidden in their black body-feathers, the tree looked to him as if it bore an overcrop of black fruit of fabulous dimensions.

In the mornings, when Mr. Buzzard and his fellow vultures woke up, they would stretch their red necks toward each other, consult with voices sounding like thick short hisses about their plans for the day, sharpen their keen beaks on their hard, barkless roosting limbs, and then, spreading their black sails, go cruising over Louisiana and the three States bordering it, to seek their dead prizes or their living prey. A turkey-buzzard in good health can soar over three or four States in a day quite as easily as a healthy country boy in his teens can stroll over half a dozen farms, or three or four plantations in a day's hunting.

Mr. Buzzard usually preferred meals quite dead,—very dead, in fact; but if he could not find them in that most desirable form he was more than willing to take them alive in the shape of any helpless young animal he could find, when men or their mothers were not near enough to guard them.

This cruel pirate of the air also preyed on crippled, or freshly killed game fallen beyond the fatal range of the guns of the hunters whom he robbed. In fact, he commenced his offenses against human-folk by stealing the first mallard ever killed by a happy boy on his first duck hunt. Full of joy and pride as he saw that "greenhead" fall dead to his shot, after flying a little farther from him, and turn breast upward in a shallow bayou, the boy pushed his little boat out of his "blind" to go after his game; but, before he dipped his paddle in the water, the very Mr. Buzzard of this story swooped down on the dead drake, grasped it for himself, and flew far away with it, only slightly stunned by a few pellets of the two loads of shot angrily sent after him. Any boy truly fond of duck-shooting can appreciate how heart-breaking it was to that boy hunter to have been thus robbed of such a prize.

Then, before he was even suspected of possessing a fondness for *fresh* pork, the same Mr. Buzzard took, in successive days, several little living pigs from a hog-ranch in Texas, devouring them in their open pen. For that crime a dozen or more of his fellow-pirates fell to the gun of the

enraged ranchman who had thus been robbed, and who hotly expressed the hope that there was a place of future punishment for wicked buzzards as well as for sinful men. But in this instance the guilty pig-stealer escaped.

The next cruel crime of this Mr. Buzzard was the wanton massacre in Mississippi of an entire litter of beautiful little setter puppies of a famous breed, during the short absence of their mother, who had followed her master on his morning rounds over the fields. The black pirate again escaped scot-free before a handy shotgun could be secured to finish his dark career, although he was caught red-beaked by the owner of the Gladstone puppies at the scene of their atrocious murder. Although the feathered glutton could devour but one of his victims he had slain them all in fiendish cruelty.

Soon after that, as Mr. Buzzard was circling and sailing over a sheep-pasture in Arkansas, he beheld a large flock of sheep far beneath him. Behind the flock was a single lagging ewe followed by a feeble newly-born lamb. Before the guardian shepherd boy and his dog could come to the rescue Mr. Buzzard swooped down hawk-fashion, with half-closed, humming wings, beat the bleating mother-sheep away with hard blows of his black pinions, killed the defenseless lamb with his foul beak as quickly as an Eagle could have done it, and gobbled down a good part of it before his dinner was interrupted and he was driven away from it by the shouting boy and the barking collie as they rapidly approached him.

The shepherd boy, feeling sure that the greedy robber would return to his mutton when the meat had reached a riper flavor, laid his plans to capture and punish the evil bird. Right on the spot, with much boyish energy, he collected the needful small saplings and sticks and built a large trap, which he baited with the remains of the murdered lamb.

A day or two later Mr. Buzzard, who has a long memory, for the location of meals at least, came back to finish his mutton, on the invisible path in the blue sky. When he alighted near the trap he stopped a while, inspecting it

with suspicion and fear, stretching his red neck toward his recent prey and looking at it with hungry glittering eyes. Of course soon his greed became greater than his fear; and he stepped under the raised trap, grasped the bait with his strong beak, gave it a good tug; and down came the trap, and the robber was a prisoner!

From their hiding-place in a nearby thicket out rushed the shepherd boy and his dog with delighted whoops and barks to the big trap, where Mr. Buzzard vainly flapped and struggled in attempts to get out. The first thought of the boy was to kill the bird at once and take no risk of his getting loose and stealing more lambs; but, on second thought, he changed his mind. Most shepherd boys of Arkansas and everywhere else have plenty of time on their hands to give their heads a fair chance to think up unheard-of-amusements. Sending his collie to care for the sheep-flock the boy stopped at the buzzard trap to devise some plan of punishment for the prisoner which would combine pleasure with profit, and be most satisfactory to himself and most unsatisfactory to Mr. Buzzard.

As he pondered over that problem, highly important to the boy and bird chiefly concerned, a happy idea suddenly cleared his perplexed brain. Gleefully crying out: "I'll fix you all right, *all* right, old fellow, so you'll never come back and meddle with my sheep any more;" he ran all of the long way home and back again, bringing an extra sheep-bell which was kept in the house.

Cutting the new leather neck-strap of that bell to the proper short length he slid aside one of the slats of his trap; and when Mr. Buzzard pushed his neck through this wider opening, hoping to get away at last, the boy buckled the bell round the wrinkled naked neck unil it was more firmly attached to Mr. Buzzard than he was ever after to the bell. Then the joyous youth kicked the jail to pieces and turned loose the prisoner.

Almost as joyful in being freed, Mr. Buzzard sprung high from the ground on leaping legs and beating wings, and began to fly fast away from that hated spot. But sudden amazement and fright followed his great joy; as the glad

boy shouted after him: "With rings on your fingers and bells on your toes, *you* shall have music wherever you goes," when he found he was taking away with him the clanging jingle of grazing sheep. At that terrifying noise so near his ears Mr. Buzzard flapped and fled as he never had flown before. He passed a flock of wild geese winging their southward flight over sixty miles an hour, as if they were merely hovering in the air. After many such bursts of speed and wheels and vaults in vain efforts to rid himself of that ceaseless jangling melody of the pastures he turned homeward at last.

When the belled pirate, with his black sails set, sought his distant haven, the plowmen in the fields, as he passed over them, stopped their teams in startled wonder to look up and find whence came that bell-ringing in the air, while some timid and superstitious blackfolk took to the bush at once. In the villages and towns boys broke up their games to gaze at Mr. Buzzard with his merry bell and speed him on his parting way with perfectly rapturous cheers. Even grown folks ran out from their work to look at him, and then laughed at the incongruous sight of a cruel vulture wearing the bell of the gentlest and most innocent animal.

Everywhere that Mr. Buzzard flew over the homes and haunts of men he was hailed by joyful juvenile cheers and cries of: "Who belled Mr. Buzzard?" He was honored with frequent mention in the village and town papers of the Gulf States; and it became a matter of hot dispute among some of them as to who belled that buzzard and where it was done.

The afterglow of the day had been almost blotted out of the gathering darkness when the bird-pirate with his novel neck-piece reached his home port. As usual, the ghostly looking limbs of the great skeleton-tree were already crowded by his fellow-craft that had furled their black sails, hidden their red figure heads, and fallen asleep. The belated wearer of the bell sailed past the dead oak with unflapping wings, rounded to, swung up against the wind with

shivering pinions, dropped his anchor claws, and grasped his usual limb.

At the sound of the bell coming suddenly on them in the beginning of the night, all the other vultures of the flock woke up, stretched out their tucked-in necks, and flapped up into the air in wild terror. Then, learning who was to blame for that startling noise, they pounced upon the bell-ringer and beat him away from the roost, telling him that they needed no bell to summon *them* to meals.

Banished from the flock, Mr. Buzzard with the bell sought a solitary roost by night and cruised noisily and alone to look for a living by day. After a year or two of his flights with that unmovable sheep-bell along the low shores of the Mississippi river and over the hills and vales of three or four Gulf States, he was seen and heard no more.

After missing the belled buzzard for some time the Birdland Boy observed to old Uncle Jason that he wondered what had become of the bird? The old man meditated a little, then replied with great gravity:

"Well, I donno 'zackly what's becomed o' him; but I 'spects Mr. Buzzard's wored out de bell or de bell's wored out Mr. Buzzard, maybe."

HOW MR. WOODPECKER GOT HIS RED HEAD.

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One tam one big Coon, he have his house in one tall hollow tree in de t'ick wood, one big hoak tree; dat been long time back, yas. Dose tam de Peekbois head same lak his back, his wing, his tail, widout no red; but he mo' big dan he is now; he beat his drom mo' loud an' long, an' mo' soon in de mawnin', yas;—lissen to dat woodpeck on top dat roof now:—

"Cheer!—br-r-r-r-room!"

Now, Mr. Peekbois begin wid de sun an' drom, drom, drom, all tam o' day; but does ole tam' w'at I gwine tell

to you 'bout, come de fus' break o' day come Mr. Peek-bois.

Well, Mr. Coon, he lak to slip late in de mawnin', yas; mos' all night tam he ramble, he hunt, he fish, he go stil de roas'n'-ear in de cornfiel'; some tam he don' come home til t'ree or fo' o'clock.

Den Madame Coon she look at de tam by de star', an' she ax:

"Where you been, Mr. Coon, to come home dis tam o' night, or dis tam o' mawnin'?"

Mr. Coon he answer to her: "I been travel far an' work hard, me; I been hunt, I been fish, I been stil green corn. I been fine some grub for all de familee, w'ile you slip all de night, yas."

Madame Coon, she spik back: "You been loaf all night, you! You been have good tam wid yo' frien'; maybe you been take some yo'ng gal to dat Possum dance; an' you leave me here 'lone to care de chillun, yas, *dat* w'at you been do!"

Mr. Coon, he show to his Madame dose roas'n'-ear he been stil, dose bull-frawg he been ketch, an' dose bunch o' pat-de-chat—w'at you calls cat'-paw—berries he been pick, to prove he had no tam to loaf w'en he gone so long.

But, Madame Coon, she kip on gromble, gromble, gromble, an' she say to him:

"You fils too slippy an' tired to talk wid me. Yo' feets is tired, yas, but not wid walkin' so far to hont an' fish an' stil for yo' familee, dey fatigue' wid dancin' so long at dat Possum ball! You bes' put away dose ting you bring home an' come to bed."

Mr. Coon he go to bed quick, yas, widout losin' de tam to ondress, he so slippy. W'en de Madame she stop her gromblin' talk, he go to slip soon, yas; but, also soon, de dawn come red; and den:—

"Cheer! br-r-r-r-room," come loud an' knock hard on dat hollow hoak tree where Mr. Coon come home so late an' he slip so soun'; "Cheer! br-r-r-r-room!"

Inside dat hollow tree dat drom soun' de same lak t'under, yas.

Mr. Coon, he turn over in his bed, he stretch all his leg', he open one eye; an' wid his head full slip, he ax:

"Who dat knock at my do'? Who dat?"

"Dat me; Mr. Woodpeck, tam for you to get up, Mr. Coon; dawn come red an' day come soon," answer Mr. Peekbois.

"Cheer!—br-r-r-r-room!"

"Stop dat fool knockin' at my do', an' go away f'om dere! Lemme slip, I tell you, I been travel all night an' I too tired to git up so soon in de Mawnin' ", calls Mr. Coon out to Mr. Peekbois.

"Yas, you been dance all night wid dose yo'ng gal' at dat Possum ball!" gromble Madame Coon.

"Cheer!—br-r-r-r-room!" go Mr. Woodpeck.

Dose li'l' Coons dey all wakes up an' begins to cry, Madame Coon, she kip on scold, scold, scold, an' Mr. Peekbois, he kip on beat dat drom; so no mo' slip for Mr. Coon; he go mos' crazy, yas; he jomp out de do' to grab Mr. Woodpeck'; but Mr. Peekbois he dodge quick behine dat big tree, an' he fly fas' away till tomorrow.

Well, t'ing kip on dat way for many day', yas; but, bime-by, Mr. Coon, he fix one good plan for to stop Mr. Woodpeck's drom; he make him one back do' in his house an' he hide dat do' wid some bark.

De nex' tam w'en Mr. Peekbois come 'long befo' de sun, an' call 'cheer' an beat 'br-r-room', on de front do', Mr. Coon he wake up quick an' he ax:

"Dat you Mr. Woodpeck?" an' w'en Mr. Woodpeck he answer, "Yas, dat me. Cheer—br-r-room," Mr. Coon he say: "All right Mr. Woodpeck, t'ank you for wakin' me op so early. I done res' well las' night an' I gwine to git up in one minnit."

Den, w'ile Mr. Woodpeck make his 'cheer' an' beat his drom, Mr. Coon he git op out o' de bed, an' pass sof' out dat new back do' w'at he hide behine de bark, an' he crip slow roun' dat big tree to reach Mr. Peekbois while he so busy wid his noise, an' ketch him wid his paw.

Biff!—he hit Mr. Woodpeck in de back o' de head with his hard hand. Mr. Coon's sharp claw' skin' Mr.

Peekbois' head till he bal' lak one buzzard, yas. De blood come read all over de back o' Mr. Woodpeck's head, an' he fall to do groun' lak he been kill' dead.

Den Mr. Coon, he grin back to his ear, an' he go quick down de tree to de groun' to finish Mr. Woodpeck an' his beatin' drom; but befo' he git to him Mr. Woodpeck he git back his sense' an' he fly away far, yas. An' he never knock at Mr. Coon' do' no mo'; and' now Mr. Coon he kin walk in de wood all night an' slip in his bed all day.

W'en de fedders dey grow out on de back o' Mr. Woodpeck' head, dey come red lak de blood w'at Mr. Coon bring w'en he skin' it at dat tam so long past'. An' sence dat tam dey stay red, lak dat one up dere you see on de roof, w'at go:—

"Cheer!—br-r-r-r-r-r-room!"

FEATHERED SINGERS AND SINNERS.

From 'Boy Holidays in the Louisiana Wilds.' Copyright, 1917, Little, Brown & Company, and used here by permission of the publishers.

But, ef dey blames Mr. Jaybird for his jig dancin', what dey gwine say to sollum Mr. Turkey Buzzard about *him* dancin' de Buzzard Lope? All o' you three boys has seen dat, many a time; an' our quality white folks named one o' de quadrille figgers o' de gay wintertime balls atter it, when sich dancin' was done.

"Oh, yes," said Little Boss, with a laugh, "We have all seen that lively Lope danced by Turkey Buzzards an' people, too; and, in my opinion, the Buzzards dance it the best; but, Mingo, we'd like mightily to hear how the Buzzard Lope looked to you."

It looks to me sort o' dis way; when about all de Turkey Buzzards wheelin' in de sky lights on lesser'n a acre o' lan' an' jines in a big dinner on a dead horse, mule, or steer, dey bunches up moughty black an' busy at de dinner table; an', atter de fine feas', dey all walks away f'om de bone-leavin's an' forms a big ring, all lookin' sollum enough to suit de fun'al dey'd des finished wid de proper buryin'; an'

dar ain't a hearse driver who kin look more sollumer. When dey all takes deir places in de ring, each Mr. Buzzard bobs his bald head low to his nex' neighbor, like folks bows to deir lady partners; den dey all starts off slow, hoppin' low, an' all gwine de same way aroun' de ring. Back ag'in dey lopes a little faster, an' hoppin' a little higher; an' soon, backward, forward, an' back ag'in, livelier an' higher, dey steps an' hops in dat ring-aroun' dance, like dey felt as happy as folkses in de windin'-up ole Verginny Real of a big Christmas time dance wid all de fiddles gwine, de fire blazin' up de chimbly, an 'de aignogg foamin' in de bowl.

Mon, Nobody livin', onless dey seed dat dance, would believe sollum Buzzards could hop dat high an' dance dat gay; an' even den dey'd b'leeve dey dreampt it when dey seed um windin' up deir ball wid breakin' into pairs an' waltzin' aroun' all over de groun', tappin' der wing-tips togedder at de finish, des befo' dey whirls up in de air an' scatters to wheel aroun' ag'in away up in de sky! Why, dey outdances Mr. Jaybird playin' his own jig chunes; an' dat's de trufe!

An' I mought tell you about a few mo' big bird dances befo' my ditch is done: Dar's Mr. Bugle Crane; when he an' his fambly is about to fly norf ag'in in de early spring, dey flocks togedder to have a far'well whoopin' dance on a wide stretch of open groun'. I's only seen dat Crane dance f'om a distance, as dey'll never let folks look at it too close; but dey talks an' whoops like dey was havin' a moughty big time.

But de clumsies' an' funnies' of all sich big bird frolics is de Pilikin dance, which I's seed when I's been sail-boatin' in de summer wid yo' paw an' some udder spo'tin' gemmans down among de seacoas' bays an' islan's. As he sails along slow an' low over de water, or stands on a sand reef wid his big head reared back to hold up de heavy grub bag under his chin, Mr. Pilikin beats Mr. Buzzard in ugly looks. When you sees about a millium sich in long rows on a reef, an' dey all breaks loose into dancin' at once, it begins to look like r'ale merriment; it's de boss

of all de bird dances, wid de sea waves singin' de chune an' beatin' de time. It's so funny dat all de billium seagulls in sight wheels over de sandbar to look on; an', as dey circles above, dey screeches an' screams wid laughin' at de Pilikin ball.

Den ag'in, gittin' right home, what country boy hasn't seen de barn-yard dance! A hundred or so growed hens will be strollin' about, stoppin' now an' den to talk, 'Kyaah, Kyaah, Kyaah', to one anudder; den, quicker'n thinkin', every old lady hen an' young pullet in de barn lot will git to hoppin' up an' runnin' aroun' an' aroun', dancin' like dey'd been suddintly bewitched by happy sperrits.

So, ef ole Mr. Satan's at de bottom o' Mr. Jaybird's singin' an' dancin' an' black folks' plantation corn songs an' barn-floor jigs, why ain't he des as much behine de hens' barnyard dance, de Buzzard Lope, de Bugle Crane's far'well dance, an' de gre't Pilikin ball? Ef he *is* at de bottom of all sich frolics, he mus' want to help birds and folkses to have sich a happy time in *dis* worl', so as to make 'em miss it a heap mo' in de nex'.

MORNING IN LOUISIANA MARSHES.

From 'Boy Holidays in the Louisiana Wilds.' Copyright, 1917, Little, Brown & Company, and used here by permission of the publishers.

When they started on their cruise, the darkness in the eastern sky was beginning to turn to dull gray; but soon this faint tint was lost in the gloom of the woods through which their passage wound; and Little Boss had to steer by "dead reckoning", as he called it, a term he had learned from the nautical lore of Fenimore Cooper. But, when the forest was left behind and the boat reached the ever-widening bayou which wound its serpentine way through the marshes, the first red flush of dawn hung over the far horizon. Soon a bar of gold brightened the lower edge of the dawn's dull red; and the light of a new day began to awaken the wild things of that wide level waste. Little marsh wrens were the earliest risers, as their cherry twitter-

ing and chirping came first from the brakes bordering the bayou. Soon followed the noisy cackling of a single marsh hen, to be immediately answered from near and far by the loud voices of innumerable birds of its kind, and a chorus of sharper notes from as many clapper rails. Then, with whistling wings, a large flock of teal whirred softly along, low overhead, and, startled at their too-near view of the boat, wheeled from their flight far away over the marsh. Next a great gray heron, nearly as tall as a man, came flying with slowly flapping wings from its marsh roost to the water, set its long, bowed wings, lowered its stilt legs, and alighted on a promising shoal around a bend in the bayou ahead of the boat. When the boat rounded the intervening point, surprising and alarming that immense bird, it quickly rose with hoarse croaks of protest at this unreasonable interruption of its early morning fishing and flew back to its hermit home with labored flight and gradually subsiding voice.

Low in the east more vividly flamed the crimson and gold, and marsh birds of many more kinds woke to chirp, warble, cackle, and croak in the reeds and rushes, or to rise in the misty air to seek food in the shoal water. At the sudden appearance of the boat, marsh bitterns or "sun-gazers" and small green herons promptly stopped their fishing from the bayou bank and ludicrously and awkwardly flew up and away in squawking terror. Then the rare purple gallinule, the most beautifully plumed bird of its species (rail), was seen walking with stately steps on the narrow raft of green water lilies and lotus leaves which lined the edge of the bayou. With a crimson comb for his crown, and arrayed in royal purple plumage, this bird deserves the name given him by negroes and marsh hunters.

"Des' look at dat proud Mr. King Rail!" exclaimed Uncle Jason, as he watched this bird standing on a large floating lotus leaf near, without apparent fear of his human admirers. "He always looks an' walks like he knows well enough dat *he* wears de fines' fedders of all de birds in dis wilderness; but plump Madam Ma'sh Hen, wid her com-

mon brown frock, is wuff two of him for de eatin', bekase he's all gay fedders an' little good meat. But it's de same wid birds an' men; good looks an' good clo's is sometimes moughty deceivin'."

Then, most amazingly huge, rose the sun, gilding the greens and grays and browns of the marsh and the light, low-hanging mist above it until the wide wastes of lowland and water seemed to be gorgeous realms of some strange world.

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